

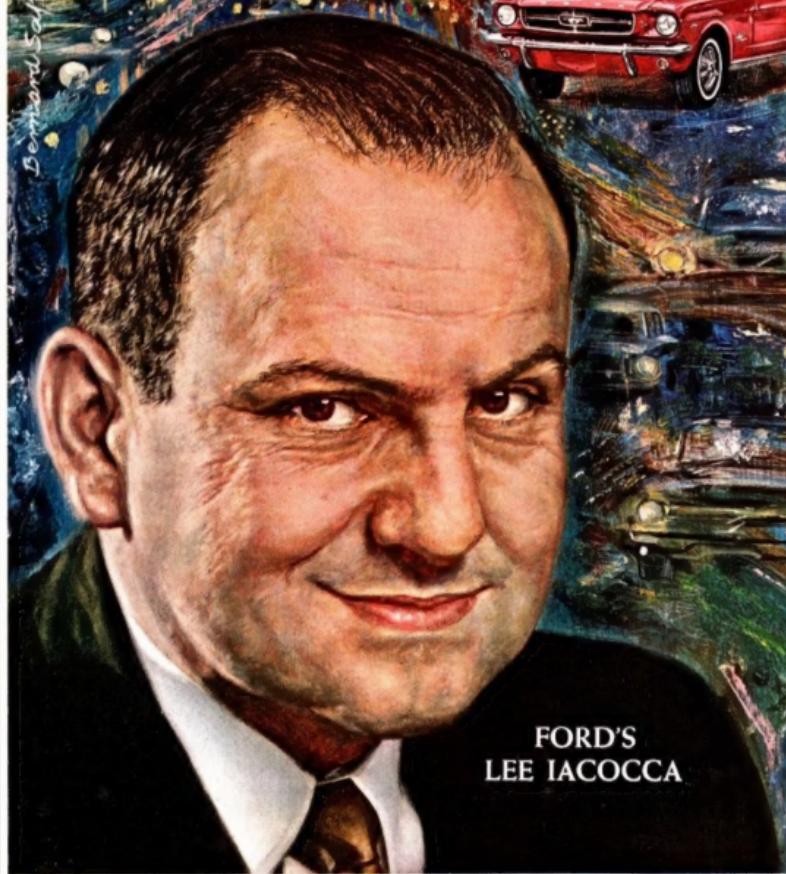
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

APRIL 17, 1981

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Donna Salyer



FORD'S
LEE IACOCCA

VOL. 83 NO. 16
(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

Viceroy's got the Deep-Weave Filter and the taste that's right!



Viceroy is scientifically made
to taste the way you'd like a
filter cigarette to taste.

Not too strong...not too light...
Viceroy's got the taste that's right.



SMOKE ALL 7

Smoke all seven filter brands
and you'll agree: some taste
too strong... while others
taste too light. But Viceroy—
with the Deep-Weave Filter—
tastes the way you'd like a filter
cigarette to taste. That's right!

General Dual 90 for '64



**Shrugs off punctures,
shrugs off wear.**

Tough Duragen rubber adds thousands and thousands of miles.

Now the world's strongest tire is the longest-wearing, too.

General Dual 90's—with heat-resistant Duragen—will roll up as much as 30% more mileage than ever before possible. Chances are you'll trade your car before you wear them out.

Flats? Forget them. Dual 90's exclusive triple sealant closes punctures as they happen!

Blowouts? Forget them, too. Strong-as-steel Nygen cord insures protection against such hazards.

And dual treads give you twice

the traction—even on wet, slick roads.

Get thousands and thousands of safe, sure, carefree, extra miles with Dual 90's.

See your General Tire dealer or automobile dealer for a demonstration—and a revelation!





**Naturally, you type better
electrically... and the SMITH-CORONA 250
is a full time, full duty office electric
at the cost of a manual.**

The Smith-Corona® 250 costs no more than a manual typewriter, yet it's a full-featured office electric. It has the same full-size keyboard and carriage that your secretary is used to...makes 12 carbons...offers a unique half-space key, and has 5 electric repeat actions. Actually, it has more features than typewriters costing twice as much. The Smith-Corona 250 is the beginning of a whole new trend in office typewriters. See why. Call your SCM representative today. (If you would like a free book on typing tips, just drop a line to Mr. Arthur Wales, SCM Corporation, 410 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.)

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SCM CORPORATION 410 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.



Jack Hogan is News Director of a television station in Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Life insurance? I'm loaded with other expenses now!"

"But a MONY man showed how I could start small and build the protection I need."



Jack Hogan talks it over with Al Pugno

"I've got my GI insurance," I told MONY man Al Pugno. "And with a family to support, my expenses are heavy. More insurance has to wait."

"But Al showed me why it couldn't. We started up a plan including temporary protection which I could convert to more cash value insurance later to build up money for my boys' education or my retirement.

"Al also told me I was gambling on my health. He started me on a MONY

health plan. If I couldn't work because of an accident or sudden sickness, some money would still come in. I'm thinking of buying a new home. I'll see Al about insurance, when I do. I'm sure he's thinking of my welfare; that makes all the difference with me."

MONY MEN CARE FOR PEOPLE. They'll be glad to discuss how life and health insurance can help you. And find out how revised rates and size discounts on new MONY life plans could mean lower premiums for you.

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Please send me the free, helpful booklet checked below.

"The ABC's Of Life Insurance." How insurance plans fit in. Basic types, cash values, dividends, etc.

"How To Figure Your Social Security Benefits." Who's covered, benefits at a glance, how to find out your present totals, etc.

"Time Is Too Little, Too Much." How life and health insurance work together to protect you from 3 major hazards of life.

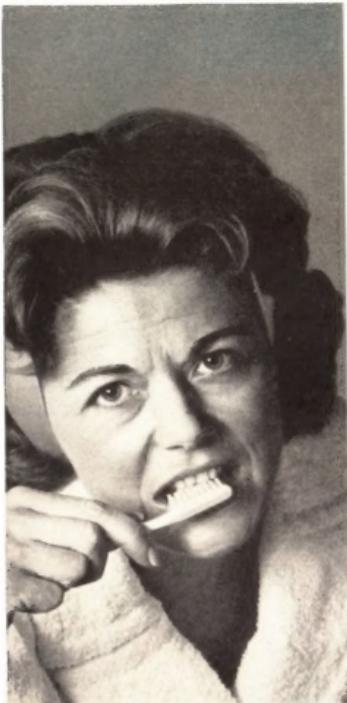


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The Mutual Life Insurance Company Of New York, New York, N.Y.—Life, Health, Group Insurance, Pension Plans—Sales and Service Offices throughout the United States, in Canada, and serving our Armed Forces in Western Europe



Any toothbrush helps clean your teeth...

Your dentist will tell you that nothing causes as much adult tooth loss as gum disease and that a most frequent cause of gum disease is tartar. He'll tell you that tartar begins as plaque, a film on your teeth that quickly hardens into this tough, cement-like substance. Once tartar forms, only your dentist can remove it.

BROXODENT (Squibb Automatic-Action Brush for Teeth and Gums) helps remove this tooth film and thus helps to prevent



Broxodent helps clean your teeth better and stop the #1 cause of tooth loss

tartar from ever forming in the first place!

And BROXODENT does this vital tooth-saving job better and more thoroughly, because BROXODENT delivers 120 up-and-down brushing strokes per second. BROXODENT sweeps away even tiny food particles, refreshes your gums, and then leaves your whole mouth feeling tinglingly clean.

BROXODENT was tested and developed in dental clinics. Most people are buying

BROXODENT on their dentist's recommendation. There are some 20 other automatic toothbrushes available. None is quite like BROXODENT. You will find BROXODENT has constant, unfailing power. No batteries, or plug-in converters.

BROXODENT comes with four snap-on brushes. At your druggist's.

The perfect gift for Mother's Day and Father's Day, for weddings and graduations is BROXODENT.

Ask your dentist about **Broxodent®** the automatic toothbrush from **SQUIBB**



BROXODENT®...the Automatic-Action Brush for Teeth and Gums from SQUIBB...a leader in dental research / BROXODENT® is a trademark • SQUIBB DIVISION Olin

I've got
the best cars in town...
and I'm ready to prove it!



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"How? With Certified Service", that's how! If there's any slip-up from the minute you take the car until the moment you turn it in, Hertz gives you \$50 in free rentals. You know you're getting the best when you rent a new Chevrolet or other fine car from Hertz." *Certified Service is your assurance of satisfaction every time you rent a Hertz car. If at any time you're not completely satisfied with Hertz service, simply fill out a form available at any Hertz Rent A Car office. Immediately upon verification you will receive \$50 in car rental certificates.

let **HERTZ** put you in the driver's seat!



You may use your HERTZ AUTO-matic Charge Card, Air Travel or other accredited charge card...and the new Hertz Revolving Credit Plan lets you rent now / pay later.



SEE BOB HOPE AND THE CHRYSLER THEATER, NBC-TV, FRIDAYS

Simca 1000 joins Valiant, Plymouth, Dodge, Chrysler, and Imperial in carrying a 5-year/50,000-mile warranty*

It covers parts that could turn other cars with shorter warranties into expensive propositions: vital drive train parts, vital engine parts. It pays for replacement parts and labor.

No other economy import's warranty on these parts lasts even half as long as the warranty on Simca 1000.

What kind of car rates this protection? A family car with sports car features: Porsche synchronizers; 4 forward speeds; 4-wheel independent suspension; a 50-hp rear engine. And more. Test drive one today at your local Simca dealer's. Only \$1595.^{**}

ENGINE AND DRIVE TRAIN WARRANTY COVERAGE: Chrysler Motors Corporation warrants all of the following vital parts of the Simca 1000 for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, during which time any such parts that prove defective in material or workmanship will be replaced or repaired at an Authorized Simca Dealer's place of business without charge for such parts or labor: engine block, head and internal parts; water pump, intake manifold, Trans-Axle parts and rear wheel bearings.

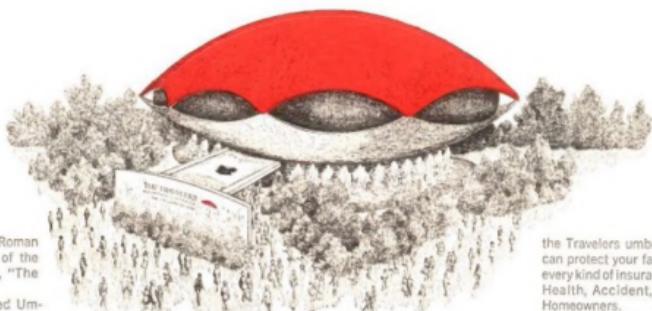
HERE'S ALL YOU MUST DO: Give your car this normal care—change engine oil and retorque the cylinder head at first 600 miles and thereafter change engine oil every 3 months or every 4,000 miles, whichever comes first; clean oil separator every 6 months (spring and fall); clean carburetor air filter every 6 months and replace it every 2 years; and clean the crankcase ventilator valve oil filler cap and change Trans-Axle lubricant every 6 months, or 8,000 miles, whichever comes first; AND every 6 months furnish evidence of this required service to an Authorized Simca Dealer or other Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer and request him to certify receipt of such evidence and your car's mileage. Simple enough for such important protection.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price East Coast POE including heater, excluding state and local taxes, if any, and destination charges. Whitewalls optional, extra.

SIMCA DIVISION  **CHRYSLER**
MOTORS CORPORATION



What are they doing in the Travelers building at the World's Fair?



A cave man...a warrior...a Roman statesman. They are a part of the dramatic Travelers exhibit, "The Triumph of Man."

You'll see them in the Red Umbrella building in an exciting series of panoramic, you-are-there settings depicting man's triumph over adversity through the ages.

Each starkly true-to-life setting shows how men, in the course of history, have always banded together to protect themselves against

the elements, intruders, disease, misfortunes.

It's natural that The Travelers should have chosen this theme for its 100th anniversary exhibit, for so many of these same threats are covered, today, by Travelers insurance. Under

The TRAVELERS INSURANCE Companies

the Travelers umbrella, you can protect your family with every kind of insurance—Life, Health, Accident, Car and Homeowners.

For complete information about the Fair—what's there, ways to go, where to stay—see your local Travelers man. See him too, for any coverage, including your business insurance. You'll find your Travelers agent or broker in the Yellow Pages.



"What should you do when you can't give up smoking?"

A wise move is to switch to a cigar or pipe. Here's why we think you should smoke the White Owl Miniature Cigar.

1. You don't have to inhale a White Owl Miniature to enjoy it.

That's because cigar tobacco is smoking tobacco in its most enjoyable form. Cigar leaf is *aged for years* to achieve its unique mildness and taste.

2. The compact White Owl Miniature shape is easy to adjust to.

Only slightly longer than a king-size cigarette, the Miniature is neat, slim and easy to handle. Later on you might choose a longer cigar. If so, White Owl offers a complete selection.

3. You can always smoke a White Owl Miniature.

It's short enough to smoke when time is precious, yet long enough to satisfy you completely. And the aroma is welcome in any social setting.

4. You can enjoy the White Owl Miniature anytime. But right after lunch or dinner is a particularly

good time. Light one up. Puff slowly. Enjoy the aroma. Sit back and relax. It's all part of cigar enjoyment.

5. Tobaccos in the White Owl Miniature are carefully aged for years.

This special aging of cigar leaf gives the White Owl Miniature an unusual degree of mildness. And, of course, there's the famous White Owl taste . . . the taste that has made White Owl the best known cigar in America.

6. You'll find new satisfaction in smoking a White Owl Miniature.

Smoking a cigar is a relaxing pleasure, not a nervous habit. And with a White Owl Miniature you can *always* feel relaxed.

A word to women

A good cigar can calm a man down, relax him, settle his thoughts, make your life more enjoyable. Cigars always make good presents for the man in your life.



New Royal Red and White Pack
5 for 28¢

Come home with us to Nice

(You can also visit our neighbors: Antibes, Cannes, Monte Carlo, St. Tropez)

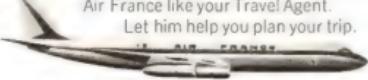


Here's a glittering way to start your European trip: Fly Air France to Nice, gateway city to the Riviera. There's never a dull moment in this fabulous chain of beaches, fishing villages, restaurants, casinos, museums and chapels along the Mediterranean. Swim, sun, sightsee. Give in to your appetite. Try your luck at baccarat. Rub elbows with Europe's "Jet Set." Then show off your tan while you

tour France, Spain, Italy. Air France offers daily direct jet flights to Nice from New York and convenient flights by way of Paris from Chicago, Los Angeles, Houston (starting June 3), Washington, D.C., Montreal and Mexico City. Trans-Atlantic fares in all classes have been reduced considerably. Even in Economy Class, you can expect

the meals aboard your Air France Boeing 707 Jetliner to be masterpieces, the atmosphere France at her finest. Nobody knows European travel like Air France. Nobody knows Air France like your Travel Agent.

Let him help you plan your trip.



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THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE



Carl Pagel...WIDE-AWAKE SANDMAN

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Carl is constantly running his fingers across the whirling roll of newly-polished paper. By touch alone he detects any variations in smoothness caused by uneven areas on the polishing roller. Immediately, he hand sands the trouble spots off the roll to assure perfectly smooth paper.

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highly automated papermaking machines there are over 430 variables controlled solely by human judgment. Here is where Consolidated shines.

Consolidated is the only major paper mill specializing in the manufacture of enamel printing papers. Here is the greatest concentration of human enamel papermaking skills in the world. The results are worth it—*fine quality enamels at lower cost.*

Sound logical? Then find out how

your company can save money on folders, catalogs and other quality printed material. Send for free test sheets so your printer can compare quality and costs. Sold only through your Consolidated Paper Merchant.

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many socks you own.

None of them can
do as much for you as
Supp-hose Socks.



Only Supp-hose has the patented* 2-way rib
that gives you the support you want and, at
the very same time, makes you *look* good

Supp-hose*
SOCKS FOR MEN

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, April 15

CBS REPORTS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.)* "Cigarettes: A Collision of Interests."

BIN CASEY (ABC, 9-10 p.m.). Lew Ayres, the original Dr. Kildare, appears on the TV show's big competitor, this time as a patient.

THE DANNY KAYE SHOW (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Dick Van Dyke's TV wife Mary Tyler Moore is the guest.

Saturday, April 18

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The Oxford-Cambridge boat race, the N.C.A.A. Wrestling Championships and the Women's National A.A.U. Swimming and Diving Championships.

Sunday, April 19

CUBA AND CASTRO TODAY (ABC, 5-6 p.m.). A special by ABC Staffers Harry Rasky and Lisa Howard, who, with their camera crew, spent four days with Castro, Che Guevara, et al., also interviewed dissident Cubans inside Cuba.

TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "Camaras Aloft, Secrets Below," a report on modern aerial-reconnaissance photography.

Monday, April 20

HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). The behind-the-scenes story of filming the movie *What a Way to Go*, with Shirley MacLaine, Robert Mitchum, Paul Newman, Dean Martin and Gene Kelly.

Tuesday, April 21

BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Donald O'Connor sings and dances with Singer Diahann Carroll and Comedienne Gretchen Wyler. Color.

THEATER

On Broadway

FUNNY GIRL. The many-splendored talents of Barbra Streisand—actress, songstress, dancer, mimic, clown—not only recreate the saga of famed Comedienne Fanny Brice but mark the shining birth of a star's star, the theater's new girl for all seasons.

ANY WEDNESDAY. Anyone would swear that Sandy Dennis was a child bride, except that in this blithe-hearted bedtime story, she is the mistress of a busy tycoon.

FOXY is a delightful musical excuse for displaying the matchless clowning of Bert Lahr against the backdrop of Yukon gold-rush days.

DYLAN. With mirth, sorrow, and an occasional flourish of eloquence, this play chronicles the U.S. reading tours of Dylan Thomas, as the poet dipsy-doodled away his life. In the title role, Alec Guinness is uncannily good.

HELLO, DOLLY! high-steps its musical way back to turn-of-the-century Manhattan. Gower Champion's dance company sets a brisk pace, but at the curtain it is a saucy, saucer-eyed Carol Channing who has the audience in her pocket.

Nobody LOVES an ALBATROSS, by Ronald Alexander. A hypocrite of a TV writer-producer, roguishly played by Robert Preston, presides over the decline and fall of

* All times E.S.T.

practically everybody whose talent he can use and abuse.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK. A pair of newlyweds clamber five flights to a Manhattan flat to coo, tiff, and tousle in a variety of dress and undress. Playwright Neil Simon is a laugh merchant who never runs out of good lines.

Off Broadway

THE LOWER DEPTHS. In a crawly setting peopled by human termites, the Association of Producing Artists players feelingly capture some of the dimensions of sin, despair, death, love and grace that Maxim Gorky wrote into his turn-of-the-century classic.

THE BLOOD KNOT chokes half the life but none of the laughter, tears, or bitterness out of two South African half brothers—one black, one white. J. D. Cannon and James Earl Jones are moving and skillful in this full-length, two-character dramatic ordeal by color.

THE TROJAN WOMEN, by Euripides, is a revelation of the power, agony and passion that exist in a classic of the past when it is conceived in terms of the present and executed at a level approaching perfection. Translator Edith Hamilton and Director Michael Cacoyannis contributed mightily to this successful revival.

IN WHITE AMERICA testifies evocatively to the patience, humor and bitterness of the U.S. Negro as he has suffered the negation of his constitutional rights and human dignity.

RECORDS

BERG: CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN AND ORCHESTRA & CHAMBER CONCERTO (Angel). Berg's *Chamber Concerto* is a strong appeal to pure reason, and the *Violin Concerto* he wrote ten years later is a stirring example of how much the heart can say by sticking to the mathematical inevitability of the tone-row. In fascinating juxtaposition, the two works are performed with great elegance by Conductor Georges Prêtre, the Paris Conservatory Orchestra and Soloists Christian Ferras (violin) and Pierre Barbez (piano).

SIBELIUS: SYMPHONY NO. 2 (Columbia). A spirited, brightly accented reading by Conductor Thomas Schippers and the New York Philharmonic makes a coldly beautiful symphony seem wildly heroic and, surprisingly, even a bit modern.

HINDEMITH: "WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D" (Columbia). A restless, moody requiem after the poem by Whitman that shows the late German composer at his lyrical best. Hindemith himself conducts the New York Philharmonic, accompanied by Contralto Louise Parker, Bass George London and the Schola Cantorum of New York, in a delicate, dryly textured performance.

J. S. BACH: ST. MATTHEW PASSION (Angel). Soprano Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Mezzo Christa Ludwig join Conductor Otto Klemperer and the Philharmonia Orchestra and Choir in excerpts from their noble recording of a year and a half ago. A companion album supplies the choruses and chorales.

ALAN HOVHANESS: SYMPHONY NO. 4; VITTORIO GIANNINI: SYMPHONY NO. 3 (Mercury). Two intense, immensely complex and occasionally brilliant contemporary works that together comprise a gentle introduction to modern music in

the U.S. Hovhaness cites a baffling debt to the work of Yeghianian, Gorodiss Varshavski and Handel, and Giannini says he was moved to write only because he "felt like it," but both are careful formalists and inspired musicians.

Other new and notable recordings of contemporary music:

ELIE SIEGMAYER: QUARTET NO. 2 & ELL'S KOHS: A SHORT CONCERT FOR STRING QUARTET (Composers Recordings, Inc.). Two small but hardly incidental works, one of them Fey and folkloric, the other miniature and eclectic.

COLUMBIA-PRINCETON ELECTRONIC MUSIC CENTER (Columbia). Six serious explorations of space-age music, played on tape and electronic "synthesizer" by their composers. Much of it is intramural and pedantic, but three compositions are warmed by a touch of beauty: Vladimir Ussachevsky's *Creation* prologue, Milton Babbitt's *Composition for Synthesizer* and Otto Luening's *Gargoyles*, which includes the sound of a flesh-and-blood violinist.

CINEMA

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE. Committing slight but sly infractions of the thriller formula, Director Terence Young (*Doctor No*) sends James Bond, alias 007, alias Actor Sean Connery, on a binge of shocks and yocks that is more flip, and more fun, than Ian Fleming's novel.

BECKIE. In this stunning film version of Jean Anouilh's witty and pungent historical drama, Peter O'Toole is a brilliant King Henry II, Richard Burton a sober but solid incarnation of England's 12th century martyr.

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT casts Peter Sellers as a concert pianist enduring the adulation of two zany New York teenagers, Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth, whose tandem movie debut is a triumph of scene stealing.

THE SERVANT is Dick Bogarde, who coolly corrupts his master, finally trades places with him, while Director Joseph Losey's curvaceous peers into the British caste system like an evil-minded snog.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW. In three bawdy-to-bitter tales directed by Vittorio De Sica, the game of love looks like an Italian invention, and Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni obviously know just how it goes.

THE SILENCE. A lesbian, a nymphomaniac and an innocent child dominate Ingmar Bergman's bold, brilliant but ambiguous drama in which God seems to have tuned out the human race, and vice versa.

DR. STRANGELOVE, OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB. Stanley Kubrick's doomsday comedy-of-terrors starring Sterling Hayden, George C. Scott and the ubiquitous Peter Sellers.

THE GUEST is a faithful film adaptation of Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker*, made memorable by Donald Pleasence, repeating his stage role as the vicious old vagrant who bites the hands that feed him.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE WAPSHOTT SCANDAL by John Cheever. Evicted from St. Botolphs and its rooted way of life by time, circumstance and inclination, the younger generation of

* Two obscure Armenian composers. Yeghianian wrote a 19th century harmonized Mass, and Varshavski, who died insane in 1936, wrote songs, piano pieces and church music.



Richard and his father are building a companionship, enriched by the many activities they share, in a family made more secure by the *guaranteed* protection of *permanent* life insurance. Dad's long term savings plan was arranged with the help of his Great-West Life representative. It provides sure protection now, with increasing, guaranteed cash reserves that create retirement income he will never outlive. For this family, as it can be for your family, Great-West Life is the key to financial security.

Great-West Life
ASSURANCE  COMPANY

SIX AND A HALF BILLION DOLLARS OF PROTECTION FOR OUR POLICYHOLDERS



Henry VII, Elizabeth I and Mary Queen of Scots are buried in this chapel.

Tread softly past the long, long sleep of kings

THIS is Henry VII's chapel in Westminster Abbey. These windows have filtered the sunlight of five centuries. They have also seen the crowning of twenty-two kings.

Three monarchs rest here now, Henry, Elizabeth and Mary. Such are their names in sleep. No titles. No trumpets. The banners hang battle-

heavy and becalmed. But still the royal crown remains. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

When you go to Britain, make yourself this promise. Visit at least *one* of the thirty great cathedrals. Their famous names thunder! Durham and Armagh. Or they chime? Lincoln and Canterbury. And sometimes they whisper. Winchester, Norwich, Salisbury and

Wells. Get a map and make your choice.

Each cathedral transcends the noblest single work of art. It is a pinnacle of faith and an act of centuries. It is an offering of human hands as close to Abraham as it is to Bach. Listen to the soaring choirs at evensong. And, if you can, go at Christmas or Easter.

You will rejoice that you did.

For free illustrated literature, see your travel agent or write Box 660, British Travel Association.

In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—612 So. Flower St.; In Chicago—39 So. LaSalle St.; In Canada—151 Bloor St. West, Toronto.

The Accutron Story



Old-fashioned balance wheel is still used in all wind, self-wind, and electric watches. It is not used in the Accutron movement.



Accutron tuning fork keeps virtually perfect time and comes with the first guarantee of accuracy ever given.

We don't call it a watch.

All the parts that make a watch fast or slow have been left out. (The Accutron movement doesn't even tick. It hums. Hold it to your ear. It's eerie.)

But let's answer the big question first. What kind of time does it keep?

Here are 2 statements that no regular watch has ever dared make:

1. We guarantee average daily accuracy within 2 seconds.* (In fact, 1 second or none at all are more common!)
2. And what's more, this is the accuracy this timepiece will keep for life.

You can see why the United States now uses the Accutron movement instead of conventional timing devices in satellites.

(And why the Air Force *issues* it to all X-15 pilots. Many owners use it for celestial navigation.)

The secret lies in the vibrations of a fine tuning fork. 360 of them a second.

(A regular watch only splits a second into 5 parts.)

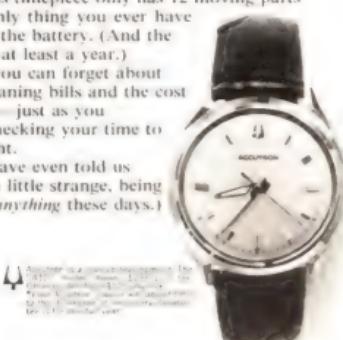
This principle not only accounts for the time the Accutron movement will keep. It also frees this timepiece from all the mechanical changes that occur to a regular watch.

One speck of dust or congealed watch oil, for instance, can throw your present watch off as much as several minutes a day. So can a worn balance wheel, staff, screw or spring.

These things do not affect Accutron time at all. In fact, this timepiece only has 12 moving parts—and the only thing you ever have to replace is the battery. (And the battery lasts at least a year.)

In short, you can forget about the usual cleaning bills and the cost of new parts—just as you can forget checking your time to see if it's right.

(Owners have even told us they find it a little strange, being this sure of *anything* these days.)



Accutron is a registered trademark of the R. L. G. Corporation, Inc., of New York, New York. The R. L. G. Corporation, Inc., is a wholly-owned subsidiary of the R. L. G. Corporation, Inc., of New York, New York. The R. L. G. Corporation, Inc., is a wholly-owned subsidiary of the R. L. G. Corporation, Inc., of New York, New York.



*Joe Von Feldt, owner,
Hannock Dry Cleaners & Shirt Laundry
(address on request)*

Why Joe Von Feldt uses a postage meter for only \$12 worth of postage a month—

Joe Von Feldt is the traditional, heart-warming success story. He started working for Hannock Dry Cleaners & Shirt Laundry. Later he bought the firm, expanded the business, started another cleaning shop, and has developed other business interests.

Says Mr. Von Feldt, "We have the best customers in town, and we try to give them the best service. I think meter-mailed statements are neater and more businesslike. Adhesive stamps never keep well in a humid place, and so I took to the little postage meter first time I saw one. Now postage is never a problem around here."

Successful people are taking to the postage meter more and more! It makes sense to stop tedious, slow, messy stamp sticking; to stop safeguarding fragile stamps, and pre-stamped envelopes. The meter supplies any amount of postage you need, prints it directly on the

envelope; or on special tape for parcel post. Makes mailing easy and fast. Provides absolute postage protection and automatic postage accounting. Buying postage is also simpler; just get the postoffice to set the meter for any amount you want to buy. And if you'd like, you can print your own ad with every meter stamp.



The Pitney-Bowes DM, little low-cost postage meter, is made for the small business. Costs only 30¢ a day. Twelve larger models. Call any of the 190 PB offices for a demonstration.

FREE Booklet, "Ask Yourself About Your Use of the U.S. Mails," plus handy postal rate chart including new parcel post rates. Send coupon.

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postal rate chart.*

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Originator of the
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Wapshots finds the 20th century uncomfortably closing in, whether in suburbia or in the claustrophobic atmosphere of a missile base.

MISS LEONORA WHEN LAST SEEN, by Peter Taylor. Fifteen stories, most of them set in the South, of marriages and families, institutions and hypocrisies. Taylor's knowledge of his locale and the elegance of his writing make the collection a joy.

THE MARTYRED, by Richard Kim. This remorseless and controlled first novel takes the Korean war as its setting and the presumed martyrdom of twelve Christian ministers as its theme.

KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE, by Shirley Ann Grau. In its quiet, assured way, this is a novelist's triumph: a story of miscegenation in the South that could be sensational but is written with the apparent artlessness and the ambivalence of *Light in August*.

JUBB, by Keith Waterhouse. Through the weird alchemy of talent and restraint, British Novelist Waterhouse (*Billy Liar*) turns the story of a lonely voyeur into a novel with both compassion and comedy.

ONE FAT ENGLISHMAN, by Kingsley Amis. This year's liveliest comic novel dissects the endless plucks of a rich and artful British self-seeker to discomfit the U.S. colonials and get the girl. In this case, his quarry is as tactless and heedless as he is, and he loses both the girl and the property he came for.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON AND THE CONSTITUTION, by Clinton Rossiter. Ten years ago, the author found Hamilton "reactionary"; now, retracing his way through the early federal years, he finds Hamilton a prophet of the industrial revolution in America.

THE OLD MAN AND ME, by Elaine Dunphy. A sequel in spirit to her bestselling novel, *The Bud Avocado*, this one is about the adventures of a gallant, galling young lady who tries, without manners or morals, to secure a place for herself in London's Mayfair society.

DON'T KNOCK THE CORNERS OFF, by Carolyn Glyn. The great-granddaughter of Flora Glyn, creator of Clara Bow's "It" girl, makes an early (age: 15) start on a literary career, writing about friendships of Byronic intensity and alliances of Renaissance intricacy among the intense little girls at a London primary school.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, Le Carré (1 last week)
2. *The Group*, McCarthy (2)
3. *The Venetian Affair*, MacInnes (3)
4. *The Whoshtoff Scandal*, Cheever (5)
5. *The Martyred*, Kim (4)
6. *Van Ryen's Express*, Westheimer (7)
7. *The Horn on the Bed*, O'Hara (8)
8. *Convention*, Knebel and Baileys (6)
9. *The Shoes of the Fisherman*, West (10)
10. *Reuben, Reuben*, De Vries

NONFICTION

1. *Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage* (1)
2. *A Day in the Life of President Kennedy*, Bishop (2)
3. *Diplomat Among Warriors*, Murphy (3)
4. *Profiles in Courage*, Kennedy (4)
5. *My Years with General Motors*, Sloan (8)
6. *The Deputy*, Hochhuth (5)
7. *The Great Treasury Raid*, Stern (7)
8. *J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth*, Lasky
9. *The Naked Society*, Packard
10. *Mandate for Change*, Eisenhower

Sentry reports

on clearing more room in your safe for money

We never thought we'd see the day when businessmen actually would be happy buying an insurance policy. (Let's face it, our product has somewhat less of the old pizazz than a scarlet sports car or a 100 horsepower outboard motor.)

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In case you missed our previous reports, the Sentry Package is an all-in-one master contract covering just about every business hazard in a single policy.

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Like some easy-reading facts on our transistorized approach to insurance packaging? Drop us a line for your copy of "Business Insurance—Sentry makes it simple." Address: Sentry Insurance, Stevens Point 36, Wisconsin. ★ *Observe Patriot's Day, April 19th* ★



WE SAW THE DAY

Carl Ray, Appleton, Wisconsin businessman, typifies the hundreds of executives who enjoy the simplicity and convenience of the Sentry Business Package Insurance Policy. (We have a few left.)



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Aeros is being built for NASA/Goddard by
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Both shows grew from one idea—the continuing need to create fresh, new entertainment for the Group W stations. But they are produced in two totally different ways. *The Mike Douglas Show* originates from KYW-TV in Cleveland. It is produced by KYW-TV with the creative



Allen by night

backing of the Group. *The Steve Allen Show* is produced by the Group itself in Hollywood.

Group W productions can be Steve Allen, Mike Douglas, a series on Communism in 33 lectures, Specials for Children, or 15 cameo productions on American art. Each is a direct result of the creative, financial, and management resources of the Group. Each points up the role of the Group broadcaster as a vital third force in broadcasting for stations, viewers, and advertisers.



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**THIS NEEDLE MOVES
FROM LEFT TO RIGHT...
IN SECONDS**

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Step on the gas; watch the speedometer slide up to 60 mph. But keep an eye on the fuel gauge, too. It sticks at "F" as if it were glued there mile after mile after mile. With an MG Sports Sedan you not only cruise effortlessly at turnpike speed, you are driving one of the most economical cars on the road: 30 miles or more per gallon. Hardly ever needs servicing. And designed to stay in style year after year. The new liquid suspension system, which never needs a nickel's worth of attention, will be as good at 150,000 miles as the day it's bought. In fact, it's proved to be such a major engineering breakthrough that a new racing car—the MG Liquid Suspension Special—was built around it for this year's

Indianapolis "500" on Memorial Day. Only three words to say about the engine: It's an MG. It's mounted crosswise rather than lengthwise, leaving 80% of the car for people. Loads of room for five, plus seat-space front and rear for all those things that accumulate when the wife and kids are aboard. Visibility that tells you fully where you've been and where you're going. Big disc brakes that stop fast without fade. There is also a surprisingly large trunk. Front-wheel drive, combined with the liquid suspension, gives you the most sure-footed ride on wheels—with flat cornering, wonderful handling, and less tire wear. Helps make this economy-minded car the unique machine it is.

There are over 1,000 MG dealers in the U.S. and Canada. Find the one nearest to you, and test drive the Sports Sedan. Then ask the price and discover you can easily afford it.



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\$1898⁰⁰*

Where were your
top go-do-it
men today?...

This top man
was there—not
just "on the way"



Sweating it out at the ticket counter? How often have you lost valuable hours because you couldn't get a reservation when you needed it? You can say "goodbye" to standing in line once you have a Beechcraft.



Sitting it out in waiting rooms? Think of the times a missed connection has made you miss (or be late to) an important meeting. You make your own schedules, go direct, in your Beechcraft.



No tickets, no timetables, no costly waiting for reservations or connecting flights. With your own Beechcraft ready to go when you are, you make your schedules, you select your route, you decide where you stop—and how long you stay. In the new Beechcraft B55 Baron (above), up to 6 people can travel at speeds to 236 mph to ten times more airport communities than airlines serve.

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Beechcraft Debonair. This popular, easy-to-fly Beechcraft can carry 4 people at speeds to 195 mph. Continental 225 hp fuel injection engine. Optimum range, with fuel reserve, over 1,100 miles. Capacity for 270 pounds of luggage. Famous for economy!



Slugging it out with the clock on crowded highways? Think of the times you had to drive to a destination, because of no airline service, or inadequate schedules. You could have flown all the way, direct, in a Beechcraft.



Is this the man who may save your company thousands of dollars a year? ... Broaden the scope of your marketing ... Increase your top team's efficiency? He's a professional counselor—used by thousands of business firms today—your management consultant. He's a qualified expert in personal transportation. Call him for a free analysis, with facts and figures tailored to your operation. He's in the Yellow Pages, in most metropolitan areas.



Beech "Imaginuity"—in research, development and technical fabrication—lays a vital foundation for today's AEROSPACE and MILITARY projects, as well as in building better business airplanes. For example: Beech developed today's most successful, most sophisticated supersonic operational missile target weapons system, the Navy's ADM-37A. It's another example of the broad range of Beech capabilities.

How Beechcrafts pay for themselves by multiplying key executives:

The important men and women in any organization—the top producers—the decision makers—can't afford wasted hours. Neither can their companies. That's why Beechcrafts pay for themselves quickly in thousands of companies. They simply multiply the accomplishments of highly paid management, sales and technical people.

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- Extend your operating radius.** Compare to travel by car, your Beechcraft takes you over twice as far in half the time.
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- Closer home office control** over distant plants and offices is easy with a Beechcraft to help you and other top men be there more often.
- Expedite vital projects.** Your Beechcraft makes it easy to go anywhere—anytime—to sew up a deal, solve

6 reasons why a Beechcraft is your best investment in a company plane:

1. High speed with long range. Your choice of top speeds from 144 mph to 252... ranges from 792 miles to well over 1,500 to cut down time-wasting fuel stops.
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4. High structural strength for safer operations on rough ground or in turbulent air.
5. High resale value. A Beechcraft traditionally returns a higher percentage of its original cost when you sell or trade it—one of the best reasons of all for choosing a Beechcraft.
6. Free annual maintenance inspections by factory service teams—a Beechcraft exclusive! Beech cares about your Beechcraft.

a problem, or investigate a profit opportunity.

- Double or triple your visits** to all the places where your experience, counsel or decisions are needed.
- Cut executive training time.** Your Beechcraft lets you supervise new men better to give them the benefit of your experience faster.
- Improve technical service.** Whenever key specialists or parts are vitally needed, your Beechcraft gets them on their way in a hurry.
- More key man "firepower"** at distant points. Your Beechcraft can take a whole team wherever it's needed.
- Keep top men fresh.** With a Beechcraft to conserve their energies, top men arrive relaxed and ready for any challenge. A Beechcraft also means more nights and week-ends at home, makes it easier to "squeeze in" badly needed vacations, helps take the pressure off overworked executives.

When a Beechcraft can do all this—and more—it's no wonder that more companies than ever are flying their own Beechcrafts. Why not get more facts now about how a Beechcraft can pay for itself for your company?

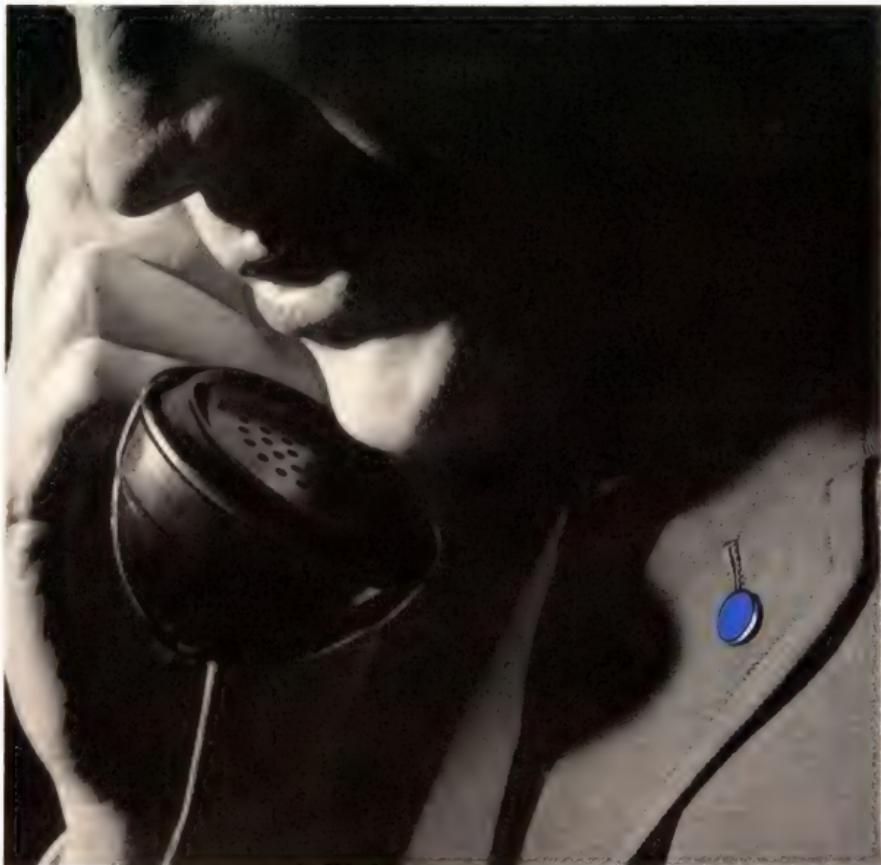
"How can management determine the need for a company plane?" ... "What about insurance?" ... "How much do business airplanes cost?" ... "What are the time-and-cost comparisons?" ... "Is it true that business flying is safer than other methods of travel?" ...

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See!

Boys will be boys. And, as in the past, compacts will be compacts—with one handsome exception, pictured above. That's Dodge Dart, a fresh, new compact in the large economy size.

Sure, Dart gives you all that you buy a compact for: low price, easy upkeep, snappy handling, and great gas mileage. But for Dart (and your family), that's just the beginning!

Dart gives you family-size room, family-size comfort. (With Dart, you don't have to put up with cramped quarters in order to save pennies.) Once inside, people often forget that Dart is a com-

pact. And that mammoth vacation-size trunk doesn't help their memory either. It has more useable luggage space than many full-size cars.

And as you might expect, Dart gives you more in the muscle department, too! Your choice—a lively, gas-stretching Slant Six or hot, new optional V8.

Few compacts cost less than Dart. Not one gives you so much for the money. Just ask the son of the man who owns one. Then see the man who is selling them in record numbers, your Dodge Dealer.

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Is Europe really expensive? That depends.

On you.

For instance, you can have dinner in Paris for \$25, or pay as little as \$5—and order the same entrée.

You can buy a theatre ticket in London for \$3.50, or pay as little as 35¢—and see the same show.

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Jet fares to Europe have their highs and lows, too. Here again, the choice is yours, depending on what degree of

comfort strikes your fancy and which price fits your budget. But you'll be glad to know *all* Pan Am fares are now lower than they've ever been.

First-class fares are down as much as 21 per cent. And Pan Am's lowest 14 to 21 day ticket is now available practically year 'round.

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First on the Atlantic
First on the Pacific
First in Latin America
First 'Round the World



YOU'RE BETTER OFF WITH PAN AM—
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LETTERS

Fulbright: Hit or Myth?

Sir: Senator Fulbright [April 3] spoke truly when he said that it is Communist imperialism that threatens us—because this is a sophisticated imperialism that does not use clumsy, obvious gunboats and troops, but employs adroit propaganda and efficient penetration and subversion to accomplish its imperialistic ends.

But he is in error when he attempts to separate and exonerate one of the two faces of the same coin—Communist dogma and Communist imperialism.

BERNARD R. KATZ

Hatboro, Pa.

Sir: There is something ironic in Senator Fulbright's telling us to forget our old myths concerning foreign policy and face the new realities, while at the same time he stands ready to take his place in the front ranks of Senator Russell's war on the civil rights bill.

JOSEPH ANDERSON

Bridgeport, Conn.

Sir: Smaller nations surely cannot successfully resist Communism without the moral leadership of the U.S. To view the Soviet Union or any other Communist-controlled country as "a normal nation with normal and traditional interests" clouds the reality of dealing with the ever-encroaching menace of universal Communism. The only way to avoid an eventual hot war is to put an end to the cold war: win it.

LANCE CRAIG CARLSON

Depew, N.Y.

Sir: TIME brought up the Monroe Doctrine in regard to the Cuban missile crisis. As a purely unilateral doctrine, forcefully imposed on an entire continent of people who did not ask for it, this document stands for a stark affront to international dignity and has never been recognized under international law.

Your thinking, if it can be called thinking, on foreign policy is exactly the type of archaic, paranoiac, if not dangerous thought that the Senator is remarking upon.

MARTIN MEIER

Philadelphia

Sir: Senator Fulbright said that our size makes it silly to treat our dispute with Panama with courage and resolve and that we should go further than halfway in settlement. Size is not relevant. We have nothing to be ashamed of. The end result of negotiating with Panama will be the gift of the U.S.'s canal.

Senator Fulbright feels the U.S. is compelled to recognize the Communist regime in Cuba. This would stabilize Khrushchev's puppet, Castro, and by example give the same guarantee to Khrushchev for any other subverted nation.

GERALD SHEPPY

Phoenix, Ariz.

Sir: I cannot understand how anyone (including yourselves) can give any credence to any statement made by Senator Fulbright. It is obvious that he is chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee only through seniority, not special competence. It is equally obvious that his seniority comes from coming from a one-party state, not any special competence.

He was conspicuously silent years ago during the Little Rock scene and by not large seems to have made a knack of not

taking a stand on anything that might require standing for a principle.

For this nebulous person to sound off on foreign policy (especially in such a scatter-gum fashion) is, to me, ludicrous.

C. J. HEPBURN

Florina, N.Y.

Down the Highway with L.B.J.

Sir: A public figure such as our President can rightfully chafe under much of the morbidly curious scrutiny of the public. But when he breaks the laws of the land he governs, it is time to scrutinize!

Careening madly through the countryside in his Continental [April 10] endangers not only his precious hide and those unfortunate still trying to pry their fingers out of the upholstery, but all of the other young joy riders on whom we pay extra insurance premiums so they can chortle to frantic parents, "The President does it, so why shouldn't I?"

(MRS.) ALICE COBURN

New London, Conn.

Sir: In reference to President Johnson's reported escapades behind the wheel of his car in Texas, we would like to nominate him as honorary chairman of the annual "Slow Down and Live" campaign.

PHILIP C. WALLWORK

Safety Director

Automobile Legal Association
Boston

Sir: Your account of President Johnson's cavorting across the hills of Texas at speeds up to 90 m.p.h. while sipping a cup of Pearl beer, was, to say the least, disconcerting at a time when the nation is still adjusting to the tragic loss of President Kennedy.

I appeal to our President to exercise the greatest amount of care in protecting his life and limb, without, of course, curbing his zeal for life.

FRANK G. BARNETT

East Lansing, Mich.

Streisand, The Greatest

Sir: Thank you, thank you. It is about time the world knew that Barbra Streisand is the greatest [April 10]. I now find great pleasure in flashing your fine cover and excellent article in the faces of my previously unenthusiastic and preoccupied friends, saying "Ha, did the Beatles make the cover of TIME?" I have been a fan since her first album. That girl is a spook.

JIM WINKER

University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wis.

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Sir: Who ever heard of buttering a bagel? Where's the cream cheese in TIME's soul?

HERB BRIN HERITAGE

Los Angeles

Sir: Streisand will have to go a long way to parallel Nefertiti. Their profiles don't even look the same.

L. A. MILES

Austin, Texas.

► For comparison, see cuts.—ED.



NEFERTITI

STREISAND

Sir: Brooklyn's gift to the world of entertainment. Long may she reign!

(MRS.) JEANNE GOLDMAN

Brooklyn

Oriental Psyche v. Occidental Cupids

Sir: With Cambodia's small population, the dragon to the north, their weak neighbors in surrounding Southeast Asia, and the so far apparent inability of the U.S. to guarantee political stability and independence in this area, who can blame Sihanouk [April 3] for playing the opportunistic bad boy? This is only one more reason to oppose the politically expedient in our foreign policy in favor of a course designed to carry through what must inevitably entail the unpleasant, the full commitment, and the unpopular use of statesmanship.

PETER M. BELL

Frederick, N.Y.

Sir: TIME has portrayed so well the image and the character of Prince Norodom Sihanouk as to make additional comments unnecessarily cruel to him. However, as a fellow Asian, I cannot help believing that it would add to the wisdom of the prince to make efforts to live up to the heroic meaning of his name ("lion-hearted").

Surely Prince Sihanouk would do justice to the great tradition of his illustrious ancestors, the Khmers, if he were to shelve his wondrous scheme of contriving an

HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF YOUR STOPOVERS

Amsterdam/Berlin/London



by Peter Griffith

London, Berlin and Amsterdam are cities that make both business and pleasure a pleasure. And each now has a magnificent hotel with all the comforts of Hilton. Cosmopolitan atmosphere, superb local and international cuisine, friendly Hilton service.



Amsterdam: Venice of the North

You can arrive by boat at the Amsterdam Hilton—it has its own dock on the Noorder Amstelkanaal. There's ample free parking space if you come by car. And it's only a short ride from the railroad station and the airport. It faces a quiet residential square, yet the bustling commercial and governmental center of the city is only five minutes away. Also nearby is the Rijks Museum, with its magnificent collection of Dutch masters.

Explore Amsterdam's fascinating canals in a glass-topped launch. Hunt bargains in its fabulous shops and

markets. Then back to the hotel for delicious Dutch sea food in the New Amsterdam Grill, or fine French cuisine and soft music in the Diamond Room. Rates start as low as \$8.05 a day single, \$12.20 double.

Berlin: City of Contrasts

The Berlin Hilton is ideally placed for everything you'll want to do and see in this magnificent outpost of the Western way of life. In the unique Roof-Garden Restaurant you'll dine to perfection, dance to your heart's content, with the fascinating contrasts of East and West Berlin spread out below you. From the garden terrace of the Smorgasbord Restaurant, you overlook the



Bar, just a few steps away from the Tiergarten, two short blocks from the fabulous shops, theatres and night clubs of the Kurfuerstendamm. Rates start at \$8.90 a day single, \$13.95 double (April 1—Oct. 31).

A New View of London

The London Hilton towers 328 feet over fashionable Park Lane. It gives you an amazing view of the city, with parks and palaces spread out below you. You're not far from Bond Street and some of the world's finest shops, a few minutes' cab-ride from Shaftesbury Avenue and the world's finest theatre section. And right in the hotel you get superlative cuisine and entertainment. Dance in the Roof-Top Restaurant, with a 30-mile view. Enjoy Polynesian delicacies in Trader Vic's, cosmopolitan menus in the International Restaurant, traditional British atmosphere in the London Tavern. Rates start at \$21 a day single, \$30 double.

Plan your stopovers now. Write for full details and color brochures of all these hotels to Peter Griffith, Hilton Hotels International, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York 22, N. Y. For reservations, see your travel agent, or call any Hilton Hotel or Hilton Reservation Office (see phone book).

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GO INTERNATIONAL...WITH ALL THE COMFORTS OF HILTON

At the World's Fair in New York dine at HILTON CAFE INTERNATIONAL atop the Better Living Center.

1939. The World's Fair opened in New York. New England Life was in its 105th year.



If you were born in 1939 . . .

These figures show how you can accumulate more dollars than you pay for New England Life insurance.

Your father blinked. And the Trylon and Perisphere of 1939 became the Unisphere of 1964. With another blink, today's young man on the move will be deep in family and career responsibilities. Cash-value life insurance, established now when you're 25, will become a strong financial asset for you then.

For several reasons this is an ideal time to act. At your age premium payments are low, yet with a New England Life policy you can end up taking out several thousand dollars more than

you put in—even if your dividends are used to buy additional protection.

Say you buy a \$20,000 policy now. Then assume you use the dividends to build up additional protection automatically through the years. (For illustration, we'll apply our current dividend scale, although these scales do change from time to time.) The cash value of your policy at age 65 is \$23,965. But premium payments total only \$13,808. So all the dollars you put in and \$10,157 more can be yours at retirement. At the

same time, the policy's protection value has risen from \$20,000 to \$35,905!

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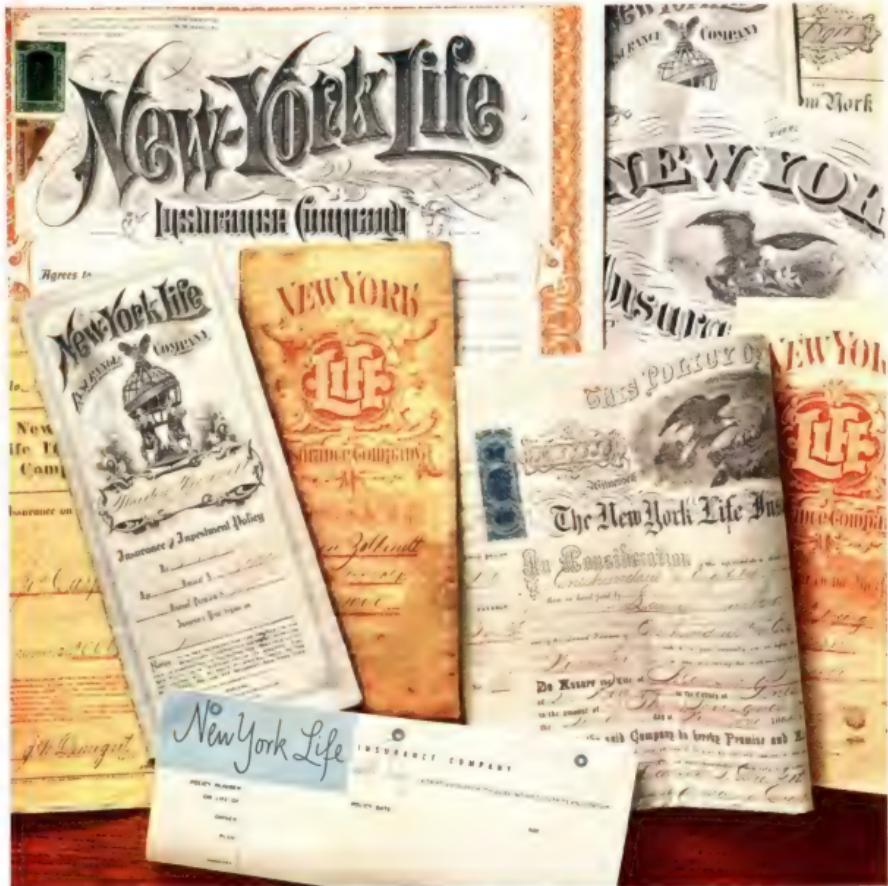
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

April 17, 1964 Vol. 83, No. 16

THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

Pleading Beyond Reason?

Precisely 90 minutes remained before the scheduled start of a nationwide railway strike. For nearly four hours, the President of the U.S. had pleaded with management and labor for a 20-day delay in the showdown on their conflicting demands. In the White House Fish Room, newsmen were wearily awaiting the outcome. Now, into that room sauntered a workman who casually set up a TV prompter. On it, in

threatened strikes, U.S. Presidents—including Eisenhower, Kennedy, and now Johnson—have set up boards to study the situation. Twice these boards have generally upheld management. Three times federal courts have upheld the boards' opinion.

In March 1963, the U.S. Supreme Court gave railway management an apparent go-ahead for putting the new work rules into effect. But once again, at the request of the Administration, management held off. In the meantime, the unions were three times enjoined

He urged that the carriers withdraw their work-rule changes for 20 days, that the unions hold off their strike for the same period.

For the eighteenth time, management negotiators were willing to agree to a request by a U.S. President. But the brotherhood leaders, over dinner at the Willard Hotel, decided to refuse—except under conditions unacceptable to anyone but themselves.

Unique Performance. Returning to the White House, they told the President of their decision. At that point,



IDLE CARS IN CHICAGO'S ILLINOIS CENTRAL YARDS



ANNOUNCING THE SETTLEMENT

letters two inches high, was printed the news that the strike had been put off for at least 15 days. Moments later President Johnson, appearing haggard, entered the Fish Room and read these words: "Both management and the brotherhoods have tonight acted in the public interest. They responded as Americans to the request of their President, and they have done what is best for our country."

But it was not all that simple. Nor was it the noblest hour of the U.S. presidency.

Time & Again. Behind the threatened strike lay almost five years of inflexible dispute. The railway carriers have long insisted on their right to change the "work rules" for employees. Basically, this meant that management wanted to end the leatherbedding practices for which the railway brotherhoods are notorious—such as their insistence upon "firemen" on diesel engines.

Time and again, management has tried to impose its changes. Time and again, the union brotherhoods have

from striking. Then, last week, workers of the Illinois Central went out on a wildcat strike—a surprise walkout without giving the notice that would make another injunction possible. Next day the carriers, determined not to be picked off one by one, announced that they would finally put national work-rules changes into effect. As expected, the unions retaliated by setting a national strike deadline.

Crisis Unto Crisis. This was the situation faced by President Johnson. He had already ordered Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz to try to negotiate a strike postponement. Wirtz made little headway. Johnson hereupon summoned management and labor negotiators to the White House. There, in the Cabinet Room, he read a prepared statement: "Although this railroad crisis has gone on for over four years, it has now been brought to a crisis stage with less than 48 hours available for last-ditch collective bargaining. This does not give the bargaining process a fair chance. It does not give the country a fair break."

Johnson entered into a performance almost unique in the annals of the presidency. Said he: "I want all of you to recognize that we are in high focus throughout the world in the manner in which our free enterprise system works. Please give me this opportunity to show that our system of free enterprise can work." What Johnson failed to mention was that the Federal Government's thick thumb on the process of collective bargaining can hardly amount to free enterprise by anyone's standards.

The President treated as valid the union claims that there had been no real effort toward bargaining about holidays, expenses, overtime and the like by the carriers. "I appreciate your patience," he told the union men. "Give me time," he begged. "Please give me time." Continued he, looking squarely at the union leaders: "I'm new on this job. I'm coming to you now for the first

From left, Locomotive Engineers Leader Ross Davidson, Illinois Central President Wayne Johnston, President Johnson.



STEICHEN, JOHNSON & SANDBURG IN BALCONY SCENE
"Don't you want to ask some questions?"

time. I urge you to give me the opportunity to give you good-faith bargaining. I will personally promise to ride herd over the negotiations and see that there is good-faith bargaining."

Confronted by that sort of plea, the brotherhood boys agreed to postpone their strike, although they knocked five days off the President's requested 20.

But the session left a pretty sour taste in the mouths of some of the negotiators, both management and union. "He was practically on his knees with them," said one railroad president. "I thought the President really demeaned himself with his begging and pleading." For the first time in recallable history, the grand chief of a brotherhood agreed: "He pleaded beyond reason, for a President of the United States."

Next afternoon, while carrier and brotherhood negotiators were still in the White House trying to take best advantage of their 15-day ironing-out period, the President was in a jubilant mood. He took visiting Photographer Edward Steichen and Poet Carl Sandburg into the Cabinet Room to see some of the "toughest people" operating—men, he said, who could throw about 7,000,000 people out of work.

Life in the Salt Mine

"HAAALLLOO DOWN THAR!"

White House newsmen on the South Lawn looked up to the Harry Truman balcony. There was the President of the U.S., with Lynda Bird, Carl Sandburg and Edward Steichen.

"Hey! Here's Carl Sandburg," called the President. "Don't you want to ask some questions?"

The reporters were so flabbergasted at the notion of playing a balcony scene with the President of the U.S., a be-whiskered photographer and a snow-thatched poet that the questions that followed were only desultory. Nevertheless, Lyndon insisted on chatting for a while. He spotted the Washington

Post's Dorothy McArile, who was one of the reporters at the LBJ ranch when Lyndon went zooming around the highways in his Lincoln. The President called to her: "How about going driving with us again?" There was some more give-and-take, and at length Lyndon raised both hands and called: "Well, back to the salt mine."

To the Gate. What a salt mine. In the Cabinet Room next day, the President decided to hold another of his informal press conferences, the kind that rarely delivers any real news but nevertheless gives the impression of vital communication. Later that same day he played Pied Piper.

It was luncheon time, and Johnson and Aide Bill Moyers were leaving the President's office. Moyers said casually, "Let's take a walk." Lyndon agreed, and the two ambled down the path toward the southeast gate of the White House. Behind the fence were 100 pop-eyed out-of-towners—many of them, as it turned out, from foreign countries—who were in town to see the cherry blossoms and other notable sights. Lyndon walked up to the gates and said to them: "Would you like to take a walk with me before lunch?" With that, he ordered the gates opened, and onto the lawn poured the excited tourists. "All right," ordered Lyndon. "All you ugly men go up there, and all you pretty girls stay here with me!"

On Tour. With a jovial Johnson ushering them, the whole gang trooped around the South Lawn. One visitor told the President that he was a student from India. Lyndon inquired in the manner of a solicitous relative: "Is Mr. Nehru getting any better?" To a Canadian, the President commented: "I enjoyed my visit with your Prime Minister so much. Matter of fact, I just talked on the phone with him last week." To a Filipina girl, he said: "We've got our Secretary of State out in the Philippines right now."

And so on. Johnson seemed as much taken with the whole business as the tourists were. "I know so many people over in Finland, Denmark, the Philippines and India!" he said with a glow. "I feel like I've been on a tour!" One of the last tourists to leave strolled up to a waiting newsmen, tugged at his sleeve and said: "Excuse me, sir. I just came in on the plane from Denmark a little while ago and came by the gate." Gesturing to his fellow tourists chatting with the President, he asked: "Er . . . does this sort of thing happen very often?"

In a word, yes.

Aerial Assassination?

The first reports came from Cuban exiles in Miami and New York. They were given weight by friendly diplomatic sources in Havana. They added up to a grim warning: Cuban pilots in MiG-21 jet fighters, capable of speeds up to Mach 2.2 and bristling with Soviet infrared homing rockets, were plotting to shoot down President Johnson as he flew to Miami for a Democratic fund-raising dinner on Feb. 27. If they failed in that, the Cubans would try to flash in and ram the President's plane kamikaze-style.

After the Florida trip was all over, reporters who had got wind of the story were told by Pierre Salinger, then White House Press Secretary: "Maybe a year from now, or two years, or five years from now, I can tell you what the situation was." But by last week most of the details could be pieced together.

Weighing the Danger. Fantastic though they seemed, the reports of the plot were rated so critical in Washington that the President called in his top security advisers. On hand at the White House on the night before Johnson's departure were Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, Secret Service Chief Jim Rowley and FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover. The question before them: Should the President cancel his trip?

After studying intelligence estimates and listening to various suggestions, the President left the room. He told his advisers that they should weigh the dangers and make the decision.

At about 10 p.m., after several hours of discussion, the group agreed that Johnson should go to Miami, but only under heavy guard and with unique precautions. That night, maintenance men at Andrews Air Force Base painted out all presidential insignia and numbers on planes available to Johnson. Next day, when the President arrived, three identical, unmarked Boeing 707 jets waited. Johnson entered one, and all three took off.

Johnson's regular pilot, Colonel James Swindal, flew the President's plane. Next to him in the copilot's seat was General Walter C. Sweeney Jr., commander of the U.S. Tactical Air Command—aboard to direct the massive protective operation. In the air, each of the three 707s was picked up

by a swarm of highflying jet F-105s armed with "Gatling" guns able to fire 6,000 shots a minute. F-100s with rockets and cannons, F-4Cs with the deadly Sidewinder missile, F-104s and Navy F-4Bs with Sidewinders and cannon, and F-101s, F-102s and F-106s with Falcon air-to-air rockets.

Scanning the Seaboard. Radar surveillance planes, which had lumbered aloft earlier, stayed up during the presidential flight to scan the area for strange aircraft. Submarines and destroyers at sea were ordered to keep a close watch on their radar screens. Air Force and Navy all-weather planes patrolled every possible air corridor from Cuba to Florida and up the East Coast. Army antiaircraft installations were at the ready. Along the whole Eastern seaboard, dozens of fighter pilots sat on alert in their cockpits.

On the ground in Florida, Johnson got extra-heavy protection that included a helicopter hovering 75 ft over his limousine, with two armed security men in the open door. For the return flight, the same three 707s awaited at Homestead Air Force Base near Miami. The President hurried onto one and all three taxied to the runway. With him, as they had been on the flight down, were his wife and daughters. As the planes went they weaved in and out among one another, making it almost impossible to tell which plane was Johnson's. Aloft, the 707s picked up the same mighty escort.

Twenty hours after he had left Washington, the President and his family arrived back safely. No unfriendly planes had been sighted.

Yes, My Darling Daughters

Although only five months in residence, the Johnson girls already have furnished a few fresh footnotes to White House history.

Luci Baines, 16, insists that she is trying to shed what she calls her "Harry High School" image, but she recently had a group of teen-agers in to dance the Frug in the Blue Room—a White House first. Lynda Bird, 20, a government major at George Washington University, often enriches her education when she spies a distinguished presidential visitor in the waiting room. She sits right down and starts popping a barrage of codd's questions about current events. Once Lynda spotted Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas and asked, "Now what have you been up to?" Replied the grinning Justice: "Dispensing justice with an even hand."

Unwanted Praise. Far and away the girls' biggest fan is Daddy, who once drawled about his darling daughters: "I will never have to worry about either girl. Lynda Bird is so smart that she will always be able to make a living for herself. And Luci Baines is so appealing and feminine that there will always be some man around wanting to make a living for her." Well meant as it was, Lyndon's appraisal drew criticism from both girls. Lynda complained he had

implied that she would be an old maid; Luci pouted that he had hinted she wasn't too bright.

One reason that both Lyndon and Lady Bird are so enormously affectionate toward the girls is that the Johnsons went through ten years of marriage and four miscarriages before Lynda was born. Family discipline has always been firm, but subtle. Says Lynda: "Mother never tells us to be in from a party or a date at a certain time. She just leaves it to our good judgment. How can you break faith with a woman who does that?" Neither girl smokes or drinks. Both have checking accounts, but Lady Bird's bargain-hunting frugality has been stamped irrevocably on their shopping habits. Both have a love for Texas land, and Lyndon has been buying acreage for them adjoining his LBJ spread.

Frankly Speaking. Yet the girls are in many ways dissimilar. Lynda, tall (5 ft. 10 in.), brown-eyed and pleasingly dimpled, leans to scholastic interests, knocked down three As and two Bs as a college freshman last year. Beamed Lyndon, "That means more to me than anything." She is not even slightly domestic, shrugs off kitchen skills, saying, "I can always learn to do those things." She is fascinated by politics, often dons a bathrobe, pads across the hall to sprawl on the President's bed and talk over the morning headlines. Once determined to be a history teacher, Lynda may skip a career, for she is engaged to Lieut. (j.g.) Bernard Rosenbach of Comfort, Texas. No wedding date has been set, but the President's daughter proudly wears Bernie's ring—a one-half carat center diamond flanked by two smaller diamonds.

Luci is small (5 ft. 3 1/2 in.), blue-eyed, and currently a blonde. She was once blonde, but White House sources have spent no little time denying reports that she dyed her hair, insisting it darkened naturally as she grew older.

Admittedly no sparkling scholar,

Luci, a junior at Washington's National Cathedral School, recently leveled with reporters: "Basically, I'm interested in science," she said. "I'd like to be a laboratory technician, but you know there are the haves and the have-nots. I'm among the have-nots scholastically." When someone suggested she might need a private tutor, Luci retorted: "Oh, I'm not *that* bad." She has learned to cook (brownies are her specialty), plays the piano pretty well and likes nothing better than sweeping off with a gang of girls in her white Corvair convertible to gossip over lunch at a Washington Hot Shoppe. Of life in the White House, Luci says: "Quite frankly, sometimes the bad points thoroughly outweigh the good, but not usually. I am not as politically oriented as my father, mother and sister are, but I want to present a good image—but not so sweet and goody-goody that it isn't me."

THE CONGRESS

A Falling-Off Among Friends

The civil rights bill may survive its enemies, but it is getting scant help from its Senate friends.

At one point, as the Senate neared its fifth week of civil rights debate, Minnesota Democrat Hubert Humphrey, the bill's floor manager, could not even raise a quorum. Only 39 Senators were present. Of the absenteers, 44 were civil rights supporters, three of them—Rhode Island's John Pastore, Missouri's Edward Long and Washington's Warren Magnuson—"captains" of Humphrey's Democratic team. For the first time in nearly two years, the Senate was forced to adjourn because it had been unable to muster a majority needed to do business.

Siren Song. Where was everyone? Well, Washington Democrat "Scoop" Jackson was at home dedicating a new forest service laboratory. New Mexico Democrat Clinton Anderson was in Al-



THE FIRST FAMILY AND SECURITY AGENTS IN MIAMI LAST FEBRUARY
The biggest fan is Daddy.



CLEVELAND DEMONSTRATORS IN DITCH
A fight against "resegregation."

Albuquerque powwowing with state Indian organizations. Utah's Senators, Democrat Frank Moss and Republican Wallace Bennett, were at the annual conference of the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City. Nebraska Republican Roman Hruska was in Omaha at state Republican Founders Day ceremonies. "When the siren song of politics calls," said one Senate aide, "they can't resist."

Humphrey was understandably annoyed. He shot off telegrams to the truants ordering them back to Washington on the double, followed up with 36 personal phone calls. The next quorum call, two days later, was met. But still absent were nine of Humphrey's Democratic supporters and six pro-civil rights Republicans. With that, Humphrey and Majority Leader Mike Mansfield summoned offending Democrats to a special meeting, urged them to mend their ways and handed out a list of scheduled quorum calls through mid-May. Seven Senators didn't show up for that session either.

All or Nothing. But absenteeism was not the bill's only problem. Republican Minority Leader Everett Dirksen last week outlined to G.O.P. Senators a clutch of amendments, including one to make compliance with the public-accommodations section voluntary for a year. Several liberal Senators promptly indicated that they might vote against a diluted bill. Cried Oregon Democrat Wayne Morse: "There cannot be any justification of any compromise in a civil rights bill that gives to the Negroes of this country less than complete deliverance under the Constitution of the U.S. If that is the type of bill that is presented for a final vote in the Senate, count the Senator from Oregon out."

His ears ringing with the same sharp outries from some liberal Republicans, Dirksen at week's end agreed to try to modify some of his amendments. The fact remained that, to get the support needed to pass the bill, the liberal ma-

jority will in all likelihood be forced to accept many of Dirksen's proposals. If they persist in an all-or-nothing attitude, they may yet turn a running tide of victory to ironic defeat.

CIVIL RIGHTS

"We Are Dedicated"

The Rev. Bruce W. Klunder, 27, was a big, mild, bespectacled man, a sort of Clark Kent of the pulpit. But within him burned a fierce—and, as it turned out, fatal—sense of indignation.

A white Presbyterian minister, Klunder was born in Oregon, graduated from Yale University Divinity School, went to Cleveland in 1961 as assistant executive secretary of the Student Christian Union at Western Reserve University. He swiftly threw himself into the center of the city's civil rights fight.

A prime target in that fight is the Lakeview school, under construction as part of a crash program that was started in February after a burst of race riots and a series of conciliatory meetings between the Cleveland school board and civil rights leaders. But because Lakeview and two other new elementary school sites are all in predominantly Negro neighborhoods, the civil rights forces insist that they would merely "promote resegregation."

Storm of Stones. One afternoon last week, therefore, about 100 demonstrators broke from the edge of the muddy Lakeview lot, threw themselves at the wheels and treads of bulldozers, power shovels, trucks and mobile concrete mixers. A power shovel operator watched in disbelief as six people—including a woman five months pregnant—leaped into a ditch and stretched our prone just beneath the shovel's jaws. Police moved in to disperse the demonstrators, but many came out of the muck fighting. Twenty-one were arrested that day; two were hurt.

The civil rights leaders were by no means through. Said the Rev. Klunder, who was also vice chairman of the local CORE group: "We are dedicated and committed to continue, and we will not stop short of having the school board revise its plans. This can be done by placing our bodies between the workers and their work."

Next day Klunder and about 1,000 other demonstrators returned to the school. Already awaiting them were dozens of Cleveland cops in a glowering cordon around the site. The inflamed mob threw rocks, bricks, bottles and chunks of cement at the policemen. Charging under a storm of stones, the demonstrators repeatedly tried to break through the lines. Thirteen persons—eight of them cops—were hurt. Twenty-six were arrested.

Sneak Invasion. Klunder gathered a group on a nearby street corner, devised a plan for a sneak invasion of the construction site through adjacent backyards. Moments later the minister, two women and a man dashed across the



THE REV. BRUCE KLUNDER'S BODY
A fierce sense of indignation.

runited school lot toward a dirt-pushing bulldozer. Three of them flung themselves into the path of the steel treads. Klunder lay down behind the machine. The driver, John White, 33, stopped when he saw the three in front. He looked around, but did not see Klunder. Slowly, he began bucking his six-ton bulldozer. When he finally stopped, the dead body of Bruce Klunder lay in the tread-marked mud.

Instantly, half a dozen men charged past police, attacked White and knocked out some of his teeth before he was rescued. The mob bombarded the cops again for nearly two hours, until police finally drove most of the demonstrators away. Then, as it drew dark, gangs returned to the neighborhood, smashed car windows, overturned a truck and beat the driver, fought police, shattered nearby shopwindows and looted the stores. City officials cracked down, outlawed all picketing and public demonstrations, and postponed any further construction work at the school until a committee named by the school board and civil rights groups could make yet another study of classroom integration in Cleveland.

In the Privacy of the Booth

All the best people in Kansas City were for it. The evening Star urged its passage in front-page editorials on five different days. The Chamber of Commerce, labor unions and most church groups added their agreement. About the only organized opposition came from the Kansas City Tavern Owners' Association, whose president, Charles Genova, predicted: "In the privacy of the voting booth, a lot of people will vote against this racial bill."

Genova was right. At the polls last week, a majority of Kansas City's whites voted against a tough new public-accommodations ordinance. It won approval, and thus will become law, by the thin margin of 45,476 to 43,733 only be-

cause some 23,000 Negroes voted for it. In the city's largely Italian Eleventh Ward, the ordinance was trounced 2,455 to 426. In the blue-collar northeast wards, the margin of defeat was almost as great. The only white neighborhoods to approve it, and narrowly at that, were the wealthier country-club sections—whose residents rarely deal with Negroes, except as employer-to-employee.

The new ordinance broadens the city's existing public-accommodations statute, bans racial discrimination in nearly every place that solicits public business except beauty shops, barbershops, rooming houses and rental apartments. Unlike the old ordinance, which had no penalties, it provides for fines up to \$500 and license revocation.

ELECTIONS

What Wisconsin Meant

A month before the Wisconsin presidential primary, Democratic Governor John Reynolds knew he had trouble on his hands. That was when Reynolds, running as a favorite-son from man for President Johnson, heard that Alabama's Segregationist Governor George Wallace had filed against him. Reynolds promptly canceled a junket to Europe, flew to Washington for advice from Administration leaders, returned home to campaign for all he was worth. As the voting neared, he predicted that Wallace would get no more than 100,000 votes—but even that "would be a catastrophe."

By that standard, the outcome of last week's Wisconsin Democratic primary was worse than catastrophic. Reynolds won handily enough, collecting 511,000 votes. But Wallace made an astonishing show with 264,000. In the Republican primary an unopposed favorite son, U.S. Representative John Byrnes, got 301,000 votes.

The Crossover. National Democratic leaders were quick to blame Wallace's showing on Republicans who, they claimed, had crossed party lines in droves to vote for Wallace in an effort to embarrass the Johnson Administration. But Wisconsin's Reynolds knew better. Said he in a postprimary statement: "All that Mr. Wallace has demonstrated is what we've known all along. We have a lot of people who are prejudiced." Politically inept as that remark may have been, Reynolds had a point. The real issue in the primary was civil rights. Wallace had entered the Wisconsin primary to demonstrate that many Northerners, as well as Southerners, whites are unhappy about current civil rights trends. And he demonstrated just that—dramatically.

To be sure, Republicans did cross over—as they are permitted to do under Wisconsin primary laws and as Democrats do when their own primary offers no contest. But there were indications that nearly as many Republicans last

week jumped party lines to vote for Reynolds as for Wallace. For example, John Byrnes' home district is heavily Republican, went for him by 63% in 1962 and is likely to do so again in his campaign for re-election to Congress this year. But in the presidential primary, Byrnes got only 40,000 votes as against 45,000 for Reynolds and 22,000 for Wallace. The clear implication was that thousands of Republicans, spotting a chance to express themselves on a key issue, cast Democratic ballots and split more or less evenly on civil rights.

The Fears. Alabama's Wallace actually ran stronger in Democratic districts heavily populated by lower-middle-class, second-generation Poles, Italians and Serbs. These voters obviously were apprehensive that the Negro drive for equality would harm their own economic interests. Thus, in southside Milwaukee, and in comparable districts in Racine and Kenosha, Wallace won majorities. In the newly created Ninth Dis-

were given pause. The civil rights drive, worthy as it is, does have a political backlash. Alabama's Wallace hopes to dramatize that fact further in contesting the May 5 Indiana primary and the May 19 Maryland primary. Said he, in triumphantly commenting on his Wisconsin performance: "The people in both national parties are going to have to take a hard look at this. I think they know what it means."

As North Carolina's Democratic Senator Everett Jordan noted, Wallace made his point in Wisconsin despite his "bad image." Northern liberals might well shudder to think of what might have happened if a man with a "good image"—Virginia's Harry Byrd, for example, or Georgia's Dick Russell—had run in Wisconsin instead.

REPUBLICANS

He Didn't Say Yes But He Didn't Say No

After a rough but remarkably successful legislative session, Pennsylvania's Republican Governor William W. Scranton, 46, flew to his vacation abode at Hobe Sound, Fla. He spent a couple of weeks playing tennis, reading books (17 in all) and trying to relax. He also dropped in on some old friends in the neighborhood, but after a few such visits his rest was almost ruined. Repeatedly, Scranton was given a sly wink, told what a cagey fellow he was to pretend that he didn't really want the 1964 G.O.P. presidential nomination, and assured that his political strategy was just right. One acquaintance let it be known that he had already underwritten \$25,000 in Scranton-for-President campaign contributions.

"**You Can't Do That.**" Scranton was appalled. For months he had been telling people that he did not intend to try for the nomination. But still, everybody seemed convinced that he was playing games. He phoned Harrisburg, told Press Secretary Jack Conmy to set up a news conference for the following week, advised him to pass the word that he would have something to say about the presidency.

The phone call threw Scranton's aides into turmoil. He refused to tell them what he planned to say, brushed aside inquiries from even his closest staffers. The day before the press conference, the Philadelphia Inquirer splashed an eight-column headline across its front page announcing that Scranton had decided to reject a draft for the nomination. Even State Attorney General Walter Alessandroni, his top political adviser, did not know what Scranton intended to say. Fearing that he meant to issue a Shermanesque statement, Alessandroni admonished: "You can't do that."

The day of the press conference, some 100 newsmen jammed the ornate wood-paneled reception room in Harrisburg's State House. Scranton, look-



ALABAMA'S WALLACE
Worse than catastrophic.

trict, which includes Milwaukee's north-shore suburbs, there was a different story with the same ending. The Ninth is generally Republican, boasts Wisconsin's highest per-capita income level. But the district is also rimmed by Negro neighborhoods. And last week Republican Byrnes took only 25% of the Ninth's vote, while Reynolds got 28% and Wallace made a killing with 47%. That result could only be read as a protest against the threat of Negro incursions into a white district.

The effects of the Wisconsin primary were as yet intangible, but would almost certainly be considerable. For one thing, Democratic segregationists who oppose the civil rights bill pending before the Senate were vastly encouraged. For another, Northern Democrats who have made civil rights a political selling point

© Sporting Indian headdress given him by the consolidated tribes of Wisconsin.

ing tanned and healthy in the glare of television floodlights, read his 600-word statement deliberately, but with such sincerity that at one point tears welled in his eyes.

Crystal Clear. "I have emphasized many times in the past that I was not a candidate, did not wish to become one, and would do nothing to encourage moves to make me one," he said. Despite this, many persons "evidently believe that deep in my heart I do desire the nomination and that I am only waiting until the right moment to make my move. This is not true. But it seems to be part of our American folklore to be-

projected the image of a man who was not about to connive or deceive in an effort to reach the White House. That was one plus. By staying out of presidential primaries and state convention battles for delegates, Scranton can avoid the political attrition of open warfare. That is another plus. By keeping himself open to a genuine draft and by preaching Republican unity, he appeared as a citizen willing to subordinate his personal desires to the national, and the party, interest. That was the third, and perhaps the largest, plus.

Add them all up, and by the time the July 13 Republican Convention



SCRANTON AT HARRISBURG NEWS CONFERENCE
He just wasn't playing games.

lieve that every politician wants to be President."

Scranton said he had considered announcing flatly that he would reject a draft, but "I believe no American has the right to take that position." If a draft did materialize, he continued, it would have to be "one which I personally would feel came from the hearts of the people," and not one that was "engineered or arranged." But he sought to make it "crystal clear" that he would prefer not to be drafted. Said he: "I sincerely do not wish to run."

After the press conference, Scranton aides were elated. Their man hadn't said yes. But he hadn't quite said no, either. That was what they had feared he would do, and now, in adding up the effects of his statement, his backers came up with some healthy pluses.

Three Pluses. So far, the Republican presidential race has been pretty dreary. The active, avowed candidates have succeeded mostly in boring the voters. From a standpoint of popular appeal, it is almost certainly better to be above the race than in it.

In last week's statement, Scranton obviously meant what he said. Thus, he

rolls around, the G.O.P. may very well have no place to go but to Scranton. If that happens, it will demonstrate that, at least in 1964, the best of all possible strategies for a Republican is to have no "strategy" at all.

MORE

Confused as they may seem elsewhere, Republicans are doing pretty well in all places, the South. Until recent years, Southerners had three choices: they could be conservative Democrats, middle-road Democrats or liberal Democrats. Now the G.O.P. is giving many voters a respectable opposition party to repair to. And Democrats are reacting to a threat they have not faced in a century. A state-by-state rundown of the less and less Solid South:

• ALABAMA. Two years ago, the Republicans had moribund organizations in ten of Alabama's 67 counties. Thanks to Gadsden businessman James Martin's near victory in 1962 over Democratic Senator Lister Hill and to the efforts of Republican State Chairman John Greener, the G.O.P. now has organizations in 63 counties, plans to put

up candidates for all eight congressional seats in 1964. Martin stands a good chance of winning one of them.

• ARKANSAS. This is a Goldwater state, but "Mr. Republican" is a Rockefeller—Winthrop, that is. Since becoming national committeeman in 1961, Winthrop has helped organize active G.O.P. groups in all 75 counties, even clubs for Little Rock teen-agers and Hot Springs pensioners. Barry's boys distrusted Rockefellers, figuring that he was just trying to put together an organization for Brother Nelson, but he reassured them by staking out a middle-of-the-road position. "I am not as liberal as my brother, and not as conservative as Mr. Goldwater," said he. He resigned as head of the Arkansas Industrial Development Commission, which brought 90,000 new jobs to the state during his eight-year tenure, and two weeks ago announced his candidacy for Governor. His opponent is almost sure to be Orval Faubus, who is after an unprecedented sixth term. Faubus is probably unbeatable, but Democratic and Republican pros agree that Winthrop could defeat almost anyone else.

• FLORIDA. "On the national level, we have a two-party state," says State Chairman Tom Brown. "On the local level, we don't have it yet." Florida voted Republican in the last three presidential elections, but locally has been able to elect officials in only 17 of 67 counties. The party's strength is restricted to the sun cities for retired old folk and central Florida's industrial belt, and though the state has two G.O.P. Congressmen, six of its ten Democratic Congressmen are running without any opposition at all.

• GEORGIA. In 1952, says G.O.P. National Committeeman Robert Snodgrass, Georgia's Republican organization could fit "in somebody's hatband." Today there are organizations in 130 of 159 counties. Republicans have elected two city councilmen in Atlanta, another in Augusta, two state representatives, four state senators, and they are contesting several congressional races this fall. All this has gotten the Democrats out of their hammocks. They recently opened their first full-time state headquarters in Atlanta. "Let's face it," says one Georgia Democrat, "it's the first time we ever had to."

• LOUISIANA. With 12,438 registered Republicans in the whole state, Republican Oilman Charlton Lyons polled some 300,000 votes for Governor in March. Although he lost, he helped push two Republicans into the state legislature. Heartened, Lyons plans to turn management of his Shreveport petroleum business over to associates and to spend the next four years pasting together organizations in the state's 64 parishes. The state's Republicans are mostly Goldwater men; last week gave 16 out of their 20 convention votes to the Senator from Arizona. All this has so upset Democratic Governor John McKeithen that he is trying to ham-

string the G.O.P. with a law eliminating primaries and providing instead for two general elections. Everybody would run in the first, regardless of party, and the top two, presumably Democrats, would fight it out in the second. Complains Lyons: "That kind of thing isn't constitutional."

• **MISSISSIPPI.** Democratic lawmakers were so shocked when Republican Rubel Phillips drew 38% of the gubernatorial vote last November that they drew up a legislative package aimed at putting the G.O.P. completely out of business. It is still pending in the state's house of representatives. G.O.P. State Chairman Wirt Yerger Jr. protests that the effect of the proposed bills "would be to establish by law in Mississippi a one-party police state such as they now have in Communist Russia and Castro's Cuba." But Yerger is going ahead with attempts at grass-roots organization, now has seven fulltime workers in his headquarters, and G.O.P. units in all of the state's 82 counties. Republicans have elected one member to the state house of representatives and one county attorney. While that does not seem like much, in Mississippi it is real progress.

• **NORTH CAROLINA.** The G.O.P. already has two Congressmen, Charles Jonas and James Broyhill, hopes to elect a third in November. Republican candidates are running in nine of the state's eleven congressional districts, and the party will put up a record 150 candidates for the 175-seat general assembly. The Democrats, alarmed by the 45% vote polled by Republican Robert Gavins in 1960's gubernatorial race and stung by a G.O.P. pamphlet showing a donkey dozing in a hammock, have

begun to stir, and are rejuvenating local organizations.

• **SOUTH CAROLINA.** Legislatively, South Carolina has been as tough as Mississippi on the G.O.P. The effect of one recently passed law is to require the Republicans to nominate their candidates nearly three months before the Democrats do, giving the Democrats lots of time to hang away at the opposition. Still, active Republican organizations have sprung up in 42 of the state's 46 counties, and by 1966 the party aims to oppose every statewide candidate but Senator Strom Thurmond. Says G.O.P. State Chairman J. Drake Edens Jr. of Thurmond: "He's about the only thing conservative left in the Democratic Party in this state."

• **TENNESSEE.** The G.O.P. does well nationally, but locally it has its problems. Republicans occupy three of Tennessee's nine seats in Congress, and the state has gone Republican in the last three presidential elections. But the party stands little chance of winning either of the Democrat-held Senate seats up for grabs this fall—Albert Gore's and that of the late Estes Kefauver. The death of tough Old Guard Republican Congressman Carroll Reece in 1961 has left a vacuum in statewide leadership that has yet to be filled.

• **TEXAS.** G.O.P. organizations are well established down to the precinct level in places like Harris and Dallas counties. Ten Republican field men operate out of Austin, each covering a score or more of Texas' 254 counties. This year, for the first time in history, Republicans will contest every one of the state's 23 house seats, and the May 2 G.O.P. primary may produce an attractive senatorial candidate in Houston's George Bush, son of Connecticut's former Senator Prescott Bush, to run against liberal Democrat Ralph Yarborough. The Democrats are beginning to react. In Dallas County, where eight of the nine state representatives are Republicans, they are trying to patch up a twelve-year-old feud, have hopes of giving five-term G.O.P. Congressman Bruce Alger a tough fight for re-election.

• **VIRGINIA.** Senator Harry Byrd behaves so much like a Republican that Virginian's G.O.P. sometimes wonders just where it can turn. Nevertheless, the G.O.P. has been winning seats never before held by Republicans—and two G.O.P. Congressmen elected in 1952 are now well entrenched. Though the Republicans doubled their strength in the Virginia general assembly last year, they are still outnumbered 126 to 14, which indicates the size of the job they face. But islands of strength are being formed in suburban areas, where young families are settling to man new industries, and a lot of doorbell ringing is being done.

It will, of course, be a few years before Republicans can expect equal footing in the South. But they have made a start, and they mean to keep moving. Thus the Republican National Commit-



ORVAL FAUBUS & WINTHROP ROCKEFELLER
Many have found a new choice.

tee sponsors a well-attended course in political action for Southerners called "Mobilization of Republican Enterprises." It is no coincidence that its name forms the acronym MORE.

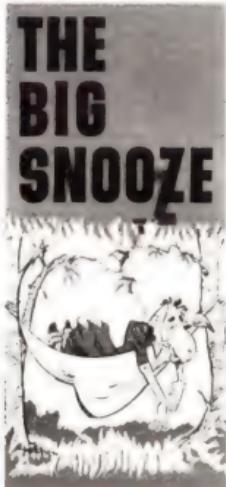
ARMED FORCES

A Lesson for Sunland

Moscow protested that "the American brass has obviously set itself the task of creating a tense situation near the southern border of the Soviet Union." The Russians indicated that any U.S. aircraft straying too close to Soviet territory would be shot down. Yet all such shouting was fully expected, and at week's end the U.S. and Iran pushed right ahead with "Exercise Delawar," a training maneuver which assumes that Iran has asked the U.S. for help in stopping an invasion of its borders from the north.

For exercise purposes, Iran was called "Freeland" and, rather inappropriately, considering the conditions that prevail over much of well-refrigerated Russia, the invading forces were dubbed "Sunland." But since Iran shares 1,500 miles of its northern border with Russia, the name did not fool anyone. Staged in cooperation with the mid-east CENTO military alliance and planned by U.S. General Paul Adams' Tampa-based MEAFSA command (see box), the war games were clearly designed to buck up a nervous U.S. ally in whom the U.S. has invested one-half billion dollars in military assistance. Said one U.S. State Department planner: "We ought to show our muscle. There will be words and then it will be forgotten."

As part of that show, three dozen F-100 fighters sped off their home runways at Cannon Air Force Base in New Mexico on the 5,200-mile flight to Torrejón, Spain, then the 3,100-mile leg to Dezful, Iran, with frequent in-flight refueling by Strategic Air Command KC-135 tankers. Some 2,500 paratroopers of the 101st Airborne Divi-



G.O.P. PAMPHLET FOR SOUTHERNERS
Some have gotten out of the hammock.

• In Persian, *dezelan* means courageous.

sion boarded twelve Military Air Transport Service C-135 jets at Kentucky's Fort Campbell, landed at Adana, Turkey, in a miserable rain. There they switched to C-130s, their usual jump planes. From all over the U.S., various cargo craft headed east with combat equipment.

Once in Iran, all forces of Exercise Delawar, including 2,500 U.S.-equipped Iranian troops, came under the command of Iranian Lieut. General Ghulam Azhari. His first concern was to defend Vahdati airfield near Dezful against an enemy column theoretically bearing toward it. This job was given to the U.S. paratroopers, who dropped in front of the invaders. At the same time, a U.S. amphibious force in the Persian Gulf sent a marine rifle company storming onto the island of Kharg to protect an imaginary oilfield against invasion or sabotage.

After the landings, four days of maneuvers were scheduled in the mock

war. While U.S. officers were interested in seeing how troops of the two nations would mesh in such a situation, the main point had already been made. It could hardly be missed either by the Soviet military strategists to the north or by Red Chinese forces threatening nearly India to the east: the U.S. is equipped to put a lot of troops anywhere, anytime—and fast.

HEROES

Threnody & Thunder

In dark, dark weather, Douglas MacArthur's body arrived in Manhattan. There, in Park Avenue's 7th Regiment Armory, mourners moved past him at a rate of some 3,000 an hour. Next morning, a cortege placed the plain, steel Army casket aboard a train that took MacArthur, his widow Jean and son Arthur, 26, to Washington. It was raining as the procession headed slowly toward the Capitol, but tens of thou-

sands lined the streets. In the rotunda President Johnson, his face working with emotion, placed a wreath at the casket's head. A dirge sounded as a military honor guard took its post.

But, already, behind the threnody was heard the thunder of controversy that had accompanied MacArthur throughout so much of his lifetime. Appearing in print were the reports of two decade-old, off-the-record interviews with MacArthur. One, by Scripps-Howard Reporter Jim Lucas, was published in the form of a memo sent by Lucas to his bosses at the time. The other appeared as a reminiscence by Hearst's Bob Considine. Both portrayed MacArthur as an embittered man who had held the Communists "in the palm of my hand," only to be "betrayed" by "those tools in Washington" and the British government.

Perfidy. According to Lucas, MacArthur said that during the Korean War "every message he sent to Washington

GENERAL ADAMS: TOUGHEST OF THE TOUGH

THE U.S. officer directing Exercise Delawar, General Paul DeWitt Adams, 57, is reputed to be the roughest, most hard-nosed American commander since General George S. Patton. Subordinates look into his leather face, freeze before his cold stare and stern lips, dub him "Old Stonelace." The most combat-experienced commander on active duty, Adams expresses his military credo succinctly. Says he: "The man who creates the most violence in a military situation is the one who will win."

Adams has no time to be anything but succinct. Right now he is Commander in Chief of Strike Command (CINCPROSTRIKE), the unified command that welds Army combat troops and Air Force airlift and fighter planes into a highly mobile quick-assault force. He is Commander in Chief of U.S. forces in an area covering one-third of the earth's land surface, including some 70 nations of the Middle East, Africa south of the Sahara, and Southern Asia (USCINCPMEASFA). In his spare time, he is directing the evaluation of a controversial Army air assault division with which the Army hopes to prove that it needs a large air unit of its own for quick strikes. Air Force officers claim that the Army is merely trying to steal their troop-carrying and air-support role.

"An Open Mind." The selection of Adams to referee this Army-Air Force dispute testifies to his record of cold objectivity and ruthless fairness. Air Force Vice Chief of Staff General William F. McKee recently leaned across a Pentagon barbershop chair to tell Defense Secretary Robert McNamara that Adams was the best man in either service he could possibly have found to run STRIKE. And Air Force Chief of Staff Curtis LeMay calls Adams "the most objective officer I have ever run across in the Army. He has an open mind."

Adams drives himself and his staff to a frazzle. He



GENERAL ADAMS

works ten-hour days seven days a week. At his headquarters on Tampa's MacDill Air Force Base, associates can recall seeing him in civvies only twice: once on a golf course, once in his office on a Sunday morning. He worked his staff on both Christmas and New Year's. One officer was summoned to Adams' office at 4 p.m. on a Sunday, later caught a rare Adams smile. "Have a nice weekend," said Adams. "I'll see you Monday morning."

Genius by Sweat. Even bright junior officers who will not concede that Adams is innately smarter than they admit there is no way to keep up with him. Says one: "He genius is 90% sweat, then he is a genius."

By such sweat, Adams has built STRIKE in 2½ years into a 225,000-man force that can speedily deploy eight Army divisions and more than 50 TAC air squadrons to any spot in the world. During the 1962 Cuban missile showdown, Adams alerted some 100,000 men, readied 1,000 aircraft for takeoff, moved some 15,000 armored-division troops to staging areas. Nikita Khrushchev got the message.

Adams developed his toughness the hard way. In World War II, he helped direct the Ranger tactics of the First Special Service Force in the Aleutian Islands and Italy, also served in hot spots from Anzio and Ardennes-Alsace to the Rhineland and central Germany. In the Korean war, he ended up as Eighth Army Commander Maxwell Taylor's chief of staff. He directed U.S. Army and Marine forces in the landings in Lebanon in 1958. Last fall he was the key commander in the huge "Operation Big Lift" that sent 15,377 men and 445 tons of combat equipment to Europe in 63 hours.

The kind of tribute that Paul Adams grudgingly respects is that expressed by one of his STRIKE officers: "I don't like the guy, but if war starts, I don't want anyone else leading me."

and every message sent by Washington to him was shown to the British by the State Department." Within 48 hours, the messages were "relayed by the British, either through India or through the Russian Embassy in London, to the Chinese Communists." Thus, said Lucas, the Chinese Communists "knew in advance every step he proposed to take," and, in fact, entered the Korean conflict only "after being assured by the British that MacArthur would be hamstrung and could not effectively oppose them." MacArthur had long since made similar charges. In 1956, he publicly charged that British Spies Guy Burgess and Donald MacLean, who had defected to Moscow five years earlier, had been part of the pipeline to the Communists.

Both Lucas and Considine reported that MacArthur was disappointed in Dwight Eisenhower, whom he described as "once a man of integrity." General George Marshall, who was Secretary of Defense during the Korean War, was "the errand boy of the State Department." General Matthew Ridgway, who took over command of United Nations forces after MacArthur's dismissal, was a "chameleon," who "did a complete flip-flop in 24 hours" when he discovered that Washington opposed MacArthur's war strategy. General Maxwell Taylor was "an ambitious man who will never do anything to jeopardize his career."

By the Lucas account, MacArthur had a grudging respect for Harry Truman. The President had been in Independence, Mo., when the Korean War started, recalled MacArthur. Truman "reacted instinctively, like the gutter fighter he is—and you've got to admire him." But once Truman got back to Washington, "Dean Acheson brought him back under control." All in all, MacArthur said, Truman was "a man of raw courage and guts—the little bastard honestly believes he is a patriot."

Plan for Victory. To both Lucas and Considine, MacArthur disclosed a plan for winning the Korean War—a plan that the "Anglo-Saxons" stubbornly and successfully opposed. "I could have won the war in Korea in a maximum of ten days," he told Considine, "with considerably fewer casualties than were suffered during the so-called truce period, and it would have altered the course of history." The plan called for an air strike with "between 30 and 50" atomic bombs just north of the Yalu River (see map). This would have wiped out the enemy's air capability. Then, using 500,000 Chinese Nationalist troops "sweetened by two U.S. Marine divisions," MacArthur would have landed on both the east and west sides of the Korean peninsula at the North Korean border, thus trapping the Chinese Communist armies that were storming to the south. "Now, the Eighth Army, spread along the 38th Parallel, would have put pressure on the enemy

from the south. The joined amphibious forces would press down from the north. The enemy would have been starved out within ten days."

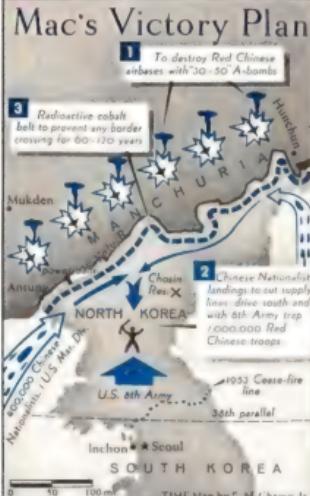
To prevent Communist reinforcements from pouring down over the Yalu, MacArthur wanted to lay down a five-mile-wide belt of radioactive cobalt at the border. Said he: "It could have been spread from wagons, carts, trucks and planes. It has an active life of between 60 and 120 years. For at least 60 years there could have been no land invasion of Korea from the north. The enemy could not have marched across that radiated belt."

In that, MacArthur was reflecting an idea that was publicly discussed as early as 1951. Tennessee's Democratic Senator Albert Gore, then a Congressman and member of the Joint Atomic Energy Committee, had read a study of radiological warfare, issued a statement suggesting that the U.S. could sow a sanitized zone of radioactive material across the Korean neck. Says he today: "It was thoroughly panned by scientific editorial writers." In any event, explains University of California Physicist Luis Alvarez, MacArthur was in error, since the half-life of radioactive cobalt is only 5.25 years, and the material could not be distributed from trucks. Says Alvarez: "You would have to have air-dropped it, like leaflets, from a plane."

Finally, wrote Considine, General MacArthur was grieved because, in 1952, President-Elect Eisenhower refused to accept a MacArthur plan to end the entire cold war. Precisely what the plan was, MacArthur did not disclose to Considine. One version of the plan came from South Carolina's Democratic Congressman William Jennings Bryan Dorn, who said last week that he heard it explained by MacArthur in 1956. MacArthur, said Dorn, urged Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles to threaten Russia with complete rearmament of Germany and Japan, "possibly including nuclear power," unless Russia agreed to live up to its Yalta and Potsdam promises to allow political self-determination by the peoples of Eastern Europe.

"Goodbye." Whatever the plan, MacArthur tried it on Ike, who seemed to like the idea. But, MacArthur told Considine, it was dashed by the "cool, calculating voice of the lawyer"—John Foster Dulles. MacArthur pleaded with Ike, declared that he had the "greatest opportunity for good since the birth of Jesus Christ, the power to make the greatest impression since the Crucifixion. You cannot fail to be remembered in history as a messiah. Yours is a messianic mission. Believe me: Your name will be called blessed." When Ike, at Dulles' urging, turned him down, MacArthur said: "Goodbye. God bless you."

The Lucas and Considine reports aroused predictable responses. The British denied all accusations of perfidy. Truman and Eisenhower refused to comment. A longtime MacArthur aide, Major



General Courtney Whitney, called Lucas' piece mostly "fantasy" and "fictional" nonsense. Lucas replied by calling Whitney a "liar."

The unseemly squabble continued even as the body of General MacArthur moved toward its final resting place in Norfolk, Va., where his mother was born. There, city fathers had restored a 114-year-old former courthouse and designated it the MacArthur Memorial. The walls were inscribed with passages from famed MacArthur speeches. Family and friends watched in silence as the casket was slowly placed in the cool crypt beneath the rotunda. And then the tomb was sealed.

MACARTHUR IN CAPITOL ROTUNDA



THE WORLD

COMMUNISTS

How to Slice the Cake

Nikita Khrushchev kept pushing his brand of consumer Communism. "We did not make a revolution so that we should live worse," he observed on the stump in Hungary. "Some people say, 'You already have one pair of trousers, and they cover everything; trousers should.' To this I reply that trousers cover the sinful body, but that is not enough. Perhaps one pair of trousers suffices in the tropics. It doesn't in our country: something might freeze."

Back home, on the chilly banks of the Neva in Leningrad, plenty of bod-

ies of the Communist revolution is achieving a prosperous Communism without resorting to nuclear war. Nor would he delude himself as to the difficulties of meeting that goal. When a Hungarian agronomist boasted at having surpassed the U.S. in wheat yield, Khrushchev put him in his place. "Don't fool yourself," he said. "The United States is doing better. The student in socialist countries is often afraid to work on the farm, afraid of cows and tractors. The agricultural institute in Moscow is too close to the ballet school."

Next day, speaking at the Budapest Optical Works, Khrushchev said he had been informed that factories in the

of course the imperialists are still the enemy, but Peking, with its "despotism," "frantic slanders" and "chauvinism," is only giving them aid and comfort. The Chinese leaders, said Khrushchev, are producing a growing cluster of Communist splinter parties—which threaten to weaken the international Communist movement. "The imperialists must now be rubbing their hands with satisfaction. Can the great revolutionary cause be betrayed in a more vile way?"

Swords or Polemics? Khrushchev's Hungarian performance was aimed at rallying pro-Soviet support for a show-down summit of all Communist parties. But so far, only Hungary, Bulgaria, East Germany and Czechoslovakia have joined up. Beyond the Iron Curtain, pro-Soviet parties in France, The Netherlands, Canada and Peru supported a show-down. Italian Communist Leader Palmiro Togliatti denounced the Chinese attacks as "the work of madmen," but at the same time opposed any final confirmation of the split. Yugoslavia concurred, warning that "the struggle can be solved neither by swords nor by polemics."

Most of the world's 81 Communist parties were obviously waiting to see how many Red leaders would show up this week in Moscow to cut the cake for Nikita Khrushchev's 70th birthday. Or, as a group of future kvass salesmen might say: "Let's put it on the plane to Moscow and see who salutes."

Who's Afraid of Franz Kafka?

When Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* opened in Prague recently, its title was changed to *Who's Afraid of Franz Kafka?* The switch was significant. Not only did it mark Czech officialdom's resurrection of Kafka from the Communist limbo of "degenerate individualism," but it also reflected the intellectual ferment behind the Iron Curtain that made Kafka's redemption possible.

Today in Eastern Europe, the most outspoken challenge to Communist orthodoxy comes from Communist intellectuals who are demanding greater cultural and political freedom. Party bosses, who have always found it easier to deal with nonbelievers than heretics, are in a quandary. While recognizing the efficacy of "liberalization" as a cultural safety valve, they also realize that in the current Sino-Soviet ideological fracas, it is necessary to impose a certain amount of discipline in order to close ranks behind Moscow. Anxious to avoid the stigma of Stalinism, the satellite governments have for the present forsaken arrest and imprisonment in favor of less drastic measures, such as "educational" discussions of "erroneous views." Items:

► In Czechoslovakia, the literary journal *Literarni Novinky* published an in-



SUNBATHERS IN LENINGRAD
One pair of pants is not enough from a revolution.

ies were uncovered as swarms of pale, fleshy Russians looked for a place in the thin spring sun, the very image of a people who want the better, freer—and more stylish—life Khrushchev promises. Sounding downright capitalistic, Izvestia launched a new plan to bring about this longed-for prosperity: it suggested putting a traditional Russian drink known as kvass on the world market to compete with Coca-Cola.

The Culprit Among Us. Scarcely stopping for the kvass that refreshes, Khrushchev wound up his ten-day visit to Hungary by again and again hitting his main theme: that the primary aim

► A sweet-sour, amber-colored, mildly alcoholic drink, kvass is usually concocted by soaking stale crusts of black bread in water, then adding malt, flour and sugar. The pitchmen of Pushkin Square saw in it an egalitarian elixir: "It has a beneficial effect on the digestive organs, enhances oxidation in the breathing of the life cells, and finally improves the functions of the cardiovascular system." Said a Coca-Cola spokesman: "We're not concerned."

Ukraine had fallen behind in their deliveries of electric motors. Searching through his entourage, he spotted tall, bald Petr Shelest, first secretary of the Ukraine Communist Party. "The culprit is among us," Nikita announced sarcastically. "Here is Comrade Shelest eating Hungarian goulash while his factories fail to deliver."

No Nose for Corpses. Khrushchev displayed the same poor-and-peasant touch in dealing with Mao Tse-tung's latest assault on Moscow's "revisionism." The Chinese, said Nikita, turning ever more violent, are "complete idiots" in espousing Stalinism. "There is a tradition to carry a corpse feet first out of the house so that it will not return. We carried Stalin out this way, and nobody will ever bring him back to us." The Chinese may "like the smell of corpses," he continued, but neither Russia nor the Western powers had the nose for it. "When it is a question of their own lives," he said, "the imperialists take things very seriously."

terview with venerable Hungarian Philosopher György Lukács, 78, who complained that "as a result of the Stalinist era, we have missed 50 years of the development of capitalism," called for the adoption of "everything new and everything scientifically progressive that's originated in the West since Lenin's death." The Czech party organ immediately criticized all the major literary magazines for "serious gaps, political errors, and ideological confusion," scored them for "propagating revisionist tendencies."

► In East Germany, the Artists' Association Congress broke up in disagreement over "problems of reshaping life in our society." The dissidents were led by Sculptor Fritz Cremer, a longtime Communist, who called for greater artistic freedom in choosing form and content, and aired the heretical notion that doubt is a positive element in artistic thinking. Party bosses immediately accused Cremer of "negating the unity of politics, economics and culture."

► In Poland, 34 eminent Polish intellectuals sent a letter to Prime Minister Józef Cyrankiewicz demanding that the government recognize "as necessary elements of progress the existence of public opinion, the right to criticize, freedom of discussion and of honest information." This kind of progress the party did not need. In a reply, the government-sponsored weekly *Kultura* maintained that in Poland there is no place for books or plays "whose ideological or moral content is antisocialist." Siding firmly with Socrates' accusers, the magazine pointed out that freedoms have been curbed ever since the ancient Greeks—"and so it is with us."

GREAT BRITAIN

Grey to Black for the Tories

The bikini couldn't have weighed more than a couple of ounces. The girl up on the runway showing it off last week at a London charity fashion show was Debutante Caroline Maudling, 18. Her father: Chancellor of the Exchequer Reginald Maudling, known to British newspaper readers just now as the man who must announce the new budget to Parliament this week. When the bikini-clad picture splashed across the papers, the Daily Mirror headlined it as "Caroline Maudling's Budget Look," while the Daily Express observed that "Far from damaging her father's career, she probably added hundreds to the votes he will get next election day." That was just about the only hopeful election prediction the Tories got all week.

► **A Maneuver That Failed.** The worst news came from London. For years, London's local government has been solidly in Labor hands because of the capital's working-class majority. Last July, on the Tories' initiative, Parliament created the Greater London Council, to include the growing, sprawling suburbs—separately administered until now—where the Conservatives are

much stronger. By this device, and by redrawing voting districts, the Tories hoped to capture the administration of Greater London, which contains one sixth of the British population. Labor bitterly condemned the gerrymander. As it turned out, the Tory maneuver failed. Last week when the voters went to the polls in the first Greater London Council election, they handed the Labor Party a thumping victory.

Of the Council's 100 seats, the Conservatives who had hoped for at least a majority, won only 36 to Labor's 64. Other local elections throughout the country confirmed Labor's current lead with the electorate. The outlook for the Tories in the forthcoming general elections (the Conservatives' present five-



CAROLINE MAUDLING IN BUDGET COSTUME
The other figures were not nearly as good.

year mandate expires Nov. 5), changed from dark grey to deep black.

► **A Hope for Fall.** Three hours before the polls closed in London, Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home ended months of suspense about the timing of the elections. He announced that the present Parliament, already the longest in peacetime since Queen Victoria, will not be dissolved until fall. Labor Party Leader Harold Wilson explained the delay with deadly brevity: "It is now quite clear why Sir Alec did not go to the country in June. I think he realized he had no chance at all."

For a better chance in the fall, Douglas-Home hopes to heal the Tory party's rifts, notably about the government's recent repeal of "resale price maintenance," a system of manufacturer-pegged retail prices like U.S. "fair trade" laws. And he is also counting on the additional time to put himself to the electorate.

CYPRUS

Enmity or Enosis

Into Athens like an avenging archangel swooped Archbishop Makarios, the President of Cyprus. No sooner had he preened the patriarchal pinefeathers and snapped his beauteous smile into place than he disappeared for talks at Greek Premier George Papandreu's pine-shrouded villa near the capital. Papandreu hoped to calm down Makarios and avoid increased conflict with Turkey. After a four-hour meeting, the two leaders announced agreement on a "basic line of common policy" that included acquiescence to the U.N. peace-keeping force on Cyprus. But it also promoted "self-determination" for the beleaguered island, suggesting a new drive for *enosis* (union) with Greece that could only be opposed by the island's Turkish community.

Before flying to Athens, Makarios had unilaterally abrogated a 1960 treaty under which Greece and Turkey are permitted to keep army units on Cyprus. His target was a 650-man Turkish force, whose presence—though hardly a major military threat—Makarios finds unbearable. Promptly, Turkish Premier Ismet İnönü rejected Makarios' demand for the unit's removal, warned that if the Turkish force should be attacked, Ankara would consider it aggression.

In retaliation against Makarios' move, Turkey voided a 1930 treaty guaranteeing the rights of Greek residents in Turkey, ominously notified 480 Greeks, ranging from dentists to tailors, that their occupations were henceforth "illegal." Turkey also expelled 39 Greeks, among them a priest and a chorister of the Greek Orthodox Church. In a circumspect display of national pride, the Turkish communications minister announced plans to re-route a 20-mile section of the old "Orient Express," which presently passes through Greece on the railroad's Paris-Istanbul line. The new route will pass through Communist Bulgaria, the minister haughtily declared. Off Iskenderun, the Turkish navy and air force began new "exercises."

BELGIUM

Physician, See Thyself

After two weeks of a medical strike that involved 85% of Belgium's 12,000 physicians and dentists, the nation showed no serious ill effects. Hundreds of doctors remained defiantly self-exiled in Luxembourg, France and The Netherlands, protesting the government's fee-fixing medical insurance plan that strike leaders condemn as the first step toward socialized medicine and an unwarranted invasion of the privacy between doctor and patient. Despite a number of possibly preventable deaths, and two doctors held for questioning, there was so far no real case against the medical profession for "fatal negligence," thanks largely to the *service de garde*—a skeleton service set up in ma-



STRIKING DOCTORS RELAXING IN LUXEMBOURG
Are all those medics really needed?

for hospitals to handle medical emergencies. It worked so well that many Belgians were wondering if the country really needed as many doctors as it had.

Besides, the Hippocratic oath, which commands a physician to put his patients before himself, was proving to be an effective strikebreaker. Many doctors were secretly, and a bit shamefacedly, still treating their patients. Doctors in Brussels began telephoning their patients to say they were back on the job—but please keep it quiet. The strikebreakers were not beyond exercising a little lighthearted blackmail: one dental surgeon replaced a broken bridge for a politician on the condition that he would not use his newly recovered power of speech to lobby against the strike. In Ghent's Refuge Ste. Marie, a surgeon asked for police protection to complete a series of four operations. His striking colleagues protested that the surgery could wait—and threatened to stop him if he carried it out.

Realizing that their united front was disintegrating, and faced with spreading scarlet fever and other outbreaks among Belgian children, the strike leaders agreed to negotiate. But after 14 hours of wrangling, the strikers tried an ultimatum: they even threatened to stop emergency hospital service. That was it. The government angrily announced that it would start drafting physicians. Once in uniform, the doctors would work when and where they were told to. Said Premier Théo Lefèvre: "We will take all measures necessary to prevent the situation from worsening still more."

THE NETHERLANDS

The Headstrong Princess

Stuffed tripe, boiled eggs, Edam and Gouda cheeses, several kinds of sausages, salt shakers filled with chocolate to sprinkle on the bread and butter—it was the usual Sunday breakfast enjoyed by a prosperous Dutch middle-class family. The quarrel raging over the breakfast table was recognizable

too. The family did not really approve of daughter's fiancé, and now the headstrong girl was demanding a big church wedding with all the family's most important friends invited.

But there was a difference: the girl's mother was Queen Juliana of The Netherlands. When the usually vacillating monarch finally put her foot down, willful Princess Irene of The Netherlands stormed out of the palace and drove off, tires screeching, to begin a week that scandalized the country, embarrassed the government and shook the royal family.

Royalist Ambitions. Without a word to her family, Irene flew to Paris, where she joined her fiancé, Spain's Prince Carlos de Borbón y Parma. Her engagement to him and her conversion to Roman Catholicism caused a constitutional crisis two months ago that was only ended by her removal from the Dutch line of succession (TIME, Feb. 14). Now, in a country precariously balanced between Protestants and Roman Catholics, the crisis flared up again when the pair flew from Paris on

to Rome for an audience with Pope Paul VI. The meeting was held in secret to avoid straining the good relations between the Vatican and The Netherlands. But the story leaked out: so, against the Pope's wishes, did a photograph. While the Dutch government and the royal palace were still vigorously denying the story, the picture of the Pope with the couple arrived by wirephoto in Amsterdam newspaper offices and was splashed all over the evening editions.

That evening the couple flew back to Amsterdam, where Carlos, hoping to strengthen his tenuous claim to the Spanish throne,³ pressed for the wedding to be held in Holland, with all of Europe's royalty invited. Incredibly, he even wanted the Roman Catholic marriage to be held in Amsterdam's 17th century Nieuwe Kerk, even though it is a Protestant church, where such a ceremony is palpably impossible. When Juliana refused, Irene abruptly decided to stay home from a scheduled state visit to Mexico with her mother. And in further retaliation, Irene issued a public statement that she would support her fiancé's royalist ambitions and Falangist politics. The Queen appeared in tears at the airport, even waited for a while, apparently in the hope that her errant daughter would change her mind, finally took off when Irene did not show up. "You can't do such a thing to your

³ A split in the Spanish royal family happened in 1833 when King Ferdinand VII died without a son after changing the law of succession so that his daughter, Isabella, Maria II could follow him. Ferdinand's younger brother, Don Carlos, refused to recognize Isabella's right to the throne and led an unsuccessful rebellion, descended from him a line of chronically unsuccessful Carlos pretenders, including Irene's fiancé and his father, Prince Xavie de Borbón y Parma. The boy pretender's claim to the Spanish throne belongs to Don Juan de Borbón y Battenberg, 5th who traces his descent through his father Alfonso XIII, last king of Spain, back to Isabella Maria herself.



IRENE, POPE PAUL & CARLOS
Can you do such a thing to your mother?

mother," muttered people in the airport crowd.

All but Banished. Irene's decision to support her future husband politically goes against the Dutch requirement that the royal family stay out of politics. It also goes against the grain of most Dutchmen, who all too readily consider the Carlists as somehow linked to the Nazis. The Dutch press tore into Carlos, who reportedly wants Irene to appear at next month's annual rally of the Carlists in Spain; the program calls for her to wear the traditional half-military, half-nursing uniform of Margarita, a revered Carlist queen, while the Carlist pretender is to circle overhead in a helicopter to greet the crowd. "Carlos didn't give a damn about Juliana's interests," wrote the Amsterdam *Algemeen Handelsblad* bluntly, and went on to call Irene "a tool in the hands of Carlos' political movement."

In a letter to Parliament, Dutch Premier Victor Martijn all but banished Irene. Her words and acts, he said, should no longer be considered the responsibility of the government; the Queen should not attend her wedding, she should no longer use official transport or be guarded by Dutch police, and Netherlands ambassadors abroad should ignore her.

ZANZIBAR

African Cuba?

All the rage on Zanzibar these days is the "packing party." While one team of British civil servants busily crates furniture, clothing and household effects, another helps polish off the leftover gin and lime. Then the two teams switch roles, muttering ritual phrases such as "Bloody Babu" or "Hanga be hanged." The game has gained popularity for the best—or worst—of reasons. By order of the young nation's autocratic, 30-man Revolutionary Council, the 108 British civil servants and families who remain on Zanzibar have until April 30 to clear out; and, thanks to the Communist-run Carpenter's Union, household servants are forbidden to help their employers pack.

In the three months since its sudden, savage coup against the ruling Arab minority, once-torpid Zanzibar has become an island of fear. Bands of tough government cops, armed with Russian-supplied burp guns, prowl the land in search of "enemies of the state." Hundreds of Arabs have been marched off their property by African land-grabbers; more than 2,000 prisoners are crammed into hastily built detention camps.

Crying Colonialism. Less obvious but more ominous is the growing isolation of President Abeid Karume. A moderate, ineffectual leftist, the former merchant seaman proved no match for the wily, anti-Western machinations of Pecking-leaving Foreign Minister Abdul Rahman Mohamed, better known as "Babu," and Moscow-trained Vice President Kassim Hanga. Solidly supported



FOREIGN MINISTER ABDUL RAHMAN
"Bloody Babu" is more than a cocktail.

by a cadre of younger Marxists, Babu and Hanga now control half of the Revolutionary Council, can usually work their will and twist any issue simply by crying "colonialism." They were able to replace Treasury Secretary Herbert Hawker, a Briton, with an East German Communist "adviser." When the remaining Britons leave this month, other East Germans, as well as Russian and Red Chinese officials, will move into their jobs.

At the same time, the council has been laying the foundation for a Communist dictatorship. It has decreed the death penalty for "counterrevolutionary" activity, enforces its verdicts with prison terms up to 107 years (to be followed by deportation), and vicious corporal punishment.

Concord Squadron. Though Zanzibar is still a member of the British Commonwealth, the council has turned unabashedly to the Communists for economic aid. Babu has lined up a \$500,000 cash handout from Red China, with promises of Chinese credits to come. In exchange for 500 tons of cloves (world market price: around \$800 a ton), the Soviet freighter *Faisabab* recently delivered 50 trucks to Zanzibar. After dark, the *Faisabab* unloaded a more dangerous Soviet cargo: small arms and artillery, complete with a band of "technicians," to train Zanzibar's new Youth Army in their use.

Zanzibar's slide into the Communist camp has been watched with dismay but little action from Washington and London. Though the British publicly pooh-pooh the suggestion that tiny Zanzibar (pop. 315,000) is becoming an African Cuba, they alerted mainland East African governments to the danger of subversion. When the U.S. Ambassador to Kenya, William Attwood, chimed in with a similar warning that Zanzibar should be "a source of concern to Africans," the Revolutionary Council took umbrage. Last week it peremptorily demanded the removal of a \$3,000,000 U.S. space-tracking station, one of 16 strung around the world to communicate

with orbiting U.S. astronauts. Washington fatalistically agreed to dismantle the station, then stood by quietly as 5,000 Zanzibaris—egged on by Russian sailors—coursed through the capital carrying signs that read, "Go Home Yank." But at the same time, a U.S. Navy task force, known as the "Concord Squadron" and headed by the attack carrier *Bon Homme Richard*, steamed into the Indian Ocean—merely on a good-will mission, the Pentagon pointed out. Still, all that heavy-caliber good will might have a sobering effect on the region.

SOUTH AFRICA

The Thorn Tree

Under the harsh illogic of *apartheid*, South Africa's 11 million blacks are restricted chiefly to unskilled labor, but at least some of them have been permitted to seek out their own humble jobs. Last week Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd's regime prepared to erase even that right. Gaveled through Parliament was an amendment to the Bantu Laws designed to give the government total control over the employment place of residence and movements of every African worker.

Aliens at Home. Under the bill, natives stand to be converted into virtual aliens outside their tribal reservations and shuttled between "white areas" like a mobile labor pool. An expanded network of government labor bureaus and "aid centers" is to decide where all 7,000,000 African laborers will work, and at what tasks. If an African doesn't take a job offered him, he will be immediately "endorsed out"—the term under which the regime banishes undesirable natives back to their villages.

In practice, many blacks will be kept on in their present chores, but for those who are fired or wish to change jobs, the future will be difficult. For example, up to now any native born in a city has enjoyed permanent legal residence there



APARTHEID FIGHTER SUZMAN
A black is more than a pair of hands.

and could not normally be "endorsed out." The new bill abolishes that right, and a man who has spent his life as a clerk in a Cape Town chemist's shop could end up swinging a pick in a Transvaal gold mine. Moreover, African wives and children may follow their breadwinner only if the government finds it expedient, and many native men will be forced to live alone.

Revolution Unlikely. Plucky Helen Suzman, sole parliamentary voice of South Africa's small, anti-apartheid Progressive Party, accurately called it "slavery labor." Said she: "The government imagines the African as a disembodied pair of black hands to work for the whites." Since Mrs. Suzman and many other Verwoerd opponents are Jews, Nationalist backbenchers shifted from white supremacy to anti-Semitism, shouting: "Go to Israel!" One Nationalist M.P. was more poetic. He told Mrs. Suzman, "You are a finch chirping on a thorn tree."

The new law was too much even for the sizable United Party, which basically backs apartheid but differs with the government on how it should be carried out. United Party Leader Sir de Villiers Graaff warned that the bill would alienate middle-class Africans living in the cities, who form an important buffer against the angry black underground. Verwoerd's Nationalists were unmoved. Revolution, they figure, is unlikely in a country that spends 27% of its budget on security.

THE MALDIVES

Another Atoll Heard From

The Maldives sound like something that belongs in a salad. Actually, they are an autonomous British protectorate in the middle of the Indian Ocean, consisting of some 2,000 palm-shaded coral islands and reefs, 215 of them inhabited, and they are not quite real. *Auld Lang Syne* used to be the national anthem. The Mother Hubbard is the prescribed dress for women, and the primary means of transportation are outriggers and buggalaws, which resemble a cross between a Chinese junk and a Spanish galleon. Crime in the Maldives (rhymes with bald wives) is virtually unknown, and once a year most of the islands' 90,000 Moslems try to perform an act of national service, such as whitewashing a government building. But last week the idyllic little islands were reverberating to the cry of nationalism in its most preposterous form.

The trouble goes back to 1959, when the British finished a jet airstrip on the southern island of Gan to link their Middle Eastern bases with Singapore and Australia. In the process, they accidentally subsidized an uprising: most of Gan's labor force came from Addu Atoll, which had rebelled against the

islands' central government at Male, 300 miles to the north. To protest taxation and "other repressive measures," the rebels had even formed an independent "Republic" on their little atoll.

Last fall the British finally agreed to help the central government put down the rebellion—but they also helped the rebel leader, one Abdullah Afif, get away to safety in the Seychelle Islands, 1,200 miles to the southwest. That infuriated Maldivian Prime Minister Ibrahim Nasir, who simultaneously functions as Foreign, Finance, Education and Public Safety Minister. In re-

about the ruins, a Vietnamese survivor gestured at pools of coagulating blood, said smilingly to an American visitor: "Very bad, yes?"

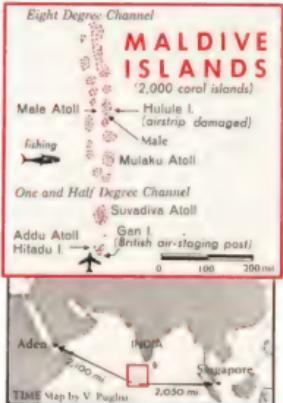
Yes. And what made the surprise assault worse was its location: barely a half-hour's drive from Saigon, in an area filled with government troops. It was the closest attack yet to the South Vietnamese capital.

Abolish the Holidays. Heating up the war anew, the Viet Cong opened a barrage of almost daily attacks, concentrating on the rice-rich Mekong Delta south of Saigon. Boldly, an 800-man guerrilla force ambushed an infantry battalion near Mocay, shot down a T-28 fighter plane that swooped to the rescue—killing its American pilot—and simultaneously lobbed .81-mm. Red Chinese-made mortars into Mocay itself. But the government got in its own licks, several times counterattacked with refreshing aggressiveness. On a forested ridge near the Laotian border, troops overran a Viet Cong staging camp for infiltrators coming down the Ho Chi Minh trail from Laos, claimed 75 enemy dead.

Such reminders that South Viet Nam is engaged in a struggle for survival might be expected to galvanize support behind the country's new ruler, General Nguyen Khanh, who seems sincere and energetic in his efforts to press the anti-Communist war. But Saigon's politicians are once again engaged in their petty intrigues, which prompted the late President Ngo Dinh Diem to keep them under firm control. Sipping coffee at sidewalk cafés, Saigon's intelligentsia carp about Khanh's attempts to rally the capital into the backlands war it has so long regarded as something apart. The Premier has ordered all male university graduates to report to military school, plans to assign able-bodied male civilians in Saigon to part-time guard duty; even more shocking, he has abolished four of the government bureaucracy's twelve annual holidays.

Official Optimism. Of late, Khanh has had to remind his civilian collaborators that they are essentially window dressing in a military regime. Last week Interior Minister Ha Thuc Ky, whom Diem found it expedient to jail for four years, indignantly resigned because he could not load the provincial payrolls with stalwarts of his Dai Viet Party (membership: 2,000). Khanh has filled such posts with battle-hardened army officers. The malcontents spread rumors of possible coups and sneer that Khanh is "becoming a dictator like Diem."

U.S. spokesmen remain resolutely optimistic—at least officially—that no new coup is in sight. The optimism is based on the fact that despite sporadic rumblings in the barracks, Khanh up to now has enjoyed the support of the bulk of the military. Perhaps the best thing that Khanh could do to preserve his position would be to become, if not precisely a strongman like Diem, at least like him in determination.



venge, Maldivian saboteurs began to tear up a British mail and supply airstrip near Male. When the British (who hand out \$50,000 a year to the Maldives) protested, Nasir decided he would act just like a great big emerging nation, demanded complete independence and the return of his old enemy Afif before he would even discuss the situation.

With their Gan base jeopardized, the British were proceeding carefully. But Afif would scarcely surrender of his own accord: in the past, it was not unknown for a ruler of the Maldives to take care of a wrongdoer by cutting off his hands.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Death in the Delta, Intrigue in the Cafés

It was a grim tale of Viet Cong tactics. By night, clad in black, 200 Communist guerrillas stealthily forded the moat surrounding the sleeping outpost of the government Self-Defense Corps, snipped the barbed wire and charged. Inside, Red agents, who had infiltrated the garrison disguised as recruits, machine-gunned loyal troops in their bunks, set off secretly placed charges that toppled the fort's three watchtowers. By dawn, 28 government men lay dead, 36 wounded, and the Viet Cong had made off with virtually every weapon on the base. Looking

² The song was equipped with Maldivian lyrics by the Maldives' late President, Amin Didi, who evidently took a fancy to the tune during his travels through the British Empire.



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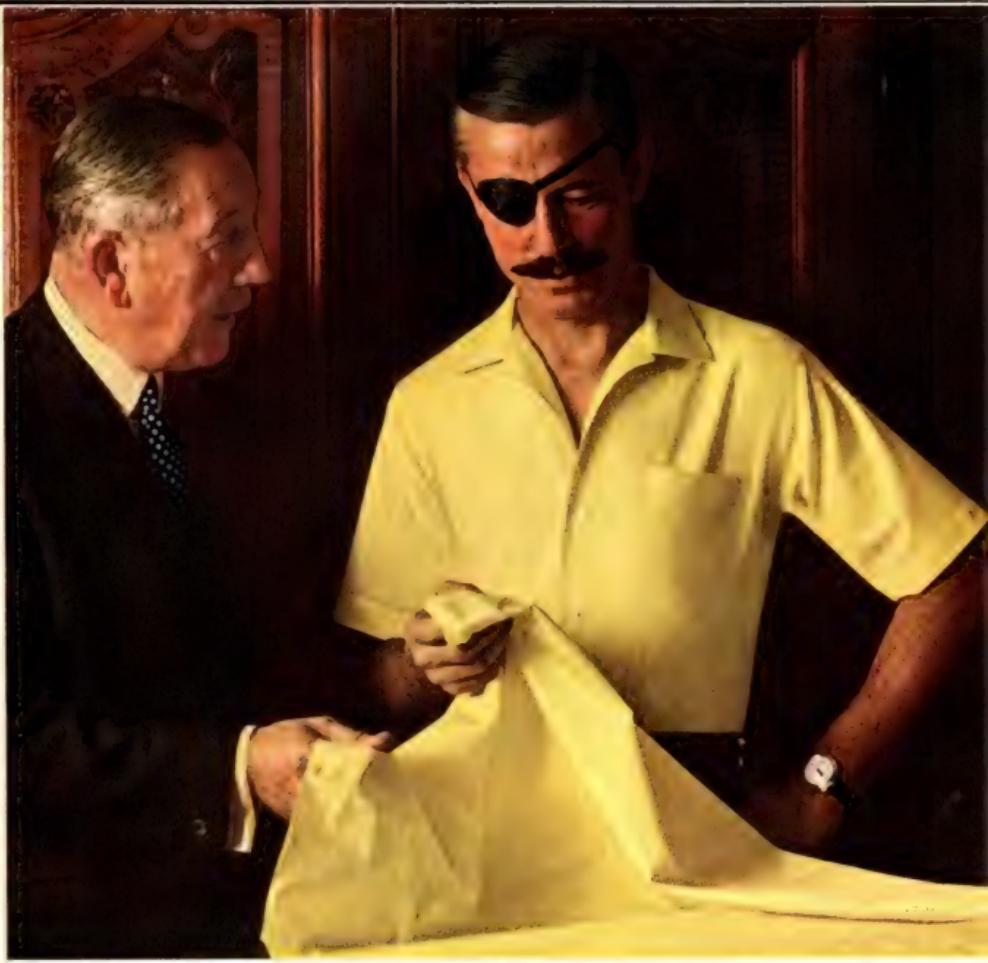
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THE HEMISPHERE

BRAZIL

Toward Profound Change

The army is the people in uniform.

—General Benjamin Constant (1838-91), Co-Founder of the Republic of Brazil

In Latin America's biggest nation last week, the people in uniform performed a political revolution to match the military uprising that toppled Leftist President João ("Jango") Goulart. It was a revolt against Communism and confusion, against demagoguery, corruption, ruinous economic drift and national hopelessness. In a grim and solemn mood, the military announced that it was assuming unprecedented powers and taking over much of the responsibility of government for the remainder of Goulart's term.

Barely two days after Goulart fled to exile in Uruguay, an army colonel strode into the Congress in Brasília with a message from the war ministry in Rio. His superiors, he informed congressional leaders, demanded a thoroughgoing purge, suspending the political rights and immunities of Congressmen suspected of being Communists, leftists or subversives. When Congress balked, the three military chiefs of staff simply decreed it. In an "Institutional Act," they set the hard ground rules under which the country will be administered until free elections are held in 1965 and a popularly elected President is inaugurated. Effective until Jan. 31, 1966, the decree:

- Empowers the government to cancel anyone's political rights for ten years, dismiss Congressmen, state deputies, city councilmen; fire any federal, state or municipal employee found guilty of acts against democracy, national security, and "the probity of public administration." In other words, out with the Communists and crooks.
- Enables the President to declare a state of siege without going through Congress.
- Gives the President sole power to present budget bills, and specifically forbids the inflation-minded Congress from voting more money than the President requests.
- Forces Congress to vote within 30 days on any constitutional amendment submitted by the President, and reduces the margin for congressional approval from two-thirds to an absolute majority.
- Imposes another 30-day limit for congressional action on other presidential bills; if no action is taken within 30 days, the bills will be considered approved.

The military then ordered Congress to elect a new President within two days to replace Acting President Pascoal Ranieri Mazzilli. Congress quickly complied. By an overwhelming majority, a joint session of the Senate and the

Chamber of Deputies elected General Humberto Castello Branco, 63, an officer as highly respected for his intellectual ability as his soldiering, to become the new President. For two months the country's three military chiefs of staff will share the same powers as the President under the Institutional Act; after that President Castello Branco holds power alone.

Not This Time. The act was an astonishing document for Brazil, that gentle, patient giant of music, coffee and sunny beaches. It was doubly so in view of the Brazilian army's historic respect for constitutional civilian authority. Brazil's military has intervened before in times of crisis to save the country from its politicians: in the last 150 years the military has toppled one Brazilian emperor, one dictator, one acting President and two full Presidents. But never for the sake of power.

Always in the past, the soldiers stepped aside when the crisis had passed, and marched back to their barracks. Not this time—not after watching Brazil slide steadily down the abyss with Goulart and his far-left cronies. Says one high army officer: "If the politicians think we risked our lives for everything to go on just as before, they are making a capital mistake."

That the military was determined to work a profound change was clear almost from the start. Acting President Mazzilli discovered as much when he lightly greeted General Artur da Costa e Silva, 61, the army's senior ranking officer, as "my dear minister." Replied the general crisply: "I would be honored to be your minister, Mr. President; but it so happens that I am not. I am the commander in chief of the armed forces which won a revolution."

Costa e Silva had the same message for Carlos Lacerda, the able but irascible-tempered governor of Guanabara (minus the city of Rio), who has high ambitions for the presidency in 1965. At one point last week, Lacerda began shouting at the general. Costa e Silva told him to lower his voice. "This is a civilized meeting," reminded the general. "Let's keep it that way." "I hereby resign as governor," stormed Lacerda. "Tell that to the state assembly," suggested the general. Lacerda stalked from the meeting, but a few days later issued a statement: "General Costa e Silva is a highly qualified man, just the kind that Brazil needs during such a difficult moment." Lacerda then announced that he was off to Europe or the U.S. for a two-month vacation.

Out They Go. Like a string of sand castles, the old political machines of the late Dictator Getúlio Vargas and his heir, Jango Goulart, came tumbling down in ruins. No sooner was the Institutional Act proclaimed than the military summarily dismissed 40 Congress-

men, stripped them of all political rights for ten years; 60 other highly placed Brazilians also found their political rights suspended, among them Goulart, Quadros, Marxist Peasant League Organizer Francisco Julião, and Leonel Brizola, Goulart's rabble-rousing brother-in-law, who fled to Uruguay.

Across Brazil, leftist governors, mayors and scores of lesser officials were sacked from office. A group of nine visiting Chinese Communists were marched off to jail as subversives; agents: police confiscated their \$100,000 bankroll. In some places the roundup degenerated into ugly brutality. In Pernambuco, police arrested the 70-year-old



PRESIDENT-ELECT CASTELLO BRANCO
Down come the sand castles.

leader of the state Communist Party, clouted him on the head with a rifle butt, stripped him down to his blue shorts, paraded him around Recife with a red tie around his neck, then hustled him off to jail. He died soon after—an "heart attack."

At one point last week, some 10,000 political prisoners had been rounded up—4,000 in Rio alone. In Guanabara Bay, a white luxury liner and grey navy transport were pressed into service as temporary jails. As the purges spread, the military clamped tight censorship on all news. Long-distance phone calls were monitored, government troops moved into wire service offices, edited stories and poked through files.

The excesses began to worry some Brazilians. But the vast majority seemed squarely behind the people in uniform. Suddenly everyone was scrambling to climb aboard the bandwagon. Union after union once dominated by the Communist-run General Labor Com-

mand began buying newspaper ads cheering the "victory of the glorious forces." One of the most radical divisions of Goulart's own Labor Party vowed to throw out "all extremist elements." By a 75 to 0 vote, the Minas Gerais state legislature kicked out three extremist congressmen; in Natal, the city council voted 25 to 0 to impeach their leftist mayor despite army suggestions that three or four dissenting votes would make it look better.

The rest of the hemisphere looked on the events in Brazil with mixed emotions. Venezuela, though officially pleased over Goulart's fall and the prospect of a Brazilian break in relations with Castro, was in a quandary. How could it square recognition of Brazil with its traditional policy of nonrecognition of governments that came to power through a military coup? In Chile and Peru, some papers fretted over the possibility of a repressive military dictatorship. Washington, which was the first to greet the new regime with "warm wishes," hoped the arrests would not go too far. "Brazil needed cleaning up," said one high official, "but not a witch hunt."

Soldier at the Top. Perhaps the best guarantee against that was Castello Branco, the man chosen as President. Brazilian Social Historian Gilberto Freyre once described him as "a soldier from head to toe, a military man without Prussian arrogance, and one of the greatest Brazilian intellectuals not just in the armed forces but in the entire nation." An up-from-the-ranks infantryman who led Brazilian troops in Italy in World War II, Castello Branco is a lover of good music, reads avidly in four languages, has lived in both France and the U.S., and is reported to have a deep social conscience about the problems that dog Brazil. Much of his career was spent in the poverty-stricken, drought-devastated northeast. He was not one of the first plotters of the revolt, and thought long and hard before lending his weight to it. "We have topped a government of the extreme left," Castello Branco said after his election. "We will not form a government of the extreme right."

The job ahead is staggering. It is, as one Brazilian calls it, a "mandate for insomnia." Brazil's economy is an inflationary wreck, its politics a shambles. Reform will demand sacrifice. It will be up to Castello Branco and his government to justify the high price that Brazilians may have to pay.

CHILE

The Crucial Choice

Before World War II, an American setting off on a trip to Chile could count on a three-week voyage by boat down South America's west coast. Today, Panagra's jets make it from New York to the Santiago capital in 14 hours, but few Americans visit Chile. Yet in this faraway land of nitrates,



FREI DURAN

Split in the center.

copper and wine, the most important election in Latin America this year will take place on Sept. 4. There is a real possibility that Chile, long democratic, will become the first nation in the hemisphere to choose an avowed Marxist as its freely elected President.

He is Salvador Allende, 53, the shrewd and persuasive leader of the far-left Popular Action Front (FAP). In 1958 Allende came within 29,000 votes of beating Jorge Alessandri, Chile's dour and conservative incumbent President, who cannot succeed himself. The anti-Communist opposition is stronger this time. But so is Allende. In the past six years, Chile has made little progress. The U.S.-owned mines in Chile produce 11% of the world's copper, but catastrophic 1960 earthquakes and rocketing inflation have eaten up much of the mineral wealth. Since 1958 the price of a loaf of bread has risen from 13¢ to 40¢; in the past twelve months alone, the cost of living has climbed 50%. In Santiago last week, 12,000 students staged a violent, window-shattering riot, and 150,000 angry workers walked out on a strike against the government's proposed 35% wage increase. Labor said it needed 70% just to keep up with prices.

Friend of Fidel. Such is the discontent that feeds Allende's candidacy. A physician who turned to politics, Allende prescribes massive reform for Chile's ills: 1) a strict, centrally planned economy; 2) "authentic" land reform, meaning the expropriation of all large farms; and 3) nationalization of the U.S. copper companies. He terms Castro a "political genius," has Fidel's picture on his office wall and a framed blowup of the Declaration of Havana hanging in the hall outside. He openly calls himself a Marxist. "But I am not a Communist," he says, "and that is very important for the U.S. to remember." Nevertheless, Allende has the wholehearted blessing of Chile's 30,000 card-carrying Communists.

Last month in a provincial by-election, Allende's forces administered a crushing defeat to the right-of-center, three-party Democratic front that

brought President Alessandri to power in 1958. As a result, the front split wide open and its candidate, Julio Duran, 46, leader of the middle-road Radical Party, resigned from the race in tears. To keep his own party from dissolving, Duran has now decided to re-enter the campaign on the Radical ticket alone. But the best he can hope for is enough votes to wield a balance of power in a close election.

Fight for Democracy. The man with the best chance of stopping Allende is Eduardo Frei, 53, the able and eloquent leader of Chile's fast-growing Christian Democratic Party. Chileans are normally reserved about their politicians. But the tall, gaunt, obviously dedicated Frei has a charisma that sends his audience into wild cheers: when he moves about, crowds surround his car, chanting his name, reaching in the window to shake his hand. His party is only eight years old, and yet it emerged from last year's municipal elections with 23% of the total vote to become Chile's largest single political force.

"Chile Needs a Chance" is Lawyer Frei's slogan. But he makes it clear that he wants bold reform within the law. "This is a fight for democracy and a vital one," he says. "It must be won." Frei would continue Chile's pro-Western foreign policy while maintaining diplomatic ties with Cuba. He advocates a sensible, productive land reform; argues for easier credit for businessmen and farmers; the creation of at least 50,000 new jobs, and more diversified industry to expand the country's limited economy. As for the big U.S. copper companies, he wants a bigger share of the business, but opposes nationalization.

If the election were held today, Frei would be the odds-on favorite. What worries him is Chile's uncontrolled inflation that plagues into the hands of the extremists. The U.S. makes no secret that it favors Frei and would find Allende hard to live with. Allende complains bitterly that the copper companies bankroll his opposition, that CIA agents photograph everyone who visits his campaign headquarters. U.S. diplomats pointedly avoid contact with him. The fiercely independent Chileans somehow remain unconvinced that Allende would take the country down the Cuban path. But in the U.S. view, Allende at best poses a grave risk to Chilean democracy. At worst, he could turn into another instrument of Communist subversion.

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If you prefer soft-shoulder clothes, get a Racquet Club suit by Hart Schaffner & Marx in this season's Driftwood colors. You'll find it's a natural.

PEOPLE

The feet were the hardest part. First there was a gold ring to fit onto each big toe, and then two tinkling anklets to snap into place. Finally the soles of her feet were painted red. But it was not just for kicks. Heiress **Barbara Hutton**, 51, a Protestant, was marrying Laotian Painter-Chemist Prince Raymond Doan Vinh Na Champassak, 48, a Buddhist, and they were doing it his way. Babs had never tried a Buddhist ceremony, and so this time around it was a sari affair at her \$1,500,000 estate near Cuernavaca, Mexico. There were sev-

eral Germans passed it on to West Berlin authorities. They tattled, too, and soon the word was out that Marvelous Marlene, whose age has been pegged as low as 54, was really 62 years old last Dec. 27. Marlene's reaction to it all? There won't be any, if her pals have their way. Said Old Friend Major Donald Neville-Willing in England, where she's on a business trip: "I don't think she knows about the story. She doesn't read the papers here and doesn't watch television. I don't think her old friends, good friends, will mention it to her. It probably is true, but so what. She looks 40, and that's that." Quite!

For ten days the prisoners of Rome's Regina Coeli prison anxiously studied their catechisms. Then at 8 one morning last week, **Pope Paul VI**, 66, arrived to celebrate Mass, the first modern Pope ever to do so in a jail (Pope John XXIII visited the same prison in 1958, but did not say Mass). Four prisoners assisted Paul at the ceremony, and more than 600 inmates received Communion. Afterward, with the men pressing freely around him, the Pontiff was moved to tears, as he told them: "I have come to kindle in each of you a flame that may have gone out." When he left after 2½ hours, he took with him a kneeling stand made for him at the prison—and an album containing brief declarations of faith from almost all the 1,110 inmates.

In 1946 when the Roosevelt dime came out, the U.S. mint was flooded with queries about the initials J.S. at the base of Franklin Roosevelt's neck. Quite a few outraged folks thought the letters stood for Joseph Stalin, and that it was all a Communist plot, until Designer John Sinnock patiently explained that the initials were his. Now there is a flurry over the new Kennedy half-dollar, and it's the Reds again. Complaints are coming into the Denver mint that there is a hammer and sickle on the coin. Wearily, the mint's Chief Sculptor and Engraver **Gilroy Roberts**, 59, explains: "It's my monogram, a G, and an R, in script, combined. It might look like two sickles maybe. But it looks nothing like a hammer and sickle at all. You've got to have a slanted mind to see that there."



PRINCESS & PRINCE NA CHAMPASSAK

Rings on her toes.

en tiers to the wedding cake, not in honor of her seven husbands but in honor of the groom's rank in Laos, and when the violin-serenaded reception was over, she was Princess **Barbara Hutton Mdivani Haugwitz-Reventlow Grant Troubetzkoy Rubirosa Von Cramm Na Champassak**.

Boob tube, idiot box, or whatever else people call it, television is responsible for the bacon. **David Brinkley**, 43, brings home, and the ham-on-wry commentator felt moved to pay homage to its glories. But what to say? "Television," he finally advised some University of North Carolina students, "is the only thing in the world that is punctual." People, planes and trains are late, he continued thoughtfully, but TV is on time. "It may be lousy, but it's on time."

Ach du lieber! And the archivist in East Berlin hurried off to tell his bosses. He had just unearthed a copy of **Marlene Dietrich's** long-missing birth certificate. Unable to keep the secret, the

laid into the 120-volt cable with a wooden-handled ax, soon cut it free of the fence. Oohed an awed housewife: "One man leaned on the fence no more than two minutes later. I don't know whether he realized . . ."

A two-week, fun-filled trip to France, including a week on the Riviera and a week in Paris? No jingles to write. No puzzles to solve. In fact, no contest to enter. All you have to do is be the editor of *Izvestia*. And since that describes **Aleksei Adzhubei**, 39, he was the lucky winner of an invitation from the France-U.S.S.R. Friendship Society. Though in Paris it was mostly speeches



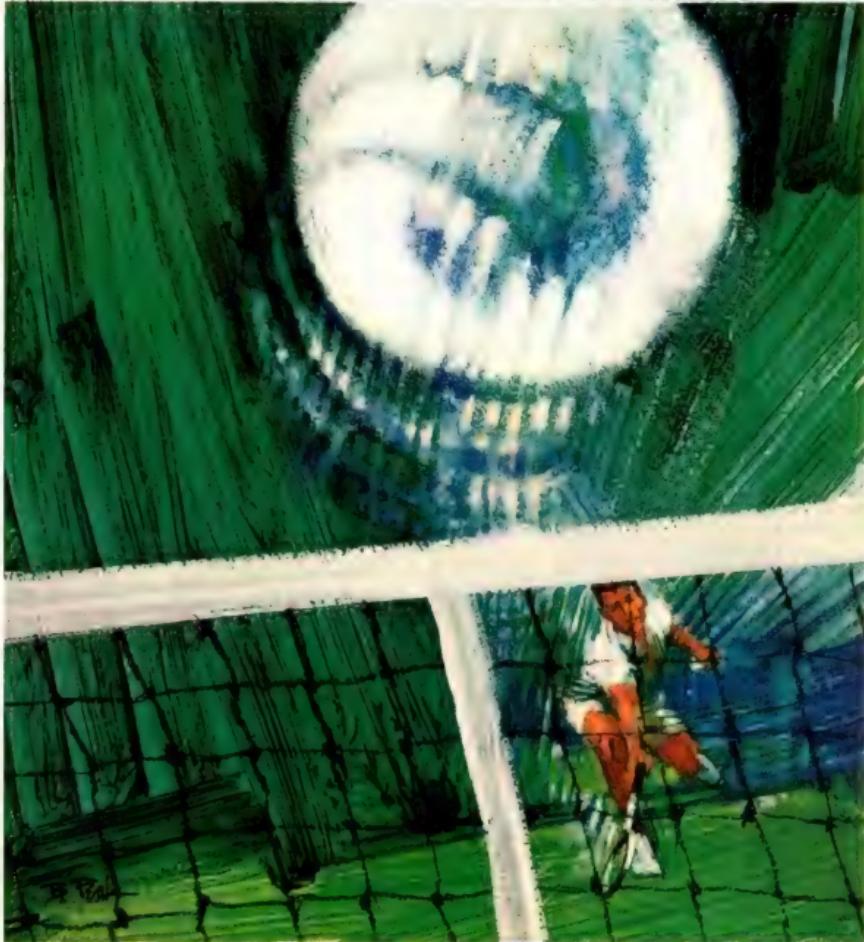
MRS. ADZHUBEI (CENTER) & MODEL

Better in boots.

and press conferences for him. Wife **Roda** managed to sneak off with **Eugenia Vinogradov**, the wife of the Soviet Ambassador, and ogle the florally flimsy bikinis displayed at a specially set-up fashion show. Still, Aleksei was perfectly willing to comment on *haute couture*. Said he: "Soviet women were accustomed to wearing boots, and one day I deplored this in *Izvestia*. Finally our women gave them up. Then boots became a la mode in Paris, and now Soviet women are wearing them again."

Everybody else was writing the Internal Revenue Service, too, but the U.S.'s top female folk singer sent the revenuers a slightly offbeat message. She started chummily enough. "Dear Friends," said the handwritten letter, "What I have to say is this: I do not believe in war. I do not believe in the weapons of war. I am not going to volunteer the 60% of my year's income tax that goes to armaments. I am no longer supporting my portion of the arms race. Sincerely yours—**Joan C. Baez**."

For fine food and entertainment—visit the 7-Up International Sandwich Gardens at the New York World's Fair



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Sink into one of those soft vinyl-covered seats and feel that thick deep-twist carpeting underfoot.

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WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE

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So what's to feel guilty about? Nothing. Except, maybe, not seeing your Chevrolet dealer about an Impala Convertible long before this.... Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

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If you don't, just listen at your favorite bar

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THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT

Cool on Contempt

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury . . .

—U.S. Constitution

Traditionally outside this command is the power of federal judges to enforce their orders by trying errants for criminal contempt without a jury. Last week the Supreme Court again followed the tradition by denying jury trials to Mississippi's ex-Governor Ross R. Barnett and his successor, Paul B. Johnson Jr., both charged with what Justice Arthur Goldberg called the "extraordinarily serious" crime of obstructing federal orders to desegregate the riot-torn University of Mississippi in 1962.

Barnett and Johnson now face trial before the Court of Appeals in New Orleans, which, having split 4 to 4 on the question, had asked the high court to decide whether the case should be tried with or without a jury. The Mississippians had hoped for the former, counting on sympathetic Southern jurors. But how they fare now is almost unimportant compared with the ramifications of last week's decision. For only by the narrowest margin of 5 to 4 did the Supreme Court uphold summary criminal-contempt power. And in so doing, it seemed to grant a key concession that dissenting Justice Hugo Black hailed as "the beginning of the end" for monetary contempt trials.

Clayton Curve. In 1789 the First Congress, following common law practice, specifically granted federal courts the power "to punish by fine or imprisonment at the discretion of said courts, all contempts of authority in any cause or hearing before the same." In at least 50 cases, the Supreme Court has upheld this power. Only six years ago, the court held a full review of the issue in *Green v. U.S.*, concluding that "a long and unbroken line of decisions involving contempts ranging from misbehavior in court to disobedience of court orders establishes beyond peradventure that criminal contempts are not subject to jury trial as a matter of constitutional right."

However, there are curbs on this power. If Barnett and Johnson were charged with contempt of a federal district court, they could well argue for a jury trial under certain provisions of the 1914 Clayton Act. Such a court did in fact order Negro Student James Meredith enrolled at Ole Miss. But Justice Tom Clark, speaking for the majority, put Barnett and Johnson squarely in the hands of the Court of Appeals, which had also enjoined them from interfering. Said Clark: "It would be anomalous for a Court of Appeals to have the power to punish contempt of its own orders without a jury but to be re-

quired to do so when the offensive behavior happens to be in contempt of a district court as well."

Pointed Dictum. The argument then entered virgin territory: the constitutional guarantee of jury trial has long been construed to exclude "petty offenses"—meaning those carrying top penalties of six months in jail and a \$500 fine. Criminal contempt is no petty offense. Until recently, however, it was almost never punished by more than petty-level penalties. Now the penalties have grown ever stiffer. For example, the Supreme Court in 1958 upheld three-year sentences for Communists Gilbert Green and Harry Winston, who had jumped bail. In the light of such

sentences (Warren, Black, Douglas, Goldberg), although they would have gone even farther toward the goal advocated by Justice Hugo Black. "It is high time," he wrote in his dissent, "to wipe out, root and branch, the judge-invented and judge-maintained notion that judges can try criminal-contempt cases without a jury."

Quite apart from its high drama in bringing two Mississippi Governors before the federal bench, *U.S. v. Barnett* may in the end serve to curb federal judges throughout the land.

A Defense & an Explanation

Most critics of the U.S. Supreme Court, argues Walter E. Craig, president of the American Bar Association, see every decision in terms of their own pet love or hate. Stoutly defending



CLARK



BRENNAN



BARNETT & JOHNSON

Standing on one footnote.

penalties, has criminal contempt now become triable by jury?

In a footnote to his opinion, Justice Clark added a significant dictum to a statement not strictly necessary to the case: "Some members of the Court are of the view that, without regard to the seriousness of the offense, punishment by summary trial without a jury would be constitutionally limited to that penalty provided for petty offenses." In other words, the Court of Appeals might have overruled it if it pins too heavy a rap on Barnett and Johnson.

Root & Branch. It was not hard to pick out "some members." Crucial to future decisions was a silent member of the five-man majority—Justice William Brennan, usually a leading civil libertarian. Knowledgeable lawyers speculated that Brennan went along in this case in order to establish the pacetting dictum. If so, his vote narrowly reconfirmed criminal-contempt power—while opening the way to substantially easier penalties.

This apparently suited the four dis-

senters (Warren, Black, Douglas, Goldberg), although they would have gone even farther toward the goal advocated by Justice Hugo Black. "It is high time," he wrote in his dissent, "to wipe out, root and branch, the judge-invented and judge-maintained notion that judges can try criminal-contempt cases without a jury."

Quite apart from its high drama in bringing two Mississippi Governors before the federal bench, *U.S. v. Barnett* may in the end serve to curb federal judges throughout the land.

► Brown v. Board of Education (1954), which outlawed school segregation and overruled the separate-but-equal doctrine that a prior court approved in 1896. Despite Southern outcries, said Craig, "Chief Justice Warren was quick to realize that the Constitution must forever remain a living, flexible document, able to be expanded and adapted to changing circumstances."

► Mapp v. Ohio (1961), which overruled a 1949 decision that unconstitutional seized evidence by the search without a warrant, for example, is sometimes admissible in a state criminal trial. Though police decried *Mapp*, the court's basic principles in 1961 were much the same as in 1949: "Changing

social conditions had created problems and abuses which amounted to constitutional violation."

► **Engel v. Vitale** (1962), which struck down the use of a school prayer composed by the New York State Board of Regents. Despite the public furor, says Craig, "no other decision would have been consistent with the dictates of the First Amendment." Far from being hostile to religion, the court simply sustained the long-held U.S. belief that "a union of government and religion tends to destroy government and to degrade religion."

► **Gideon v. Wainwright** (1963), which overturned a 1942 ruling that indigent defendants in state criminal trials are not necessarily entitled to court-appointed counsel. By its long-held reluctance to require such counsel, the court showed "respect for the concept of federalism." By finally acting, where states had failed to, it was simply protecting what has been called "the most pervasive right of the accused."

"The root cause of controversial decisions is not the Supreme Court," Craig concluded, "but the times in which we live and the critical issues they have engendered. Our Constitution becomes meaningless if it is not a constitution as interpreted by the court. This is what is meant by justice under the law. The Supreme Court has always been dominated by the quest for justice when faced with problems that are more important and more difficult than those that any other court in the history of the world has been asked to face."

THE BENCH

Shoofly Pye

Prathia Laura Ann Hall was in bad trouble. It was not just her modest misdemeanor—violating Georgia's antitrespass law during a motel sit-in. The 23-year-old Negro girl faced a far more formidable fate in the person of Judge Durwood T. Pye of Fulton County (Atlanta) Superior Court. Pye, the South's toughest judge in civil rights cases, set bail at a fantastic \$4,500. Unable to raise it, Prathia Hall spent two weeks in jail awaiting a trial in which she could expect the absolute maximum: six months in jail, twelve months in the county work camp, and a \$1,000 fine.

Hipped on Race. To her amazement, and Pye's ire, Defendant Hall escaped. Armed with a writ of habeas corpus, U.S. marshals whisked her out of her cell and freed her on \$1,000 bond. "The United States Government has taken said defendant away," roared Judge Pye. "The court is physically unable to proceed with the trial." The court also was unable to try 58 other civil rights defendants who fled the coop by federal court orders. Last week, Pye scheduled trials for 42 more trespass defendants, but with little expectation that they would remain in his jurisdiction.

This remarkable struggle has few



ATLANTA'S JUDGE PYE



MISS WALKER



MISS HALL

Tetchy as a loaded derringer.

precedents in U.S. legal history. And it stems largely from the character of Judge Durwood Pye, a scholarly white-supremacist. Graduating at the top of his class at Atlanta Law School, he became a formidable lawyer before becoming a judge in 1956. A stickler for detail, he has ground out opinions of more than 600 pages, once fined Atlanta newspapers \$20,000 for contempt for describing a defendant's past, banned news cameras and tape recorders not only in his courtroom, but also on "adjacent sidewalks and public streets." At 54, Pye is tetchy as a loaded derringer; he is wont to hector witnesses and explode at any moment over what he calls "mongrelization of the races." Trying to be fair to Pye, another Atlanta judge sums up: "He's a fine, decent, honest, hard-working man, except that he happens to be hipped on the subject of race."

Last summer Pye launched a one-man crusade against sit-ins. Thundering that Georgia's antitrespass law had been "flouted, defied and violated," he ordered indictments prepared in 101 civil rights trespass cases, some dating back to 1961. Pye set bail as high as \$20,000; where defendants had already been released on bonds of \$3,000 or \$500, he upped the ante to \$3,000 or more, explaining that he "acted on my own motion." Then he began meting out ferocious sentences. His most famed was six months in jail and a year at hard labor for Connecticut College Student Marion Walker, an 18-year-old white girl who had taken part last winter in a nonviolent sit-in at an Atlanta restaurant. Even the Atlanta Constitution, which opposed the demonstrations, snapped that the punishment was "disturbingly disproportionate."

Court v. Court. All this plunged Pye into an extraordinary hassle with the federal courts that hinges on a rarely used relief of Reconstruction days: Section 1443, Title 28, U.S. Code. Designed as an escape hatch from lower courts, it allows a defendant to petition for removal of his case from a state to a federal court if his civil rights are null-

ified by the state's legal apparatus. But unfairness is hard to prove, and federal judges are notably loath to affront state courts by accepting such cases. Lately, however, defendants all over the South have sought to escape state courts through Section 1443. And nowhere have they been more successful than in Judge Pye's court.

Pye has hardly taken it lying down. In a single week last month, he twice defied the Federal Government. When the U.S. Court of Appeals took over 20 of his trespass cases, Pye protested that they were still his, "hide, hair and talon," kept them on his calendar for trial. He reacted similarly when U.S. District Judge Boyd Sloan removed another 38 trespass cases. It was to no avail. Sloan enjoined the county sheriff from defending any of the total 58 ex-Pye defendants, then sent his marshals to free the jailed Prathia Hall.

His heretofore stacked with 46 law books, Judge Pye is now angrily pressing for an appeal to the Supreme Court. The odds against him seem high. Last week his 42 current trespass defendants requested trial in federal court. As for Pye, his days as a Superior Court judge may be numbered. His eight-year term runs out early next year; if he aims to stay on the bench, he must run for re-election in November. Atlanta newspapers are generally against him. And Negroes, who comprise about 35% of Fulton County's population, can hardly wait for election day.

From Court to Cell?

Earl Welch, 72, is a distinguished Chickasaw Indian. Senior member of the Oklahoma Supreme Court, the state's highest tribunal, he has served 32 years, been chief justice two terms. Last week Justice Welch was haled before a federal grand jury in Oklahoma City, along with retired Supreme Court Justice N. S. Corn. Result: both judges were indicted for income tax evasion—\$11,063 for Corn, \$13,365 for Welch. If convicted, Justice Welch will quit the bench for a cell for a maximum of 25 years, pay a possible \$50,000 fine.



Happy unbirthday

Imagine!—a real baseball and glove for 5-year-old Robbie. Yesterday it was crayons for Carol and last week a record for mommy. Not a man to wait for occasions, Bob's "unbirthday" presents were the delight of his wife and his small fry.

Not many knew the serious side to this young father. His boss knew. So did his local GUARDIAN representative who helped him work out a program that guaranteed his family's financial security.

Bob said he wanted his wife to have a continuing income if something happened to him. He didn't want his children deprived of a full-

time mother. He wanted to leave them a home, not a mortgage. "One thing I insist on," he said. "I want my children to have an education—no matter what happens."

Measuring his objectives against the insurance Bob already owned and including pension and Social Security benefits, the GUARDIAN man designed a program to fit his basic goals — with flexibility for change as his responsibilities change.

When Bob proudly showed his wife his GUARDIAN program, she said, "We love you, we need you—and you're going to live to a ripe old age."

"I fully intend to — and then

these policies will give us the independence we want when it comes time for us to retire."

There has never been a better time to plan your own GUARDIAN program. We have just introduced a new series of policies that provide more protection for each premium dollar. At the same time we announced a substantial increase in dividends for present policyholders. Thus current owners and new purchasers share in the increased benefits of GUARDIAN insurance.

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TIME APRIL 17, 1964

MEDICINE

SMOKING

It Is "Less Hazardous"

Ever since Dr. Ernest L. Wynder began trying to convince the world of the dangers of cancer in cigarette smoking, he has looked as cheerful as a basset hound being dragged through a cactus patch. Last week he looked as sad-eyed as ever, but he had good news for smokers. Cigarettes, he told the American Association for Cancer Research, have been made "less hazardous"—he would not say "safer"—in the last few years, and they are being made still less hazardous.

It may take years for these improvements to show up in a lower death rate

the average exposed to approximately 50% less tar* and nicotine than he was while smoking cigarettes without filter tips ten years ago," they reported. Contrary to gloomy prophecies that smokers would cancel out the benefits of filters by puffing more of the newer cigarettes, the researchers found that in general this has not happened.[†]

The components of smoke that paralyze the cilia, and are therefore important in bronchitis and related diseases, are largely carbolic and other acids. A proportion of these (up to 90% in the case of phenol) can be removed by cellulose acetate filters. Other cilia-damaging components, such as acetaldehyde and acrolein, are cut down

industry is a competitive secret, some manufacturers are trying a modern variant of their grandfathers' way of curing tobacco. They used to let it dry in the air, stored it in hogheads, in which it fermented; now, to cut losses from spoilage in storage, this method has largely been supplanted by flue-curing, or redrying, which pasteurizes the tobacco before storage and prevents fermentation. A Polish-born agricultural technologist, Jan Befflinger, recently reported that there is less lung cancer among smokers in Russia and Poland, where air-cured tobacco is treated with enzymes to control the fermentation.

Surprisingly, tobacco stems yield less tar and noxious gases than the leaves. So, said Wynder and Hoffmann, there is less risk in smoking cigarettes if finely shredded stems are left in the tobacco, or if they are made from compressed sheets of homogenized tobacco dust and stems. Finally, finer cuts of the tobacco leaf itself make a less hazardous cigarette than the coarse cuts.

Can cigarette smoking ever be entirely safe? Drs. Wynder and Hoffmann said they doubted it. They thought the only way to avoid the risks of lung cancer from smoking was not to smoke. But, they conceded: "Man may not always be willing or able to accomplish this objective." Therefore they urged more research toward producing "less hazardous" smoking products. "Considerable progress has been and is being made," they concluded. "Further advances are certainly feasible."



RESEARCHER WYNDER & CLAMS



ACTRESS & HOOKAH

Grandfather knew best.

from lung cancer. But figures compiled at the National Cancer Institute indicate that while lung cancer is still increasing, it is doing so less rapidly.

Mouse Backs. Dr. Wynder, who has never smoked, began work on cigarettes and cancer while still a medical student in St. Louis. Now at Manhattan's Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, working with Chemist Dietrich Hoffmann, he has had tens of thousands of cigarettes smoked in machines, collected the vapors and "tar," and tested innumerable fractions as potential causes of cancer. Most early tests were on the backs of mice because the skin there is of the same cellular class as the inside of a man's lung. More recently, to study an approximation of what happens when smoke rushes past the tiny, hairlike filter system (cilia) of the human respiratory tree, the researchers have taken to using parts of the gills of hard-shell clams.

The first big gain, Drs. Wynder and Hoffmann find, comes from filters. "The

by an activated charcoal filter, especially if the charcoal is compressed. A still better way, said Wynder and Hoffmann, is to filter the smoke through water and then through compressed charcoal, but so far this is not practicable—except, conceivably, in homes with filter-tipped hookahs.

Back to Old Ways. Even cigarettes without filters are less hazardous nowadays. The researchers learned this in an odd way: fewer of their test mice have been developing cancers. At first they thought this might be caused by a difference in mice or in laboratory methods. Then they learned that it was because manufacturers are using different types of tobacco.

Though who is doing what in the in-

* Not a scientifically correct term, but Dr. Wynder used it because everybody knows what it means when applied to cigarettes.

† Although cigarette sales in the U.S. have dropped sharply after publication of the Public Health Service's report (TIME, Jan. 17), are almost back to pre-scare levels.

OPTHALMOLOGY

O.K. for Contact

The U.S. Food and Drug Administration had reassuring news last week for the 5,000,000 contact-lens wearers in the U.S., many of whom were fearful that something in the plastic might damage their eyes or even cause blindness. The scare originated a month ago with a report from a Boston ophthalmologist that he had tracked down 14 cases of blindness or near blindness among contact wearers and several hundred more of eye damage, all within three years. There was speculation that the damage might have come from impurities such as free acid in the methyl methacrylate plastic taken to Plexiglas used for the lenses.

Winton B. Rankin, an FDA spokesman, told a special Senate subcommittee that the agency had found no evidence that such impurities are to blame; for safety's sake the FDA is continuing its investigation. There is no doubt, however, that some wearers of contact lenses suffer eye damage from other causes. Explained Rankin: "It appears that the principal difficulty arises from improper fitting, insanitary practices by the wearer, or wearing the lenses too long at a time." On that, optometrists and ophthalmologists, who have differed sharply over the fitting of contacts, were for once in agreement.



Caribbean gingham: swinging new sport shirt from Arrow.

This is a good guy's gingham. (Note how it wins over the girl in this last scene.) These two were made for each other. And they'll stay true-blue because this subtle gingham pattern is woven. They're neatly tapered to approximate your individual measure, correctly buttoned-down to give the col-



lar a soft, casual roll. (Arrow places the buttons with dead-eye precision to get it that way.) There's a button in the back and a label that reads "Sanforized." That means this cotton shirt will stay true to its fit for life. Three other gay gingham colors. His, \$5. Bea hero. Buy her one, too. Miss Arrow, \$4.

Wherever you go, you look better in **—ARROW—**



How General Electric is helping add an extra day of fun to your week

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THE THEATER

Prince of Thought

Hamlet. Richard Burton plays Hamlet as Hamlet would like to have been. He may be self-critical, but he is never self-doubting. He is whole of soul, single of mind, undivided of purpose. If the text will not permit him to sweep to his revenge, there is never any question that he is speeding towards it with unblunted zeal. Burton's Hamlet is master of the stage, master of Elsinore, and master of himself. And there's the rub. A masterful Hamlet is more heroic than tragic,

FRIEDMAN-ADELSS



RICHARD BURTON AS HAMLET
Nonmelancholy Dane.

and can scarcely evoke the torment of a man who is to be overmastered by fortune and by fate.

If life is a tragedy to those who feel and a comedy to those who think, it may be startling but not exaggerated to say that Burton's Hamlet is imbued more with the spirit of comedy than with the spirit of tragedy. This is no Melancholy Dane. His ever-ready wit is neither a cloak for nor a release from melancholy. Burton never plays a line for a laugh, but he is cat-and-mouse playful, and his nerve ends seem to tingle with suppressed laughter rather than secret tears.

Burton and Director John Gielgud have made intelligence the touchstone of the play. This is a thinking man's *Hamlet*, the kind G. B. Shaw might have written, and it is cool, clever, lucid, fresh, contemporary and vivid, but seldom emotionally affecting. What Burton does best is to turn sensitivity into sense, modulate a phrase so that it rings with present meaning rather than bygone eloquence. He has put his passion into Hamlet's language rather than his character. He banishes the staling curse of familiarity from the soliloquies. "To be or not to be" can be the desperate verbal dirge of a man who is in mourning for his life and a bare

bodykin's distance from committing suicide. Burton gives it freshness with a limpid speculative reading, contemplating the idea of suicide the way a man might hold a glass of red Burgundy up to the light to savor its color.

The problems of this *Hamlet* are solved like mathematical equations. For Burton, Hamlet's madness is a tactic and he goes to great lengths to show that this Hamlet is play-acting madness rather than edging neurotically close to it. Spying out the King and Polonius eavesdropping on his meeting with Ophelia, he tongue-lashes her, not with the cruelty of a distraught lover but with the put-on harshness of a strategist of palace politics who sees her as the pawn of his enemies. He upbraids his mother for failing her better self and not for failing his Oedipal needs. This Hamlet takes every test as it comes and proves more than equal to it. As for killing the king, that is merely unfinished business to Burton's Hamlet and not a moral dilemma or a psychological block.

The gain in clarity and credibility is paid for by making most of Hamlet's conflicts external. He becomes a man with a job to do, rather than a mind and heart to keep from breaking. If Shakespeare's tragic prince duels with himself and the universe, Burton's Hamlet duels mainly with Laertes.

As acting, Richard Burton's performance is a technician's marvel. His voice has gem-cutting precision and he can outrun Times Square traffic, though he lacks the liquid melody that Gielgud supplies as the voice of Hamlet's father's unseen ghost. His hands punctuate the speeches with percussive rhythm and instinctive grace. He is virile, yet mannerly, as sweet of temper as he is quick to anger, and his wary eyes dart from foe to friend with the swiftness of thought.

With a few exceptions the supporting cast might be accused of nonsupport. Hume Cronyn's Polonius is devilishly fine, a battered human filing cabinet of platitudes who has achieved diplomatic immunity to everything but the sound of his own voice. And George Rose's First Gravedigger is a roguish, low-comic word prankster. But Alfred Drake's King Claudius is too steadily ingratiating to have killed a brother and seized a crown. He is more like mine host of the Elsinore Hilton. Fifteen Herbie is a middle-aged matron with diction: it is easier to imagine her at bridge than in the "rank sweat of an unseamed bed." The saddest thing about Linda Marsh's Ophelia is how far beyond her grasp the part is.

The rehearsal clothes in which this *Hamlet* is performed tend to reduce the actors to the unregality of their garb. But Shakespeare's kingliest crown is English, and as this 400th anniversary year begins, Richard Burton's lips are brushing it with glory.

Houseghost

High Spirits is better as a showcase than a show. Such improbable sprites as Bea Lillie and Tammy Grimes exist in the imagination of no playwright, not even Noel Coward, who wrote *Blithe Spirit* and directs this musical derived from it.

Bea is an earthbound Nijinsky who can *entrechat* her way across a stage in half-inch leaps. Footwork is needlework to Bea—she crochets with her toes. If playgoers dare to laugh at her outlandishly comic bits of business, she freezes upon them the look of an embalmed codfish until they burst out laughing all

FRIEDMAN-ADELSS



LILLIE & GRIMES AS "SPIRITS"
Released genii.

over again. Her costumes are designed by the Mad Hatter, and so is she.

Tammy is a gemic out of another bottle. From a mouth carved by a razor she lets slip songs and dialogue as if they were secret vices. Other people speak; Tammy makes animal noises. She looks like a love goddess playfully absent without leave from the moon.

Tammy materializes after a misbegotten scâne recalls her from the dead to hex her slightly unnerved husband (Edward Woodward) and badly annoyed second wife (Louise Troy). The zany medium, Madame Arcati (Bea) leaves the trio to make the worst of things and the best of fun out of their unearthly fix.

The light, ghostly touch is somewhat lacking from *High Spirits*. Act I footdrags until *Go into Your Trance* sets the stage shivering with dancing spooks and eerily flying chairs and tables. Except for a love ballad, *If I Give You* ("prides of lions"), the Hugh Martin-Timothy Gray score is uneventful. Living in trial bigamy, Edward Woodward is as suave as he was simple in last season's *Rattle of a Simple Man*. But the good-luck charms of *High Spirits* are Bea Lillie and Tammy Grimes, who push the show for laughs more often than it moves of its own free whim.

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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Evening the Score

Frank Gianelli, sports editor of Phoenix's biggest daily, the morning *Arizona Republic* (circ. 148,645), loves his job but can't stand copycats. There was a copycat in town too: Phoenix's youngest daily, the seven-month-old *Evening American* (26,000). Gianelli noticed that whenever the Republic printed the box score of a game between big-league baseball teams, now spring-training in sunny Arizona, so did the American—same box score, same head, same type, same everything.

It was an easy swipe for the American, which prints by the offset process: all the paper had to do was cut out a Republic box score, paste it up on a dummy of its own sports page and then photograph and engrave the whole page. A very useful trick for a small, struggling daily without much money to spend. But the Republic's Gianelli decided to fit the American's wagon. So into one box score he inserted a damning phrase—REPRINTED FROM REPUBLIC. Sure enough, it came out that way in the American that same afternoon.

Was the copycat ashamed to be found out? Not a bit. The American went right on pinching the Republic's box scores, even enlivening them with unrepentant asides to Frank Gianelli, stuffed in just above the pitchers' names: (SIGH) HATE BASEBALL, FRANK G.?

Navel-Gazing in Wasteland

The story was buried about as deep in the New York Times as a story can get. Bristol-Myers Co., reported Times Columnist Peter Bart on page 66 one morning last week, had switched its \$11 million Bufferin account from one ad agency to another. The Bufferin switch was also immured, on the same day and in nearly identical construction, by Columnist Joseph Kaselow of the New York Herald Tribune. Eventually, the Bristol-Myers item made two afternoon Manhattan papers and flashed cross-country to be interred in those posterior reaches of the daily press where the average reader seldom if ever ventures.

There, amid the grey agate wasteland of the stock tables, dwells one of journalism's newest specialists, the advertising columnist. He stalks a beat so narrow and unnewsworthy that most papers prefer to do without him entirely. Of the handful of such men regularly kept at work in Chicago, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Denver, San Francisco and Detroit, only live get a daily airing. And four of these—Bart of the Times, Kaselow of the Tribune, Charles Sievert of the World-Telegram and Jack O'Dwyer of the Journal-American—appear in New York City, where the

Madison Avenue column was born only 30 years ago.

The Dymo Scoop. Why was it born at all? Advertising is a multibillion-dollar industry—but that sum measures what advertisers spend, not what Madison Avenue takes home in the form of a 15% commission. The nation's 3,500 ad agencies employ 64,000. But that figure is exceeded by the U.S. population of doctors, lawyers, bankers, pharmacists and bakers—none of whom can claim a single newspaper column devoted to their professional activity.

Moreover, the shop talk hawked in most advertising columns is about the dreariest in the land. Walter Addiego, who churns out an ad column for Hearst's San Francisco Examiner, said recently: "Last week the Dymo company let me make an announcement



KASELOW

BART

Aired in the posterior reaches.

that they were looking for a new domestic public relations outfit." Stunned and humbled by this scoop, Addiego added: "You can't be that lucky all the time." The headlines induce mostly mystification or slumber: BANKS TO INCREASE USE OF ADVERTISING (Chicago Tribune), PISA, WRIGHT FIRM AT LOGGERSHEADS (Joe Kaselow), WAYNE WELCH INC. WILL OPEN AGAIN (Denver's Rocky Mountain News).

Total Pain. The dean of ad columnists is the Herald Tribune's Kaselow, 51, who admits: "There's not enough hard news to support a column every day." After twelve years on the Madison Avenue beat, Kaselow nonetheless manages to turn out consistently readable copy. So does the Times's Bart, a graduate of the Wall Street Journal, who took his business savvy with him to the Times. More often, though, the ad columns are pure navel-gazing, a catalogue of account changes and personnel promotions for a tiny fraternity of readers who supply the very items they read. In Philadelphia, 90% of the contents of A. Joseph Newman's ad column in the Bulletin is distilled from handouts, a proportion exceeded by the Boston Herald, where it is 100%.

Among those who manage to resist the ad columns are many top admen: "The columns are generally vapid: why waste the space?" says a Chicago

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The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



The fifth: George Lazarus of the Chicago Daily News.

agency vice president. Says David Ogilvy, chairman of Ogilvy, Benson & Mather: "They are a perfect total pain in the bum. Most of the stuff they print shouldn't get into newspapers. If any other business or profession has such columns, I pity it."

Hitler's Paper Yoke

In 1920 an obscure, brown-shirted band of fanatics who called themselves the *Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei*—Nazis for short—bought their first newspaper. It did not seem much of a buy. *The Völkischer Beobachter* (People's Observer), was a slender Munich biweekly with barely 7,000 subscribers and not a pfennig in the till. Its new publisher, one Adolf Hitler, made it a daily and rang up a blustering new masthead slogan: "Combat



PRESSELEITER AMANN (RIGHT) & FRIEND
The cheese wrappers were overripe.

Organ of the National Socialist Movement of Germany."

From this tiny seed, sown a full 13 years before Hitler's accession, sprang the most perverted, rapacious and successful propaganda apparatus the world had ever known. By 1936, after just three years in power, the Nazi party owned two-thirds of all German news circulation outright and tightly controlled the rest. Not a line was printed without official approval, nor an editor escaped the role of Nazi stooge. How this happened—and, more significantly, how easily it happened—is told in *The Captive Press in the Third Reich* (Princeton University Press: \$6.50), by Oron J. Hale, 61, chairman of the history department of the University of Virginia and an acknowledged authority on the Hitler years.

Pure Publishers. Hale's book suggests that the German press was overripe for a predator like Hitler. There were far too many papers, and far too few

good ones. Mostly they were what the Germans called "*Käseblätter*"—cheese wrappers. Harsh laws were passed as early as 1922 to discipline the more scurrilous members of the political press. They were not harshly enforced—but their potential was not lost on the country's budding Führer.

Hitler's press boss was Max Amann, a stupid, brawling dwarf hullock who had been Corporal Hitler's wartime company sergeant. Amann had assembled a press empire of 59 dailies even before the party took power. For the sake of Nazi recognition, scores of non-party papers agreed to print Nazi propaganda free and to take no ads from Jews. By way of disaster insurance, dozens of German advertisers cynically bought space in official Nazi organs. The German people were partly to blame, for they did not support the few honest papers that warned what Hitler was up to. After daring to call the Nazi election victories of 1932 a TRIUMPH OF FOOLY, the Hannoverscher Kurier lost one-fifth of its circulation in a fortnight.

Once Hitler became Chancellor, *Presseleiter* Amann peeled off his gloves. In 1933, the entire Social Democratic and Communist press, totaling some 150 papers hostile to Hitler, vanished without trace. That same year, the party passed a law decreeing that editors must "regulate their work in accordance with National Socialism as a philosophy of life." The Amann ordinances, passed two years later, required publishers to trace their own and their wives' racial "purity" back through four generations. Amann outlawed publications that appealed to "confessional groups"—an assault on Germany's Catholic press.

Dupe Sheets. Though Amann's measures caused nearly 1,500 newspaper casualties, the German press went docilely to its fate.

Surviving papers, Nazi or otherwise, lined up so meekly that Hitler himself complained: "It is no great pleasure to read 15 newspapers all having nearly the same textual content." Turning out such dupe sheets could have been no great pleasure either. Twice daily the Ministry of Propaganda sent every paper the *Tagespostle*, the word for the day, specifying content down to the headlines and the required epithets for Roosevelt ("gangster," "criminal," "madman"). Every level of government sent handouts accompanied by demands that they appear on Page One.

Propaganda proved hugely profitable. In 1942, Eher Verlag, the party's tax-free publishing combine, poured \$68 million into the Nazi war chest. But as the war worsened for Germany, the Nazis' captive papers shrank in number from 2,500 to 500, in size to a single page. Hitler's first paper was also his last. On April 17, 1945, *Völkischer Beobachter* published *Der Führer's* last military order of the day: to stand fast against the Russian march on Berlin. Then it, too, went under.

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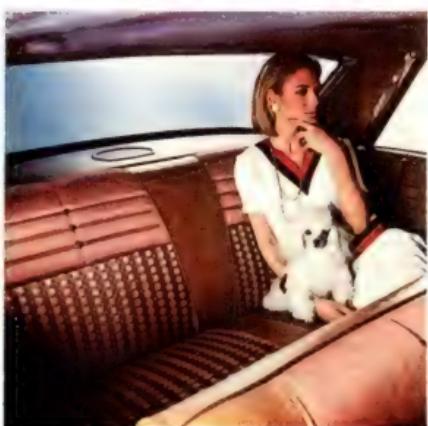
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EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

New Haven, Safe Haven

Campus wits called it "the coronation of the Kingman" and Yale's Kingman Brewster Jr. jovially agreed. With two days of pomp and ceremony designed by him to stress that "Yale is an important asset of world civilization," the 263-year-old university last week inaugurated Brewster as its 17th president.

Rather than a small gathering of New England gentry, come to honor one of their own, 200 leading educators were invited to New Haven for the celebration. In the caps and regalia of their universities, domestic and foreign, the delegates marched to

Vineyard with his wife and five children that Mother Yale beckoned. Sailing and walking the beaches with Yale President A. Whitney Griswold, he became a close friend over the years, and Griswold lured him back to New Haven in 1960 to become provost.

It was a good time to be back, for Griswold had just rescued the university from a serious case of postwar doldrums. He more than tripled the endowment to \$375 million, built 26 new buildings that gave the neo-Gothic campus a modern look, established research fellowships for young scholars. But the last days of his 13-year tenure were trying ones for Brewster and Yale. Griswold had always been rather distant

nerve to ask Brewster to lunch, he took the crowd instead to Mory's.

Brewster lost a few points last fall when, as acting president, he squelched a student invitation to Alabama Governor George Wallace to address a campus meeting, on the grounds that it might cause a riot. The incident was apparently a case of "acting" jitters: when Brewster was finally named president, he resolved not to "shoot from the hip" again.

While Brewster's exuberance and shirt-sod good looks quickly made their mark, academic policy changes proceeded more gradually. So far, at least, he is mainly drawing on Griswold's legacy. The rejuvenated graduate school, under Economist John Perry Miller, now offers degrees in 52 fields, including two new Ph.D.s, this year in eco-



BREWSTER WITH YALE CORPORATION'S LEWIS AT INAUGURATION & WITH STUDENTS ON CAMPUS
Answering only to the dictates of a conscientious intellect.

Cross Campus, and the bells in Harkness Tower pealed traditional Yale tunes (sample: *Down the Field*). Parading back to cavernous Woolsey Hall, Brewster received the ancient symbols of presidential office: the 1701 manuscript of the original Yale Charter, the school seal of 1722, and the brass keys to the university. Windup of the weekend was a grand ball at the turtle-shaped Ingalls hockey rink, where guests, faculty and the presidential couple sipped punch and danced the night away as two bands played music to be inaugurated by.

Homecoming. Although Brewster is a Yaleman (class of '41), he is far from a typical Old Blue. As an undergraduate he turned down membership in Yale's elite senior societies, quite a fraternity because of the "mumbo jumbo" of the national chapter. He was chairman of the local America First Committee, among a dozen other campus activities, but when war came, he signed up as a Navy fighter pilot. Instead of returning to Yale, Brewster went through Harvard Law School, became a professor in it, and was talked about as a possible future dean. It was while he was vacationing on Martha's

from all but a few faculty favorites: now he was dying of intestinal cancer, and it fell to Brewster, as provost, to run day-to-day affairs. Yet he had neither the power nor the inclination to make major decisions. Once again, Yale seemed to be drifting.

Revival. After Griswold's death a year ago, the august Yale Corporation took five months methodically screening 160 nominations for the presidency. Brewster was the odds-on choice despite two obstacles: he had no Ph.D., and he had not joined a senior society. But with rare unanimity, faculty and students were plugging for him, and when he was named last October, Yale was overjoyed. The new president, 44 years old, plunged into the job with impressive energy and charm. "We don't know exactly what will happen yet," says Paris-born Georges May, dean of students, "but we do know it's going to be a very dynamic administration."

Brewster grasps problems quickly, is wise in the ways of academic intrigues. He attends faculty meetings and wields authority without antagonizing touchy professors. Undergraduates find him remarkably accessible. When a group of Calhoun College seniors got up the

onomic history and industrial administration. Last December, Brewster filled the first endowed chair in Roman Catholic studies in a U.S. secular university by hiring away Catholic University Scholar Stephen Kuttner.

The status of lowly freshmen, long coddled by Yale on the theory that they needed time to make the transition from high school, is being elevated. About 60 exceptional freshmen, out of a class of 1,037, can now take independent studies, and a handful can even enroll in a double-degree program, which will give them a B.A. and M.A. at the end of four years. This year Yale is abolishing the post of dean of freshmen. One proposal not yet carried out: the enrollment of girls in Yale College.

Hard Sell. Even without girls, the student body is changing. This year, for the first time, public school graduates in the freshman class clearly outnumber those from prep schools, 536 to 501. A recent report showed that of the top executives of the 750 largest corporations in the U.S., Yale produced nearly twice as many as any other school. But Brewster's special assistant, Henry ("Sam") Chauncey Jr., 28 (him-



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If you've never had an accident, why wait until it is too late? Insure your car—and your home or business—through an independent agent today.

He represents not one but several strong insurance companies. He's free to be on your side. Look for the Big "I" Seal. Only an independent agent can display it.



self a descendant of Yale's first graduate and Harvard's second president), is determined to "go out and sell Yale as more than a rich man's institution." In pursuit of creative brains, which often test out poorly on college entrance exams, seven fulltime admissions officers—aided by more than 1,300 alumni spotters—are out scouting the country. Forty percent of the class of '67 is receiving financial aid, totalling \$643,000.

The emphasis on intellect is also reflected in the current predicament of that unique Yale institution, the eight secret senior societies. More and more students simply do not care to join. The oldest society, Skull and Bones, in recent years has had trouble finding 15 top juniors willing to join, while one of the newest, Manuscript, is popular, and proudly intellectual. Another society, Elihu, has won prestige by shedding some of its Edwardian ritual and emphasizing serious discussion. The most remarkable departure in Yale societies, however, is the fact that one of the estimated ten "underground" societies—underground because their membership and place of meeting are secret—is coed. It is called Vaya, perhaps from the first two letters of Vassar and Yale, and is reportedly composed of seven Yalemen and seven Vassar girls who meet at least once a week for dinner at a hideaway about halfway between both campuses. Seems that it's strictly platonic. U.S. campus mores being what they are, Vaya may be somewhat old-fashioned. But then, Yale has always been a blend of solid tradition and cautious innovation.

No Forfeit. Brewster is determined to preserve the combination. His inaugural address pledged the university to keep aware of the outside world, while preserving a haven for the detached pursuit of knowledge. Yale may hook up to educational TV, Brewster said. It might even train volunteers for the Peace Corps or give harried students a year off to ponder their future. More important, though, Yale will remain geared to its smallish, liberal arts college—unlike Harvard with its proliferation of special research units, or the "multiversity" of Clark Kerr's California. "Even the pressure to serve the state," Brewster said, "must not lead the university to forfeit that credibility which belongs alone to those who answer only to the dictates of a conscientious intellect."

Nowadays, said Brewster, "everyone has a constituent, a sponsor, a supplier, a buyer, a boss who dominates his life. Freedom has too often been reduced to the right to choose on whom to be dependent. There are few centers left where genuine, constructively motivated independence is proclaimed with serenity and zest."

"The nation needs to preserve safe havens where ruthless examination of realities will not be distorted by the aim to please or inhibited by the risk of displeasure."



Environmental control is not just for the astronaut.

It's equally important in our schools. Sleepy air—overheated, humid, often stagnant—has no respect for advanced teaching techniques. Uncomfortable, distracted pupils can't do their best work because satisfactory learning results only when pupils in a classroom are physically ready to learn.

They are ready to learn the moment they step into a classroom in which the thermal atmosphere is controlled by Nesbitt Syncrétizers.

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PAN AM PLANE OFF THE STRIP AT KENNEDY AIRPORT
For the lack of a hook.

MODERN LIVING

TRAVEL

Triple Slither

New York City seemed to be running out of runway last week.

First a Pan American Boeing 707-39 jet, coming into Kennedy Airport from Puerto Rico with 136 passengers and a crew of nine, overshot its runway and cracked apart in a sea of mud. No one was critically hurt. Then, about ten hours later, an American Airlines Lockheed Electra from Buffalo with 73 passengers and five crew members overshot a runway at La Guardia Airport and ended up in a pile of construction work. The only casualty was a construction worker who was hit by a flying stone. And less than two hours after that, an empty El Al Airlines Boeing 707-420, being ferried from Philadelphia by a five-man Israeli crew, skidded 200 ft. beyond the end of its 8,000-ft. runway at Kennedy and stalled to a stop hub-deep in soft sand.

"One aircraft overrunning a runway is very unusual," commented the Federal Aviation Agency's regional director, Oscar Bakke. "But three at once! I just don't recall anything like it." All of the three planes were making landings in rainy weather. The Pan Am flight, coming in on ILS guidance, apparently strayed from the glide path and came in high and too far down the runway. "Aqualanning"—a phenomenon in which a thin film of water can delay the point at which a plane's wheels touch the concrete of the runway—is suspected to have been a contributing factor in last week's triple overshoot.

Just to please coincidence collectors still further, the Federal Aviation Agency announced, in the middle of all the skidding, that next month it was prepared to discuss with leaders of the industry the installation of safety de-

vices on runways to combat the hazards of overshooting.

Aircraft carriers have long arrested the speed of landing planes by means of cables engaging hooks on the underside of the planes' fuselages; and military airfields have used these extensively, as well as cable-and-nylon barriers at the ends of runways. New York's slithering seizure may speed up similar installations for civilians.

THE APARTMENT

Co-ops & Condominiums

Manhattan TV Executive Charles M. Amory considered himself fortunate in getting a good buyer for his 16-room cooperative apartment at 117 East 72nd Street, one of Manhattan's older, better apartment houses. There was no question about the buyer's solvency: the husband was Actor Peter Lawford, and his wife, Pat, as everyone knows, is a Kennedy. After about a month of negotiation over the reported \$125,000 asking price, the deal was set, and last week the co-op's board of directors met, as is the rule in cooperatives, to pass on the Lawfords.

The Lawfords were turned down. One man on the board singlehandedly blackballed them on the grounds that he liked neither actors nor Democrats.

Owning Your Own. This one-man veto was a dramatic demonstration of one of the differences between a co-operative and a new form of communal housing that is making rapid strides throughout the U.S.—the condominium. More and more buyers are demanding them, builders are building them, and state legislatures are making laws authorizing them. Last month New York became the 40th state to have done so in the past three years. A condominium (a word deriving from a 6th century B.C. Roman law of joint

sovereignty) is, in effect, an apartment house in which tenants really own their own apartments.

Tenants in a cooperative merely own stock (based on the size of their apartments) in a parent corporation, which pays for the mortgage, the taxes and upkeep of the property. In a condominium, on the other hand, the tenant has title to his apartment, just as if it were a house. He arranges his own mortgage, thus may have to put down only, say, \$10,000 of his own money on a \$50,000 apartment. Co-op buyers customarily have to pay all cash, since the building is already mortgaged, though some co-ops permit buyers to make a down payment and pay the rest in installments.

Democrats Admitted. The condominium owner still has to pay his share of the maintenance costs. But there are other advantages: 1) he can arrange for the kind of mortgage he wants—paying off fast or slow; 2) if, in the unlikely event of a depression or a sudden decline in the neighborhood, all or most of the other occupants leave, the condominium owner is responsible for only his own mortgage and tax payments; the co-op owner, as a stockholder in the whole building, can be confronted with the alternative of paying the defaulting members' share or getting out himself; 3) the condominium owner can sell or rent to whom he chooses—including actors and Democrats.

Many realtors expect condominiums, long popular in Europe and Latin America, to bring back to the city many suburban families who are attached to the idea of owning their own homes. Condominiums are abuilding from Puerto Rico to the Pacific; in Chicago alone, five large-scale condominiums have been started since the Illinois law permitting them was passed last July, while no new co-ops have been initiated.

FASHION

Singing? Hardly

Rain spurred the ancient Greeks to sacrifice and prayer, the Indians to dance. Even today, poets find eternity in a single drop. Only women regard the heavens with a cold eye and sight catastrophe in the smallest cloud. No blessing to them, rain is a personal as-



PETER & PAT LAWFORD IN SANTA MONICA
For want of a vote.



BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

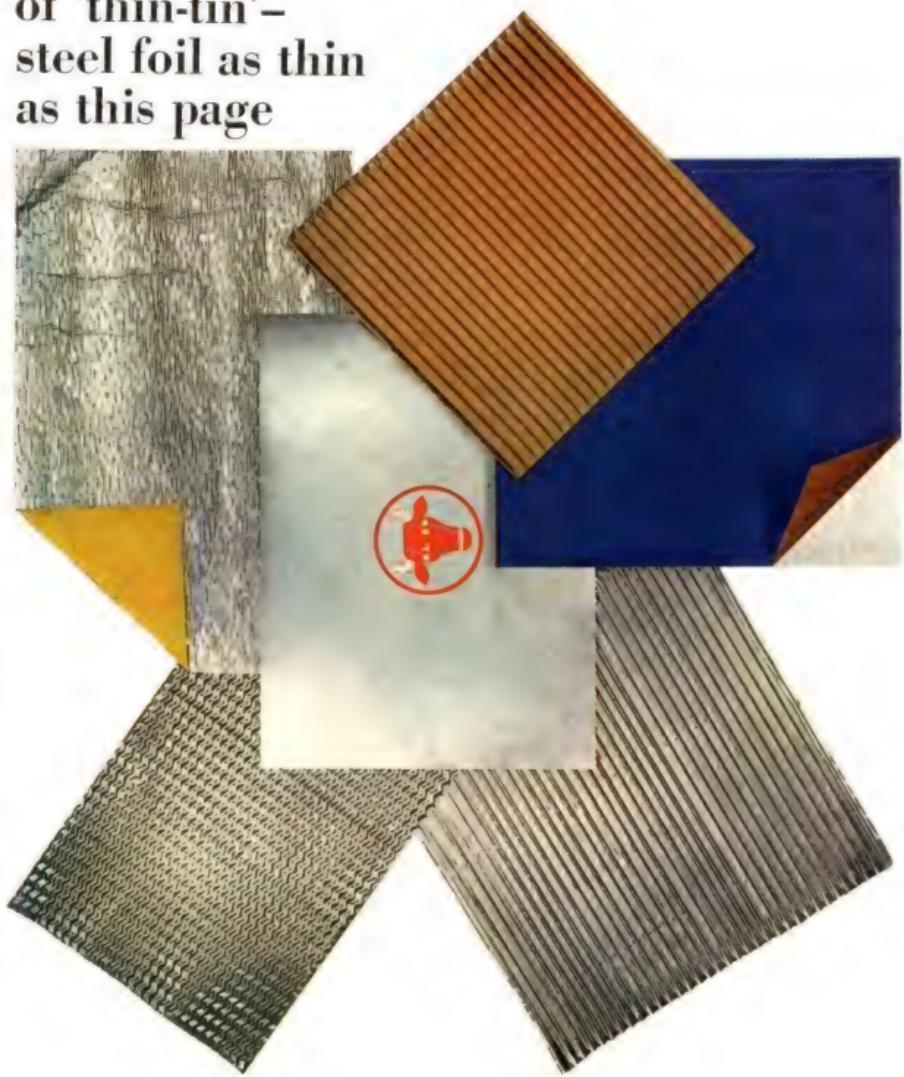
Never ask a Riviera owner about his car

We'd be the last to discourage conversation about the new Buick Riviera. In fact, if you're in the company of a Riviera owner, it's inevitable. Be prepared for language like "instant response" and "sure tracking." Nod knowingly when four-barrel carburetors and an individually tuned suspension system are cited. Be

impressed with the remarkably low center of gravity. But be wary when the talk comes round to the intangible pleasures of driving this new international classic. Your own mode of transport is bound to come out second best. If you suddenly discover what a good listener you've become, carry the conversation further with your Buick dealer. He'll be glad to sum it all up with a pleasingly specific price.

ADVENTURE IS A CAR CALLED RIVIERA  AND IT'S A BUICK

© USS Special Report:
new from the innovators
of 'thin-tin'-
steel foil as thin
as this page



One of the most significant innovations in packaging history occurred not long ago when U. S. Steel announced the development of "thin tin", a lightweight tinplate that enables canmakers to turn out 25% to 40% more cans from the same weight of tinplate. Now, from the same company, another product is in advanced stages of development. Tin-coated steel foil, a new material less than half as thick as "thin tin". Steel foil has so many remarkable properties that it may be used to



package everything from freeze-dried shrimp to magnetically-sensitive electronic parts.

Steel foil, developed in U. S. Steel's research laboratories, is only 2 mils thick, about as thick as the page on which this news is printed. Laminated to paper or cardboard, it offers the package designer a combination of properties unlike any other packaging material. It has strength, bulge-resistance, puncture-resistance, rigidity, and virtually no bulk. It acts as a barrier against moisture and insects. It has wet strength. It can be attractively lithographed. And it can be thrown away, as a disposable bake pan is discarded, because it is inexpensive.



Paper companies are in advanced stages of experimentation with steel foil. This new material has been used to make laminated bags for materials that don't take kindly to moisture.

It lends itself to a tear-top or easy-open can end, and to disposable cooking pans. A radar parts manufacturer is interested in steel foil for packaging parts that must have a low-cost magnetic shield during shipment. The Army is interested in a food package that can reduce pest losses. In corrugated containers, steel foil permits thinner walls and increases rigidity and wet strength. In many types of packages, steel foil can save money

by doing with a single package what takes two packages now.

Give you ideas? If you have a packaging problem, write on your letter-head for a free sample and further information. Write U. S. Steel, Room 7075, 525 William Penn Place, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230.

United States Steel is introducing an average of

two new or improved products each month.

And it is a habit at U. S. Steel to suggest innovation in the use of all steel products. If you suspect you could benefit by this brand of thinking, do business with U. S. Steel... where the big idea is innovation.



United States Steel



package everything from freeze-dried shrimp to magnetically-sensitive electronic parts.

Steel foil, developed in U. S. Steel's research laboratories, is only 2 mils thick, about as thick as the page on which this news is printed. Laminated to paper or cardboard, it offers the package designer a combination of properties unlike any other packaging material. It has strength, bulge-resistance, puncture-resistance, rigidity, and virtually no bulk. It acts as a barrier against moisture and insects. It has wet strength. It can be attractively lithographed. And it can be thrown away, as a disposable bake pan is discarded, because it is inexpensive.

Paper companies are in advanced stages of experimentation with steel foil. This new material has been used to make laminated bags for materials that don't take kindly to moisture.



TESTED RECIPE: A thousand years ago a wise old sage gave this formula for happiness. Said he, "A man should have some work to do, someone to love, something to look forward to." Aim...inspiration...hope. Three time-tested ingredients. Simple recipe, granted. But know a better one today? ■ *The growing world of Tennessee Gas*



TENNESSEE GAS TRANSMISSION COMPANY

FROM NATURAL GAS AND OIL...HEAT, POWER, PETROCHEMICALS THAT MEAN EVER-WIDER SERVICE TO MAN
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SHOPPERS IN THE RAIN



BONNET



FURNESS IN BOOTS



TIME
and again
Libby's
makes

News in Foods

NOW! *Golden chunks*
of Hawaiian pineapple
with fresh mint flavor.
Exclusively Libby's!



Over 250 canned and frozen foods—
world's most experienced
food processor



sault on hair and clothes, feet and face, makeup and morale, for which there is no adequate protection. Noah, at least, had an ark.

There are raincoats, of course, and the latter-day versions are a splendidly varied lot. Ranging in fabric from poplin to piqué to patent leather, and in price from less than \$5 to well over \$100, they come single-breasted, double-breasted, belted in back, on the sides, all the way around or not at all, spill off the racks in solid colors, stars, stripes, prints, polka dots and patterns. This year's favorite is flowers: from *A* for aster to *Z* for zinnia, they make a coat a serenade to spring; its wearer becomes a veritable walking garden. All make superb between-season coats, but then there is this little problem: not one is waterproof.

Defying the Storm. Few manufacturers bother to make such a claim. The majority of coats are clearly labeled "water resistant"—a phrase which, in translation, means: "This garment will fight the good fight in a storm, but only for a few minutes, after which the purchaser is on her own." Others, like the college girl's trusty trenchcoat, promise to hold out, but only until the first cleaning, when they must be reconditioned (at an average charge of \$2, in addition to the cost of the cleaning itself). And many a veritable walking garden has come out of a soaking rain with a coat that looks like an empty plot.

The sad, inscrutable fact is that raincoats are made to be either stylish or serviceable, never both at once. The customer concerned with really keeping dry is stuck with rubber or plastic versions. Both would look more suitable on filling-station attendants than on girls. They are also hot.

Down the Neck. As for hats, the situation is no better. Scarves are perky as can be, but as waterproof as sponges. Hoods, helmets, bonnets and the curiously chic sou'wester hats are serviceable, but leave the hair underneath a

disaster area. Alternative? The now-standard plastic rain hood, which folds away to nothing and can be carted around in the smallest purse.

But even that isn't all joy: the infinite accordion pleats form tiny canals that collect the water and channel it down the wearer's neck. There is still the handy umbrella, adequate enough for the most part, but a bother in buses, impossible to hold onto in a fair-sized wind, and, in the wrong hands (usually belonging to little old ladies with shopping bags), a dangerous weapon.

Sudden Leaks. Rain shoes, like coats and hats, are never simultaneously attractive and waterproof. The wildly popular boots proliferate in an assortment of skins and leathers, but offer far less protection to the hapless feet they clad than they did to the goats and alligators that were their previous tenants. The portable rubber or plastic rain boots have a short life span (an average of two wearings) before they tend to spring a sudden leak. The last resort: old-fashioned rubber firemen's boots, which are not much to look at and hot on the feet but do manage to keep out the rain and protect the backs of legs from muddy splashes. B. F. Goodrich and the U.S. Rubber Co. have produced some handsome imitation-leather boots, but they are warm and woolly, more suitable for wear in winter storms than in spring showers.

That was it, until the current rainy season, when Actress-Commentator Betty Furness got in on the act. Despondent over having to get her feet wet to keep chic, she took her problem to Shoe Designer David Evans. His solution, scheduled to hit the market some time this summer, is a smartly styled, ankle-high creation made of two DuPont synthetic materials, totally waterproof and handsome to boot. The estimated cost (around \$65) sounds high, but many women will find it a mere drop in the bucket. Better, by far, than one down the instep.



GLASS CONDITIONING* . . . a new idea from PPG

At the Fair,
the blazing sun shines softly through
wondrous glass that subdues heat

High above the vast complex of the 1964 World's Fair stands the soon-to-be famous restaurant, "Top of the Fair." From its sweep of glass window walls you can see all of the burgeoning panorama below. The bright sun leaps up from metallic walls, white surfaces and glistening promenades. Yet, you can sit behind these pleasingly tinted windows and linger over lunch without feeling the full strength of the sun.

This restaurant has been Glass Conditioned.

SOLARBRONZE*, a remarkable glass from Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, lets you enjoy the view in comfort. For SOLARBRONZE reduces both heat and glare.

Glass conditioning with SOLARBRONZE and other PPG environmental glasses is the modern technique for controlling the effect of the sun's heat and light. Yet these products cost little more to install than conventional glass. **Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.**

*Service Mark

PPG makes the glass that makes the difference

Inside and outside the World's Fair Heliport, built by The Port of New York Authority. Copters land on roof, connect with all major area airports. Restaurant at top, circular cocktail lounge underneath.



RELIGION

THEOLOGY

On the Hem of Hell

A child is born, takes a few agonized breaths, dies unbaptized. What then happens to its soul, uncleaned of original sin? Modern Protestant theologians generally find no basis in Scripture for an opinion, but Roman Catholic catechisms give a quite specific answer. Unbaptized innocents go to limbo (from the Latin word for "hem" or "border"), a fringe of hell where they spend eternity in a state of natural happiness. Published this week is a lively survey of the still unfinished debate over this theological issue, called *Limbo: Unsettled Question* (Sheed & Ward; \$3.95). The author, the Rev. George J. Dyer, is a professor of patristic theology at St. Mary of the Lake Seminary near Chicago.

Most Christians have always defended the necessity of baptism for salvation, relying on Jesus' words in St. John's Gospel: "Unless a man be born again of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." The stern-minded theologians of early Christianity, Father Dyer says, interpreted these words strictly, and consigned unbaptized babes to hell. "They are vessels of contumely and the wrath of God is upon them," wrote St. Augustine. "If no one frees them from the grasp of the devil, what wonder is it that they must suffer in flames with him?"

Negative Penalty. Medieval scholars gradually construed a more humane destiny for unbaptized infants and for pious adults who died before Christ. In the 13th century, Albert the Great named this resting place limbo. Albert's disciple, Thomas Aquinas, argued that since unbaptized children were not guilty of actual, committed sins but only of original sin, their penalty would be a negative one—the loss of the vision of God that is heaven's supreme happiness. Moreover, Thomas suggested, the children would placidly exist through eternity unaware of the reward that was beyond their reach.

Aquinas' soothing proposal did not

end the argument. Martin Luther, like many other Protestant reformers, believed that hell was the fate of the unbaptized of any age. So did a new generation of Catholic Augustinian thinkers and the heretical Jansenists of the 17th and 18th centuries, who dismissed limbo as an unscriptural theory too ardently promoted by their enemies the Jesuits.

Salvific Will. During the past 30 years, Father Dyer notes, theological debate has focused again on limbo. A number of liberal Catholic thinkers have suggested that unbaptized children may get to heaven after all because of God's "salvific will"—his desire that all mankind be saved. A French theologian, Pâlemon Jean Glorieux, has argued that every soul, in the moment of death, faces a final choice of turning either toward or away from God: unbaptized infants without knowledge of positive evil could find it easy to make the right decision. Two English theologians, Jesuits Bernard Leeming and the late Vincent Wilkin, believed that limbo will end with the Last Judgment, and its inhabitants will be joyfully welcomed to the company of the saints.

Father Dyer points out that none of these optimistic salvation theories has yet to satisfy theological conservatives, who point to the church's unchanging, traditional belief in baptism and defend the "consoling conception" of limbo. But Dyer concludes that the door has not yet been closed on an even more hopeful prospect for bereaved parents: the ultimate salvation of the lost child.

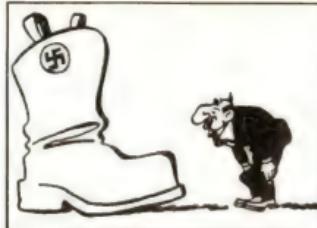
JUDAISM

Russian Anti-Semitism

The major center of persecution of Jews nowadays is the Soviet Union. In a land openly dedicated to atheism, the 3,000,000 Jews of Russia suffer more than any other faith because they are attacked both for their religion and as a despised national minority. Last week in Washington, more than 500 representatives from 24 U.S. Jewish organizations gathered to plan the kind of loud foreign protest that so far has proved the best curb on Soviet anti-Semitism.

There was plenty of evidence to prove that pious Soviet denials of anti-Jewish activity are hollow. The most topical was a book called *Judaism Without Embellishment*, published last year by the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences. One cartoon from this "history" of Judaism showed a man with an exaggeratedly hooked nose described as a Zionist leader serving the "Hitlerite" invaders of the Ukraine.

Books for Yakuts. In the days of the Czar, Russian Jews were periodically subject to brutal, bloody pogroms, but they could often escape suffering by fleeing Russia. The Soviet government forbids emigration and plans its persecutions in more subtle ways. Theoretically,



SOVIET CARTOON
Loud foreign protests helped.

cally, Russian Judaism is permitted to preserve its own culture. But all 17 Yiddish theaters in Russia have been closed down, and only six books in Yiddish have been published since 1959—compared with 144 in one year alone for the 236,000 members of the obscure Yakut nation of Siberia.

The Russians have done all they could to discourage Jewish religious observance. Since 1956 the number of active synagogues has dropped from 450 to 97. There is only one kosher butcher shop and only one seminary for rabbis in all of Russia. Just before Passover last month, the Soviet government expressed its good will toward the Jews by allowing Moscow's chief rabbi to open a special matzo bakery. Two days later, it was closed down as a health hazard, and customs officials confiscated matzos shipped to Russia by American Jews.

Jewish Names. Sometimes persecution takes a more malevolent form. About half of all persons sentenced to death in recent years for such crimes against the state as black marketing and embezzlement have had Jewish names. In some parts of the Soviet Union, notably in Nikita Khrushchev's Ukraine, Jews constitute about 80% of the criminals sentenced to death.

Delegates to the Washington convention believe that the Soviet party bosses suspect Jews of having divided loyalties, and want to assimilate them forcibly into the mainstream of Russian life. At the end of their meeting, the Jewish leaders talked with President Johnson and Secretary of State Dean Rusk, urged them to use their "good offices" so the Soviet government would be aware of U.S. concern for Russian Jews.

It is possible that enough such gestures might embarrass the Soviet government into easing up on the Jews. Recently, after a galaxy of European intellectuals and Communist parties in France, Britain and the U.S. made strong, astounded protests, Pravda announced that the Party's Ideological Commission had criticized *Judaism Without Embellishment* for its serious mistakes and admitted that it "may insult the feelings of believers." Last week, Aleksei Adzhubei, the editor of Izvestia and Khrushchev's son-in-law, announced that the book had been banned and all copies destroyed.



DANTE'S LIMBO
Heaven is beyond their reach.



"Reading is the key . . .

that enables us to see with the keenest eyes, hear with the finest ears, and listen to the sweetest voices of all time," said James Russell Lowell in 1885. Today, with many times more books to choose from, Americans read far more than in Lowell's day. That the books are so readily available to all of us is in large part due to the dedicated men and women who build and staff our libraries. Rand McNally salutes them during this National Library Week.



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THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR HAS



Robert Moses at the Fair—Photo by Charles Van Maanen

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With a major share of the financing, and an unquenchable confidence in the future of Flushing Meadow, we joined forces with the Fair in 1960.

For one thing, we believed deeply in the theme, "World Peace Through Understanding." For another, we were sure the Fair would be an honest showcase for the culture and industry of enterprising peoples.

For three years we've continued to help out in ways that mostly go beyond financial consideration. Now, as the Fair opens to millions from the nation and the whole world over, we bid it boundless success.

And we hope it will be long remembered as a practical vision of the limitless progress free men can generate.

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Chipmunk and skunks on a Weyerhaeuser tree farm

How many trees can a chipmunk eat?

This pert little ruffian is making a meal of what otherwise might be useful trees about 80 years from now. Like much of the wildlife that thrives on Weyerhaeuser tree farms, he is a delight to see in the woods. Nevertheless, he and his brethren are a real hazard in this complex business of growing timber as a crop. Collectively, they eat bushels of seed and damage thousands of trees every year.

There are other hazards, too. Fire that destroys many decades of work. Tree-killing insects and diseases that require heavy expenditures to control. All of these risks are compounded by the fact that it takes up to 80 years to grow a new tree crop to merchantable size.

Extensive research and protection practices have done a lot to bring some of these risks under control. Even so, tree farming simply isn't practical unless the nation's tax

structure takes such long-range risks into account. Congress recognized this in 1944. It then adopted a tax program designed to provide fair and equitable treatment for all who grow trees as a commercial crop.

Result? More than 27 thousand individuals and firms now grow timber crops on private lands—some 64 million acres in all. These lands are a perpetual source of payrolls and taxes, as well as water, wildlife and recreation. They also are the basic source of wood for building materials, pulp, paper, plastics and many other products.

Future generations must not be denied these benefits. Private tree farming must continue to be encouraged by a realistic tax climate at national and local levels.

Send for free booklet on modern industrial forestry. Weyerhaeuser Company, Box A3, Tacoma, Wash. 98401



SPORT

POWERBOAT RACING

V for Victory

The way the postcards picture it, the Atlantic Ocean off Miami is a landlubber's delight where only the antics of frolicking porpoises disturb the serenity of the Gulf Stream. But there are days, and plenty of them, when the east wind rises and turns the 160-mile stretch between Miami and Nassau into one of the meanest, choppiest patches of water anywhere. Then small-craft warnings go up, and cautious skippers stick to sailing olives in a cozy yacht-club bar.

Not Richard H. Bertram. At 48, Florida's Dick Bertram is the Enzo Ferrari of powerboat racing. Like Ferrari, he sells luxury transportation to the well-heeled: his sleek, fiber-glass cruisers and sport fishermen cost anywhere from \$9,000 to \$75,000. Like Ferrari, he puts his reputation on the line on the racing circuit. And, like Ferrari, he almost always wins, in smooth water or rough.

Last week, on the eve of the annual Miami-to-Nassau powerboat race, billed as "the most rugged ocean race in the world," the forecast was for 15- to 22-knot winds and steep seas with 2-ft. to 6-ft. crests. "Good," said Bertram. "In rough weather, everything comes into play—hull design, engines, even the crew. The question is whether the crew can take the pounding."

Deep & Level. The Miami-to-Nassau race is practically a Bertram monopoly. Bertram won it with *Moppie* in 1960, the first year he ever entered, and his boats have won it each year since. Key to his success is the unique hull design of his boats, brainchild of famed Boston Naval Architect Ray Hunt. Most powerboats are sharply V'd at the bow, but the hull flattens out to provide a smooth "planing" surface near the stern. In the Bertrams, the "deep V" runs all the way aft to the transom, and the smooth sides of their hulls are broken with a series of jutting longitudinal strakes, like steps. In high waves, the strakes and deep V keep the hull level, nose down so that it knifes through the waves, while flat-sterned powerboats tend to leap off the crest of each swell and crash heavily into the trough. The result, according to Bertram: "less slip, more control"—and 40% higher speeds.

Bertram entries in last week's race included *Lucky Moppie*, his own 31-footer, equipped with twin 380-h.p. Daytona Marine engines. *Vivacity*, a 38-ft. diesel-powered Bertram owned by British Newspaper Publisher Max Aitken; and *Rum Runner*, a 31-ft. bomb, driven by Florida's Harold Abbott, whose twin 521-h.p. Holman-Moody Ford engines made it the most powerful boat in the race. For competition, there were 32 other boats. General Motors pinned its hopes on *Allied 36* and *Allied GX*, a pair of 40-ft. monsters powered by twin



"RUM RUNNER" DRIVING TOWARD NASSAU

The question is whether the crew can take it.

315-h.p. G.M. diesels. From Louisiana's Gulf Coast came *Ravin' Cajun*, a 32-ft. diesel whose skipper announced: "This is a work boat, the kind we use to take workers out to the offshore oil rigs. We aim to beat the pants off them gentlemen drivers." But the Bertrams' most dangerous challengers were nine Formula 233s, fiber-glass boats whose own deep-V lines were almost dead ringers for the Bertrams' own.

Cracks & Leaks. By the time the field reached Cat Cay, 44½ miles from Miami, eleven boats were already out of the race. *Ravin' Cajun* gave up with clutch trouble. Aboard *Allied GX*, a geyser of steam and water suddenly shot up from the ruptured bilges. The crew watched sadly from a life raft as the \$140,000 boat sank in 600 fathoms.

The Bertrams were having their own woes. Harold Abbott's *Rum Runner* developed a 4-ft.-long crack in the cabin; the radio was smashed, and a reinforcing stringer had broken loose from the hull. In *Lucky Moppie*, every time Bertram tried to switch to his main fuel tank, his engines quit. Then, maneuvering at the check-in station on Cat Cay, *Lucky Moppie* slammed into another boat, knocking it into a sea wall and out of contention. Miraculously, *Lucky Moppie* kept going.

One, Two, Three. On the relatively calm 16½-mile stretch from Cat Cay to Sylvia Light, Max Aitken's *Vivacity* clung to a narrow lead, pursued by two Formula 233s. Bertram's *Lucky Moppie* was now running fourth, and Abbott's *Rum Runner* was fifth. Then one of the Formulas ran out of gas. Cracking along at 3,500 r.p.m. and 50 knots, Bertram overtook the other—and shot into first place when Aitken veered off course. With just three miles to go on the final leg from Hog Cay to Nassau, Bertram seemed to have it sewed up—until his reserve tanks ran dry and he had to

switch to the main fuel tank. *Lucky Moppie* stopped dead. By the time Abbott got his engines going again, Abbott's *Rum Runner*, damaged as it was, had passed everybody and was in front to stay. Up to the Nassau pier roared *Rum Runner*, and an official waved her in. "Hell, no!" yelled Abbott. "This boat is sinking. We're going to beach her."

Although he had to settle for second place himself, Builder Bertram could hardly have been happier. His boats had finished one-two-three, and the closest competitor, a Formula 233, was 10 min. behind. The durability of the Bertram had been proved again. Battered almost beyond belief, *Rum Runner* had averaged 32.6 knots to win the roughest Miami-to-Nassau race in history.

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► Willie Pastrano, 28: a sixth-round TKO over Gregorio Peralta, in a light-heavyweight (175 lbs.) championship bout at New Orleans. Stakeholder of Heavyweight Champion Cassius Clay (both are trained by Miami's Angelo Dundee), Pastrano had been beaten decisively by the Argentine challenger in a non-title bout last September. This time, Wily Willie opened a bloody gash over Peralta's left eye, mercilessly pounded away at the wound until the ring doctor stopped the fight. "This was the big apple," said Pastrano, who collected an estimated \$60,000 for the victory—biggest purse of his 13-year career.

► The Boston Celtics their eighth straight National Basketball Association Eastern Division title, beating the Cincinnati Royals 109-95 in the deciding game at Boston. The Royals, who won seven out of twelve regular-season games from the Celtics, managed only one victory in the best-of-seven playoff.

TODAY
AUGUST
15
WEDNESDAY



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U.S. BUSINESS

AUTOS

Ford's Young One (See Cover)

The trim white car rolled restlessly through the winding roads of Bloomfield Hills, like a high-strung pony danc-ing to get started on its morning run. In that auto-conscious Detroit suburb, where people can spend whole evenings talking about the virtues of a taillight, it did not go long unnoticed despite its lack of identifying insignia. Groups of children on their way to school turned to stare at it and point. The driver of a Volkswagen raised his fingers in a V-for-victory sign. As the car picked up speed and headed southward toward Detroit, a flickering trace of satisfaction crossed its driver's impassive, hawklike face. He carefully knocked the ash from his Ignacio Haya Gold Label cigar into the shiny new dashboard tray. At each traffic light, his dark eyes surveyed the car's interior and his fingers roamed over every piece of metal and fabric within reach. At one light, the driver of a Chevrolet Impala pulled alongside and mouthed through his closed window: "Is that it?" He was left behind in the exhaust. As the white car approached a school bus and slowed again, the windows flew up and the children inside chanted: "Mustang! Mustang! Mustang!"

This week Ford's new Mustang sports car, one of the most heralded and attention-drawing cars in autodom's history, drives into showrooms all over the U.S. It rides both a big bundle of Ford's future and the reputation of the man who daily test-drives a different Mustang between Bloomfield Hills and Dearborn. The man is Lido Anthony Iacocca, general manager of Ford's Ford Division, which accounts for roughly 80% of the company's sales. He already has quite a reputation. At 39, after 17 years in the auto business, this tall, rugged son of Italian immigrant parents is the hottest young man in Detroit and probably the most ingenious automotive merchandising expert since General Motors' hard-selling Harlow Curtice.

From the fertile brains of "Lee" Iacocca (rhymes with try-a-oo-eh-ah) and his staff at Ford have sprung most of the major themes that dominate the U.S. auto industry today: the return to car racing, the intensified appeal to the youth market, the trend to the low-priced sports car. Sold by Iacocca to the top executives of Ford, often over their initial disapproval, these themes have first become Ford policy, then gone on to set the pace of the industry. But so elephantine is the gestation pe-

riod of Detroit's new models that, in Iacocca's three years as head of the Ford Division, the Mustang is the first car that he can call completely his own, from blueprint through mock-up to production line (see adjoining color pages).

Ferrari Flare. As his first-born, Iacocca has produced far more than just another new car. With its long hood and short rear deck, its Ferrari flare and open-mouthed air scoop, the Mustang resembles the European racing cars that American sports-car buffs find so appealing. Yet Iacocca has made the Mustang's design so flexible, its price

wheels—best embodied in General Motors' jazzy Corvair Monza.

With the Mustang, Ford clearly has a big lead among the new breed. But the market for an inexpensive sports car is potentially so enormous—particularly since nearly one in every five households now shops for a second car—that Ford's competitors have no intention of leaving it to Lee Iacocca. Chrysler has already introduced a Valiant with a convex rear roof line—called a fastback in Detroit—and named it the Barracuda. American Motors is making a fastback version of its Rambler Classic, will bring it out next spring. When word of the Mustang first leaked out, General Motors began to work on a fastback Corvair for introduction this month, later decided against the crash approach, and now maintains a monolithic silence. Its Chevrolet Corvette is too expensive to compete with the Mustang, and its rear-engined, lightly powered Monza might be thrown off balance by the weight of a bigger motor out back; this also applies to the experimental Monza GT. Result: G.M.'s competitor for the Mustang, Detroit believes, may be built around the front-engined Chevy II. Ready to take full advantage of his lead, Lee Iacocca at first projected 200,000 sales for the Mustang, but now is talking in the vicinity of 400,000—afeat that could increase Ford's total sales by \$400 million.

Tall of 10 Million. The climate for the new sports cars could hardly be better. After two 7,000,000-plus auto years in a row, the industry in 1964 is not only moving irresistibly toward a new record,

but is almost certain to break through a plateau that seemed practically unattainable only a few years ago. Even before the tax cut, Detroit was headed for at least an 8,000,000-car year. With the cut—and the continued health of the U.S. economy—it is now debating whether it will be held to 8,200,000 sales (including 400,000 imports) or go on to 8,500,000. Auto sales in the first quarter were the highest in history, rising 7% over last year and 4% over record 1955. Automen no longer consider what is happening in the industry a boom; taking into account a steadily growing population, the growth of multicar families and the steady spread of suburbia, they feel that the industry has reached an era in which 8,000,000 sales will be a normal year. Some automen are already talking about 10 million a year.

Among the automakers, General Motors is still the undisputed leader, with more than half the market and a sales increase in the first quarter of 6%.



HENRY FORD & IACOCCA (RIGHT)
Remember whose name is on the building.

so reasonable and its options so numerous that its potential appeal reaches toward two-thirds of all U.S. car buyers. Priced as low as \$2,368 and able to accommodate a small family in its four seats, the Mustang seems destined to be a sort of Model A of sports cars—for the masses as well as for the buffs.

As such, it is only one of the new generation of sports cars coming out of Detroit. The new breed traces its heritage to such European products as the Austin-Healey, the Triumph and the MG, which first whetted the appetites of many Americans for the sports car—though they were out of reach for most Americans. Out of this appetite came the inspiration for such American cars as the Thunderbird and the Corvette, whose price still hovers between \$4,000 and \$5,000, and for the sporty extras—bucket seats, stick shifts, wire

* In between: President Arjas Miller, Executive Vice President Charles H. Patterson.



A CAR IS BORN in a styling studio outside Detroit, where sculptors work up a full-scale "dual proposal" model in clay of Mustang, Ford's new sports car. Outline drawing

at rear guides man working at right; men at left will produce a proposed model differing in style concept and in trim to provide instant basis for choice between designs.



SLATHERING CLAY on a wooden framework called an armature is the first step; the wheels and tires are real.



SHAPING SIDE, men scrape and dab at model of Mustang finally approved.



CARVING BUMPER to exact shape (left), a template is forced along a pre-determined curve laid out on the floor.



FINISHING TOUCHES are put on Mustang model by Ford's most experienced sculptors, riding wheeled stools (above). Rack at left holds metal strips used to gauge body curves.





ADDING COLOR, styling craftsmen peel thin film of decal-like Di-Noc from backing sheet before smoothing it onto side of finished Mustang model. Roof has already been Di-Noced.



SIMULATING WINDSHIELD. Ford stylists smooth on grey Di-Noc film with warm water and sponges, use irisket knives to trim edges.



CHROMING FRONT END, modelmakers smooth on spray-glued aluminum foil with wads of facial tissue.



ATTACHING EMBLEM is Joe Oros, chief Mustang stylist. Original was carved from mahogany.





WIND TUNNEL test clay model of Corvair Monza GT at G.M. Technical Center outside Detroit.

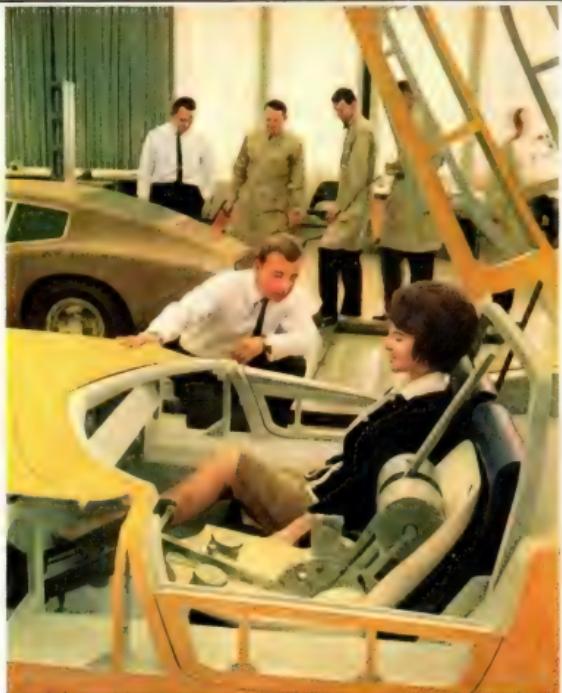
Red streamers attached to far side of car and ink streamers on near side give styling engineers a visual concept of car's aerodynamics.



SPORTS CARS fill General Motors design studio (left). They range from Monza GT (shown as drawing and sculpture at rear) to red experimental model demonstrated at center.

SEATING BUCK of Monza GT enables engineer to check car's interior space. Device in left seat is mechanical replica of seated man known at G.M. as Oscar.

VALIANT BARRACUDA is new Chrysler entry in Detroit's sports-car race. With its rear seat folded, car—here in its finished form—has 7-ft. carpeted utility area.





FORD Vice President and Director of Styling Eugene Bordinat Jr. sits in bucket seat before full-scale drawing of the Mustang and a hardtop production model of the car itself.



AMERICAN MOTORS Vice President of Automotive Styling Richard Teague poses with the experimental Tarpon, a Rambler with a fastback sports-car roof. American hopes to introduce a sports car in 1965.



GENERAL MOTORS Styling Vice President William L. Mitchell is behind the wheel of the experimental Corvair Monza GT. Latches open canopies on cockpit and rear engine.



CHRYSLER Vice President and Director of Styling Elwood Engle leans proudly on fastback window of Valiant Barracuda, his answer to the Ford Mustang.



Whipped on by the dynamic leadership of President Lynn Townsend, Chrysler's sales are up 16.6%. Studebaker is out of the picture, and American Motors, caught short by the public's swing away from its compact cars, is off 12%. But it is Ford that is making the biggest splash of all in the area that counts most: share of the auto market. Ford's first-quarter sales are up an impressive 12%, and its market penetration, as Detroit terms it, is gaining in a rapidly expanding market after several years of decline. So far this year, it is up a percentage point—to 26.2%—at the expense of G.M. and Rambler. This gain took place long before the first Mustang hit the showrooms, and Ford is counting on its 1964 offering to accelerate the trend. If Ford sells those 400,000 Mustangs, it could raise its market penetration to 29%.

On to the Basics. Though the sports cars are all the talk now, the big news will come in October, when the standard 1965 models are introduced. These cars, which account for 75% of all sales, will have the most extensive changes in Detroit's history. Nearly a billion dollars has been spent on new styling and mechanical developments.

Cadillac will lose its tail fins after 16 years, adopt the sleek, slablike sides that have become so popular in the industry. G.M.'s Corvair will retain its rear engine but adopt more conventional styling and have a larger body. Plymouth will grow from a 116-in. to a 119-in. wheelbase and become more interchangeable with the 119-in. Dodge. In addition to fielding a sports car, American Motors will introduce a new, long (by 10 in.) Ambassador and a restyled Classic. Mercury will have a handsome new slab-sided car completely different in appearance from the Ford. The standard Ford will come out in its own version of slab-styling, first introduced by the 1960 Lincoln Continental, will also add vertical dual headlights à la Pontiac. For the first time in recent years, Ford's styling, which has generally lagged behind General

Motors', is expected to give Chevrolet, Buick, Oldsmobile and Pontiac a hard run for their money.

For the People Side. As with the Mustang, much of the credit for whatever gains Ford can make with its new models belongs to Lee Iacocca. "I see this as the start of a new golden age for Ford that will make the peaks of the past look like anthills," he says. Iacocca has had a Ford in his future almost literally since birth.

His father, Nicola, came to the U.S. from southern Italy when he was only twelve, soon bought his first Model T, and within eight years had parlayed it into a thriving rent-a-car business that grew to a fleet of 33 cars, mostly Fords. He returned to Italy at 31 to select his bride, found her in his home town of Benevento and honeymooned at Venice's sultry Lido Beach. Back in the U.S., they called their only son Lido out of sentiment for that spot. Iacocca's father branched into real estate around Allentown, Pa., so increased his holdings that he became a pre-Depression millionaire.

Lee Iacocca never wavered from early youth in his desire to go into the auto business—with Ford. For him, it was something like wanting to join the priesthood. "I suppose it was partly because my father had always been greatly interested in automobiles," he says, "and because I was influenced by family friends who were Ford dealers." Always a top student, he was felled by a seven-month bout with rheumatic fever as he entered high school, began to study even harder when he was forced to give up sports. To let off some of his competitive energy, he turned to the debating team, later perfected that talent with Dale Carnegie, is today an articulate public speaker.

With his eye still on Ford, he got a degree in industrial engineering from Lehigh University, won a fellowship to Princeton, where he got a master's in mechanical engineering, eventually breezed through Ford's 18-month training course in nine months. Assigned to a job as an automatic-transmission engineer, he shocked his superiors by turning it down, asked for a job in sales. "I learned at Princeton," says Iacocca, "that pure research did not fascinate me. I wanted to get into the people side of the business."

The Block Notebook. When no one at Ford headquarters in Dearborn would take him on as a salesman, he quit the company, went out on his own and got a job in the sales office of the Ford assembly plant in Chester, Pa. Impressed by the way the aggressive Iacocca whipped lagging Ford dealerships to higher sales, his boss (Charles Beacham, now Ford's marketing vice president) took him along when he progressed to sales manager of a region stretching from Pennsylvania to Florida.

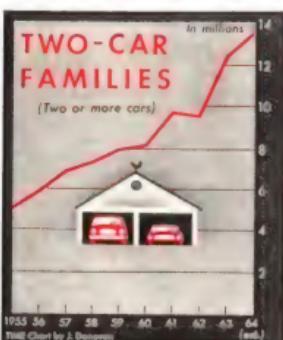
Iacocca was assistant district man-

ager in Philadelphia by 1956, when car sales began to slump after the 1955 boom. To stimulate business, he dressed up some cars with extra chrome and advertised "\$56 a month for the '56 Ford." Sales jumped in Philadelphia, and a fellow by the name of Robert McNamara, then Ford Division general manager, picked up the "Iacocca Plan" for the entire U.S. The plan got credit for selling 72,000 extra 1956 Fords, and before the year was out McNamara had brought Iacocca into Detroit to become manager of Ford truck marketing.

Predictably, truck sales climbed to records under Iacocca's accelerator, and he soon moved on to become the car marketing manager for the Ford Division. One promotion followed another—until the telephone rang one November morning in 1960. It was Henry Ford II, and he wanted Iacocca to drop over. Less than an hour later, Iacocca drove back to division headquarters as its new boss.

Iacocca quickly saw that, at 36, he would have to expect some resentment from older men who had been bypassed, and he reacted typically. Says he: "I told a few people, 'Get with it, you're being observed. Guys who don't get with it don't play on the club after a while.' It worked, because all of a sudden a guy is face to face with the reality of his mortgage payments." He quickly brought the sprawling division under his fingertip control by setting up a "black notebook" system in which he had each department head list his objectives for the next quarter, then graded each man on his performance. Says one associate: "He really knows how to whipsaw his men with that notebook."

Off to the Races. It did not take long for Iacocca and the bright young men he gathered about him to realize that their company had some problems. Right up until the Mustang, Iacocca and his crew had to work basically with models originally laid out under Robert McNamara, who stayed only five weeks





FORD COBRA AT SEBRING
Making peaks out of anthills.

after being promoted to the presidency before moving on to the Pentagon. A financial genius, McNamara left Ford a strong company, with the kind of financial controls and organization that it so badly needed. He also was responsible for the highly successful four-passenger Thunderbird and the Falcon.

What McNamara failed to realize was that the consumer is an emotional being who buys his car more for its vague appeal than for any logical reason. In the late '50s the U.S. underwent a strong reaction to the bulges, fins and chrome of most postwar cars, turned instead to a cleaner, simpler and less flamboyant approach to styling. This trend gave birth to the unadorned compact or economy car—low-cost transportation in a plain wrapper. McNamara saw this, and ordered up cars that were neat, in good taste and somehow seemed, like McNamara himself, to have rimless glasses and hair parted in the middle. But the trend to plainness did not last long, and people soon began moving into bigger, more luxurious cars with more power and more decoration.

Ford kept on making its Plain Macs long after the public tired of them—and soon began to pay dearly. With the introduction of the 1962 models, just about at the time that the current auto boom was beginning, Ford began to lose ground steadily in the marketplace. General Motors, which early saw the way the trend was going, had no trouble biting huge chunks out of Ford's sales with its flashy Corvair Monza, its sleek, fast Pontiacs and its wide choice of convertibles and hardtops.

Iacocca realized that he could do little to change the 1962 models, but he got to work on other matters. He got a restyled roof line put on the standard Fords and Falcons by mid-1963. At the same time he installed V-8 engines in the Falcon to meet the growing demand for better performance in the so-called "economy class" car. The moves were credited with being a major

factor in reversing Ford's sales drop.

Most of all, Iacocca got busy improving the public image of Ford cars. Deciding that every automaker was producing race-ready autos, and that the three-year-old industry agreement not to race was hypocritical, Iacocca got the green light to put Ford full-speed onto the tracks. "More people watch automobile racing than baseball and football put together," says Iacocca. "When they watch and we win, it can't help but improve our reputation."

Souped-up Fords won ten consecutive major stock car races before an aroused Chrysler fielded Plymouths with hot new engines to beat Ford at last month's Daytona 500. Ford quickly modified its entries, two weeks ago regained supremacy at the Atlanta 500, and last month won the grand touring class at Sebring with a Ford-powered Cobra sports car. A Lotus racing car with a Ford engine nearly won the Indianapolis 500 last year in a demonstration of endurance and speed so impres-

sive that this Memorial Day eight Indy racers will use Ford power. At Le Mans in June a 200-m.p.h. Ford GT, introduced in New York two weeks ago, will become the first American car to challenge the reign of the Ferraris in the grand touring class.

Rebuffing the Buffs. Ford's participation in racing not only has generated a new *esprit de corps* within the division, but has caused great stirrings among the potential customers who most fascinate Iacocca: the young. Iacocca is one of the leading authorities on the youth market, was the first man in the auto industry to recognize its importance and capitalize on it. Ford sponsors "hootenanny" folk sing-ins on college campuses (although Henry Ford doesn't think much of "that awful stuff"), advertises widely in hot-rod and teen-age magazines, has a panel of airline hostesses who advise on what young women like to see in cars—besides young men.

Detroit once boasted that it geared its styling to the taste dictates of women, but since Iacocca came along, it is the young people who most influence styling—at least at Ford. Iacocca points out that by 1970, the 15-to-24 age group in the U.S. will increase by 40%, calls it "the buyingest age group in history." Moreover, he feels that by designing Fords for youth appeal, he is actually making the broadest mass appeal possible, since the cult of youth in the U.S. is so strong that men and women of all ages will associate with what-ever has a youthful connotation.

Thus the most important selling job that Lee Iacocca did at Ford was to get the Mustang going. The project started quietly in January 1961 when Don Frey, a bright young engineer whom Iacocca had made his product planning manager, asked the advance styling department to draw up designs for a little sports car. When it produced a trim



COLLEGE STUDENTS AT FORD HOOTENANNY
Stirring a new spirit.

clay model of a little two-seater that looked like a rocket. Iacocca invited Grand Prix Driver Dan Gurney and other racing buffs in to give their opinions. Recalls Iacocca: "All the buffs said, 'What a car! It'll be the greatest car ever built.' But when I looked at the guys saying it—the offbeat crowd, the real buffs—I said, 'That's for sure not the car we want to build, because it can't be a volume car. It's too far out.'"

Iacocca decided that he did not want a car to compete against foreign sports cars, which sold only about 80,000 a year in the U.S., but against Chevrolet's successful Monza, which was selling about 250,000 a year. After a competition between the Ford, the Lincoln-Mercury, and the corporate styling studios, Iacocca looked at all three together and picked out a Ford Division model that somehow seemed to pop out at him: "It was the only one in the courtyard that seemed to be moving." He won complete agreement on the spot from Henry Ford, who had been skeptical about the new car in its very early stages but came around after several sessions of eloquent argument by Iacocca. Ford appropriated \$50 million to tool up the Mustang.

"In the Mustang," Lee Iacocca said at this week's premiere on the World's Fair grounds in New York, "Ford has actually created three cars in one." Aside from the basic \$2,368 model (which is not so basic; it comes with bucket seats, padded dash, and leather-like vinyl upholstery), anyone who wants to turn his Mustang into a little Thunderbird can load it with just about every luxury option Detroit has, from automatic transmission to a big V-8 to air conditioning. Finally, the sports-car purist who wants performance and more horsepower can spend up to \$3,500 by adding a European-style stiff suspension, disk brakes and a four-

speed manual transmission. Next year Ford will also add a fastback model to the line.

At the Shrine. Having been burned so badly with the ill-fated Edsel, whose styling it unaccountably failed to market research before its introduction, Ford this time conducted 14 studies on the Mustang, ranging from interviews with Monza owners to name and pricing studies. Its staff of 20, the industry's largest, found, among other things, that the car's outside appearance ranks first with the under-25 crowd and that tour-seaters are preferred 16-to-1 among sports-car owners.

Ever since the Edsel, in fact, all Detroit is more conscious than ever of market research. The industry now spends about \$10 million a year on the task, four times what it spent ten years ago, and interviews about 200,000 people a year. Some researchers now dress themselves as laborers and mix with workers in taverns near a competitor's plant. One-way mirrors and electronic

bugs in showrooms and at auto shows have become standard tools. At last week's International Auto Show in Manhattan, Chevrolet conducted a sneak test of the styling that will mark its 1965 Corvair; it displayed a Chevy II Nova Special that it presented as a "dream car," but whose lower half is almost identical in design to the proposed Corvair.

But auto executives still rely principally on their own intuition, using market research only to back it up—as Iacocca finally did in the case of the Mustang. "There are a lot of markets out there," says Iacocca, sweeping his hand at the panorama of flat Michigan countryside that he can see through the glass wall of his fifth-floor office. "My most important role here is to tell my top management how I view these markets, and how we want to respond to them. When I am finally convinced that there is a market for a new kind of car, I go over to the twelfth floor and say: 'The market's there.'"

One Boss. The twelfth floor is where Henry Ford, Ford President Arjay Miller and Executive Vice President Charles Patterson have their offices in a modernistic glass headquarters about a mile from Iacocca's building. Generally, Henry Ford spends over long-range planning and personnel development, Miller is in charge of finances, marketing and central staff, and Patterson of manufacturing. Unlike many of the sons of the pioneers of the auto industry, Ford maintains a constant interest in the business, letting his appointees run the company on a day-to-day basis but interceding whenever he deems it necessary. "Make no mistake," says Arjay Miller, a sometime Whiz Kid, "there's one boss, and that's Henry Ford."

"Henry Ford wants you to be blunt," says Iacocca, "and I happen to be blunt. We don't try to Alphonse and Gaston each other, and we don't try to beat around the bush." Iacocca marshals his arguments so well and pushes



GALAXIE WINNING AT ATLANTA 500
Outdistancing baseball and football,



FANS AT FORD MINIATURE TRACK
Going in for bugs and mirrors.

his ideas so hard that Ford once stopped him just as he was winding up to make a speech and said: "All right, Lee, now let's get the facts, or you'll sell us without our knowing them."

When it came to selecting a name for the sports car, Iacocca discarded Cougar and Turino, before settling on Mustang. A holdout until the end was Henry Ford, who wanted to call it the Thunderbird II, to borrow from the Thunderbird's prestige. Ford is not always so tractable, of course, sometimes settles arguments in his favor by simply saying: "Don't forget, my name is on the building." One such case was his insistence, after sitting in a mockup of the Mustang, that the rear-seat leg room be increased an inch. Iacocca and his men complained loudly that another inch in length might destroy the car's proportions, but Ford got his way.

The Cold Look. In his own Ford Division, Iacocca makes a studied effort to be boss all the time. A tough-talking

room, colonial-style home in Bloomfield Hills, which is headquarters for his wife Mary, whom he met when she was a receptionist at Ford's Chester plant, his daughter Kathy, 4, and a black Schnauzer named Mr. BoBo. A hypochondriac who gulps pills as if they were peanuts, Iacocca also has an appetite for his own cooking, frequently goes to an Italian food store in Detroit to pick up the makings of a feast of pasta, sauce and salami for his family or guests. He keeps the weekends free of business to spend with his family, but by Sunday evening after Mass at St. Hugo's Church and a restful afternoon, his mind begins

putters that can solve complex engineering problems quickly, test the durability of new cars mathematically, and even help to machine the new dies that must be made for each new model.

This is basically important, for the U.S. car buyer likes frequent model changes. Styles will certainly change again, perhaps the next time toward more streamlining and softer styling, with the roof lines flowing more smoothly into the body. But styling, for all its glamour, is only half of Detroit's job. "Styling sells cars," says Lee Iacocca, "but it is quality that keeps them sold." While Detroit's autos cost roughly the same as they did five years ago, their performance has been vastly increased by dozens of improvements. Iacocca considers the Mustang to be the most fault-free car ever produced by Ford.

Wrong-Way Runaway. Rarely, in fact, have Ford and its 167,000 employees been so excited about a new model—and the effect it will have on competition. Into Iacocca's office one day recently strolled Don Frey, triumphantly carrying a grainy photographic print of a competitor's 1965 model, obviously made with a telescopic lens under conditions far from ideal. "You've got to see this, Lee," he said. Iacocca took the picture, studied it, then broke out in a broad smile. "So that's what it's going to look like," he said. "It looks as if they are going to go sedanish instead of sporty. That's good news."

Amid this imperturbable optimism, amid the computers, the market studies and all the intuitive executives, it is almost a relief to discover that Detroit has not yet reached perfection in every detail. No one at Ford noticed—until it was too late—that the galloping horse emblazoned on the front grille of the Mustang is running the wrong way. Instead of going in the traditional counter-clockwise direction of a U.S. racing horse, Ford's Mustang has bolted off in the wrong direction, like a runaway. That does not seem to bother Iacocca and his men, who know a good deal more about horsepower than about horseflesh. Even in the stable atmosphere of the Ford Division, they know that runaways are hard to catch.

STEEL

The Price-Fixing Charges

The price of steel is a vital factor in the economy of every industrialized nation, and few nations have kept a closer watch on that price than the U.S. Whenever steelmen even talk about raising prices, a storm rises over official Washington. Congress has investigated almost every steel price rise since Robert Taft led an angry probe into one of the first postwar hikes in 1948, and federal authorities have long grumbled that steel prices seem to have little regard for the law of supply and demand. Last week a federal grand jury made



IACOCCA AT HOME WITH FAMILY
Pills are peanuts.

and demanding executive, he is aloof with his own underlings, usually remains sequestered in his office with his door firmly shut, his ever-present cigar clamped tightly in his mouth. He draws a strict line between office hours and after-hours mingling. "He can look you straight in the eye with that cold look the morning after we've spent an evening together," says an associate, "and you'd never know that we were personal friends."

Iacocca also frequently needles his men with such digs as "How's that scheme going? Remember, you told me it was great." He has been known to plant secret microphones near Ford dealer salesmen to see how aggressively they close a deal; yet dealers admire him because they have learned that doing things the Iacocca way almost inevitably means higher sales. With any subordinate that he considers inadequate, Iacocca can be ruthless; yet with outsiders and customers, he can be warm and friendly as Italian sunshine.

Iacocca tries to leave work each day by 6:30 p.m. for the drive to his 15-



AT OFFICE WITH BLACK NOTEBOOKS



WITH DAUGHTER KATHY
Needles are sharp.

churning once more with the problems of the vast Ford Division. Then he retires to his study to do his homework for the next week.

Chrome Rococo. In each grueling week things move faster and change more often than ever before in the auto industry. Only a few years ago, it took three years to develop a new car from the first clay mockup to the production line; now it can be done with a crash program in 17 months, a fact that already gives the auto companies vastly greater latitude in styling changes. Development time promises to get even shorter: Detroit already is using com-



IT ONLY SEEMS LIKE A LONG TIME AGO

But it really hasn't been so long—Lindbergh's spectacular flight, the crystal radio set, and the weather vane are all of our time. And so is man's flight into space.

And while the Spirit of St. Louis is a revered display at the Smithsonian Institution, it now shares its glory with the space ship...the Friendship 7 which orbited the earth just 35 years later.

Within a brief time man has come from the horse and buggy to the 500-mph jet plane; from the crystal set to space-relayed international television; from a weather

vane to an orbiting weather satellite.

Yet awesome as this may seem, mankind is even now merely on the threshold of discovery. For the scientists alive today outnumber all those who have ever lived. And they are expanding every field of science known to man.

Many of them are at work in the aerospace industry. Here, in companies like North American Aviation, they are literally compressing what was once decades into days to bring the Free World economic well-being and a greater security.

North American Aviation built the guidance system for America's nuclear-powered submarines, reliable electronics systems for the Minuteman, the Mach 6 X-15, and the rocket engines that launched America's astronauts. Now NAA has completed the world's first production-designed micro-electronic computer.

It is impossible to predict tomorrow's discoveries, but this much is certain. With dedicated men like those at NAA efficiently applying every reward of science, history will be written even faster in the future.

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION

NAA is at work in the fields of the future through these divisions: Atomics International, Autonetics, Columbus, Los Angeles, Rocketdyne, Science Center, Space and Information Systems.

that charge official by indicting the nation's biggest steelmakers on charges of rigging some prices of the basic grade of steel.

The indictment was one more legacy of John F. Kennedy's price fight against the steel industry, which began just two years ago. That dispute has led to seven indictments charging the industry with fixing prices on a broad variety of products. Last week's was not only the biggest of that lot, but the most important case of its kind since 29 electrical equipment companies were brought to court on similar charges three years ago. But where the electrical case concerned multimillion-dollar turbine generators that seemed remote from the everyday consumer, the new indictment covered the commonest grade of steel—the carbon sheets that go into almost every car, refrigerator and washing machine made in the U.S.

A Charge on Extras. Swept up by the charges were the industry's six largest companies—U.S. Steel, Bethlehem, Republic, Armeo, National and Jones & Laughlin—as well as Wheeling Steel and National's Great Lakes Steel subsidiary. Conspicuously not charged were Inland Steel and Kaiser Steel, two major producers that are generally shut out of the industry's Establishment because they often buck the prices set by bigger companies—as they did in 1962.

The grand jurors also indicted two upstanding steelmen: James P. Barton, 61, a plain-talking, conservative middle manager for U.S. Steel, and William J. Stephens, 57, Jones & Laughlin's gregarious, hard-selling president. Stephens, who worked for rival Bethlehem at the time of the alleged conspiracy, is the most important executive ever to be singled out in price-fixing charges. If convicted, the two men could be sent to prison for up to one year and fined \$50,000; the eight companies also could be fined \$50,000 each and be sued by injured customers for uncounted millions in triple damages.

According to the Government, the steelmen did not try to fix the basic price of sheets but subtly rigged the thousands of "extras" that they charge for processing the sheets to certain sizes, shapes and strengths. These extras account for about 16% of the \$2 billion-a-year carbon-sheet business done by the eight companies. The scheme to fix these extras, according to the indictment, was forged in a spylike atmosphere reminiscent of the electrical price-fixing case. The grand jury charged that the steelmen conspired in secret many times between 1955 and 1961, meeting in Manhattan hotels where the steel companies have permanent suites, including the Sheraton East and the Baltimore—which happened to be the scene of many electrical price-fixing sessions. Government trustbusters believe that the steel-

since Johnson is eager to continue his remarkably long honeymoon with the business community, he may well be less inclined than ever to confer the Democratic vice-presidential nomination upon the Attorney General. Beyond its political implications, the bind that steel is in is sure to cause many businessmen to think more carefully before raising any prices in the near future.

WALL STREET

Restraint on the Floor

Round 1 of the feud between the New York Stock Exchange and the Securities and Exchange Commission ended last week—and both sides claimed victory. But in fact, the Stock Exchange seems to have suffered two setbacks that may have important long-range implications.

Bowing to the demands of the SEC, the exchange agreed to put serious restraints on the Big Board's floor traders, who buy and sell for themselves with no responsibility to the public (TIME, April 3). Each floor trader henceforth will have to maintain a minimum capital balance of \$250,000 and trade against the trend of the market at least 75% of the time—buying when stocks are falling and selling when they are rising.

Most important, the new rules will end almost all the part-time floor trading now carried on by some 400 exchange members, who also execute orders for the public. Exchange President Keith Funston called the new measures a happy compromise, but the SEC actually got almost all that it wanted. The commission is now in a considerably stronger position to push through its other proposed reforms, including tougher SEC controls over the exchange's specialists and odd-lot dealers.

At the same time, Funston faced a revolt of sorts in his own backyard. He called a private meeting of leaders from 80 New York brokerage houses to discuss—as the exchange put it—routine matters. But the session turned out to be tense, and a number of brokerage partners voiced displeasure with the exchange's leadership. Many big brokers have long complained that the exchange's 33-man board is dominated by the specialists and other insiders who work right on the exchange floor and thus stand to profit from their inside status. Such men have a dozen board seats against only ten held by the New York-based brokers who work outside the exchange. The exchange plans to give the outside brokers one more place on the board, and to take away one of the insiders' seats. If that concession does not satisfy the rebellious brokers, they may well stage their own proxy battle in board elections next month.



JONES & LAUGHLIN'S STEPHENS
Singled out.

men broke off their sessions only after some of the electrical executives were convicted and sent to prison.

Politics & Prices. Although it has pleaded *non-contingere* to one of the lesser price-fixing charges handed down in the same investigation, U.S. Steel denied the latest accusations, planned to plead not guilty at this week's arraignment. Bethlehem also issued a denial, countcharging the trustbusters with disinterring "ancient history" and "harassing" the steelmen. Many executives viewed the indictment as the latest phase in what they deem to be a continuing vendetta against steel by Attorney General Robert Kennedy. But they absolved Lyndon Johnson of any blame, on the grounds that the charges did not originate in his Administration.

Johnson has nonetheless been kept informed of the politically explosive steel case ever since he became President. He could have done little to stop the grand jury even if he had tried. But

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WORLD BUSINESS

ITALY

The Destiny of Dynasties

Two of Italy's greatest industrial dynasties began only 25 miles and nine years apart, and rose with parallel vigor to worldwide fame. In Turin in 1899 Giovanni Agnelli established Fiat, destined to become Italy's leading auto producer. Nine years later, in sleepy Ivrea, Camillo Olivetti founded the typewriter company that became equally famous for its office machines. But fortune has not smiled equally on the two in recent years, and last week one dynasty had to bail out the other. Organizing support from a syndicate of banks and businessmen, Agnelli's grandson rounded up \$50 million to infuse the company run by the grandsons of Olivetti with desperately needed working capital.

Out of Argentina. Inflation is hamstringing all Italian industry: Milan's stockmarket last week dropped to a four-year low, and Fiat, stung by anti-inflation government taxes on car purchases and gasoline, looks for a sizable production drop this year. But Olivetti, whose global sales reached \$360 million last year, has been especially hard-hit. Five years ago the company took a calculated risk, becoming the first European corporation since World War II to take over an American firm. It now holds 90% of the stock of faltering Underwood, one-time leader in the U.S. business-machines field, whose ragged research and inadequate product line had pushed it into hard times. But Olivetti had hardly nursed Underwood back from a 1959 sales low of \$75 million to annual sales of \$117 million—and a profit last month for the first time—when other problems appeared.

In Italy's important export market of Argentina, where Olivetti has long built typewriters and calculators, an attempt to ship in other machines was almost completely cut off last year by Argentine import restrictions. In neighboring Brazil, inflation far worse than Italy's ate up Olivetti's profits. Heavily dependent on South American sales, damaged by the Italian spiral and drained by its effort in the U.S., Olivetti had insufficient income to cover the costs of its

vastly expanded plants, which turn out products noted for their quality and design.

Trouble & Optimism. Olivetti's condition was made more critical by the fact that the dynasty was collapsing. Since Camillo Olivetti's death in 1943, his three sons, three daughters and their children have never been able to agree on common moves. Olivetti limps along on a codirectionship of Grandsons Roberto and Camillo Olivetti, representing two different factions. About all that they have been able to coexist is that they need the Agnelli syndicate to come in and buy one-third of Olivetti. To run Fiat and some 110 other companies that range from cement to Cinzano vermouth, Giovanni Agnelli's twelve heirs have put their combined holdings into a smoothly functioning holding company called Istituto Finanziario Industriale.

When rumors of the agreement became known last week, Communists and Socialists complained that the new move would only strengthen the Agnelli dynasty. The Communists especially rallied against aristocratic, suave Giovanni Agnelli, 43, charging that he was a silver-spoon scion who simply wanted to add another company to the broadening Agnelli empire. Agnelli angrily retorts that Fiat has no intention of controlling Olivetti, is rather helping to alleviate a situation in which 10,000 Olivetti workers are reduced to a three-day week. He has no doubt that the situation will work itself out. "If you ask me about the next year and a half," he says, "I will say we are going to have more trouble, more problems. But if you ask about the next five years, I am optimistic."

IRON CURTAIN

Onions, Frogs & Corpses

Acting as a sort of Art Buchwald of the Communist world, Czech Humorist M. Honzik recently imagined himself standing outside a Prague grocery. "What are they selling?" asked a passer-by. "Onions," replied Honzik. A queue grew at once, and in an hour cleaned the store out of onions. Realizing that he was "on to the greatest discovery of the century," Honzik hired a crew of old-age pensioners and started a "Rent-a-Queue" business. Wherever the Rent-a-Queue gathered, business immediately soared. Honzik's biggest victory was for "Beastexport," a store that had been stuck with 40 giant praying mantises from Brazil. He called in his ready-made queue, soon sold all the mantises.

Slow Delivery. This bitter satire of Eastern Europe's consumer market is not just a product of imagination. Juketing through Hungary last week, Nikita Khrushchev seemed to dwell more on the muddles than on the marvels of the Communist economic system.



QUEUE AT CZECH MARKET
Who buys praying mantises?

He chided aides, prodded local factory heads to do better, even publicly decried slow deliveries from the Soviet Union to other Red nations. Khrushchev knows whereof he speaks. The United Nations Economic Commission for Europe last week reported that the rate of economic growth in the Satellite nations has again slowed—and no wonder. Communist-dominated Eastern Europe, where the laws of supply and demand are often in suspension, is a weird economic land of gluts in some places, shortages in others, and confusion almost everywhere.

So many Hungarians flocked to Czechoslovakia to buy lingerie and razor blades, which were almost unattainable in Hungary, that the Czech government was forced to slap spending restrictions on the Hungarians to prevent a shortage of the same items in Czechoslovakia. Czechoslovakian retailers last year had to return nearly \$70 million worth of goods that their customers did not need and would not buy, while neighboring Poland overproduced 9,000 washing machines even though retailers clamored for scarce enamel pots. Queues even form for vegetables in rich Bulgarian farming country because bureaucrats have not received orders to disburse their produce.

Wigs & Skins. Honzik's parable of the praying mantises, in fact, is even more apt in many parts of the Communist world. Communist China is busily shipping Peking ducks to Havana, and in return is importing giant Cuban-bred bullfrogs for the few Chinese gourmets who can still afford them. Red China's trade may become even more exotic. A French medical journal reported last week that Red China will export, in addition to hair for wigs and skins for sausages, "parts of human anatomy," vulgarly known as "stiffs." The journal did not comment on the reasons for an oversupply of corpses in Red China.



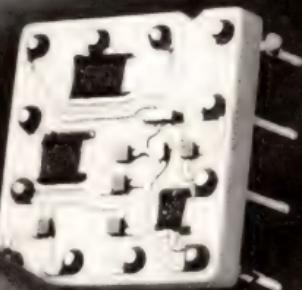
ROBERTO OLIVETTI



AGNELLI

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PIANISTS

"That Civilized Man"

He looked, as always, as if he had just risen from a sumptuous and civilized dinner with dear old friends. And, as always, the banquet was just about to start. Striding onstage to his Steinway, he turned to his devoted audience at Manhattan's Philharmonic Hall with the stately little bow that he has made on more stages than any other pianist in history. Then Artur Rubinstein addressed himself to the feast: both of the Brahms concertos, either one of which is more than a good night's labor. But his strength and sureness only grew as he played on. Seeing him there, hearing the majestic ring of his music, it was difficult to believe that Rubinstein is 75.

Rubinstein despises all anniversaries, and he is especially uncomfortable as a 75-year-old: he has noticed, he says, that the world resents a man who keeps living past jubilees. Still, it will soon be 70 years since he made his debut as a child prodigy in Warsaw: he can look back 58 years and 5,000 concerts to the day of his American debut. In those early days, his simple love of playing and his overwhelming love of life drove him from tedious practice, and for many years too many notes landed on the floor under the piano.

The Hummingbird's Flight. Rubinstein's marriage in 1932 gave him a new sense of dedication. "I went to work," he says. "I learned to work on the piano for the piano's sake." When he returned to the U.S. for what he calls his "third debut" in 1937, he came as a giant who had transformed his *joie de vivre* into the strongest alloy of his music.

To the great romantic literature of the piano he brought all the devouring delight that in youth he had lavished on *la vie Parisienne*. The years since have only whetted his appetite. "The performer's life is a gift from heaven," says

Rubinstein. "Making music is pure joy, like making love. And it is our job."

Having long since reached this happy entente with himself, Rubinstein travels and tastes the world like a hummingbird, charming friends in eight languages, pausing at his Manhattan and Paris houses barely long enough to savor his paintings and first editions. "That civilized man," as his friend Thomas Mann once called him, plays at least 100 concerts every year. Before the 1964 summer music festivals begin, he will have performed in Italy, London, Paris, Switzerland, Israel, Australia, New Zealand, Bangkok, Manila and Hawaii.

Tearful Nights. For Rubinstein, the most satisfying aspect of his career is the constant opportunity for growth in his art. ("I cannot play something that is not always new to me.") In pursuit of variety, he will even try out new fingerings "that suddenly occur to me" in the midst of a concert. "It is dangerous, I admit," he says, "but that is the way music develops." Yet his playing is still notable for its certainty, its easy muscularity and sense of inevitability. In last week's *tour d'art*, Rubinstein lent exhilaration and romance to the weighty grandeur of Brahms' concertos, playing with the noble touch that has made him the most satisfying pianist alive.

Rubinstein's current labor of love is an autobiography that his wife and four children goaded him into writing—21 years after he promised it to a Manhattan publisher. "I now have written 275 pages," he says, "and I am still only up to age 17. Twenty years ago it was too difficult, but now I am old enough not to give a hoot what people think of me, so I can say everything. I have spent nights writing about my childhood with tears in my eyes. I remember it all. Ah, my dear uncles and aunts! My velvet suit!"

JAZZ

Back from the Dark Side

Chet Baker had \$1.25 in his pocket when he came home from Europe last month. He scuffled around Manhattan for three weeks before he found his first night's work: he spent the time rounding up haircut money and finding out how few friends he had left. Ten years ago, when Chet was clean, neat and 24, he was the most popular trumpet player in jazz. Since then, he has traversed the dark side, and it has made him a different and deeper player than he was in those golden days. Now Chet Baker is down and out.

A Shot of Miles. Chet had been around some already when the jazz world first discovered him in 1953. He had toured with a clarinetist named Freddy ("Schnicklefritz") Fischer, whose idea of jazz was to stand barefoot on a mat of falsies and tell dirty jokes; he played a spell with Char-



BAKER & HORN

A cool truce with destruction.

lie (Bird) Parker. But it was not until he joined a quartet led by Baritone Saxophonist Gerry Mulligan that the buffs tuned in to Chet's frail trumpet. His thin, clear tone became the very definition of "the cool school," and the restrained, softly swinging sound of the cool soon became the dominant voice in jazz.

His playing then was no more than a shot of Miles Davis in a pint of ginger ale, but Chet won all the popularity polls anyway. His recording of *My Funny Valentine* was among the first modern jazz records to become a best seller. On the strength of his brooding good looks, he even became a successful singer of quiet jazz ballads and a nervous actor in a well-named movie, *Hell's Horizon*. In 1955-56, he spent eight months playing Europe. Then he came home and found heroism.

Meditative Months. Chet diagnoses his fall as a self-destructive gesture prompted by guilt over the great young pianist Dick Twardzik, who was playing in Baker's quartet in Paris when he died of a heart attack. Whatever the cause, Baker was hooked. After a number of arrests, he left for Europe. "I have a medical problem," he announced, "and there they treat it like a medical problem." In Italy, they treated it by giving him 16 months in jail as an addict. He was later forced to abandon a car, his wardrobe and The Chet Baker Club in Milan. Switzerland, Britain and Germany also gave Baker the boot.

Free of his habit after two months in a Berlin clinic and another on the street, Baker claims his cure is permanent. He has said that before. But his music today sounds as if he brought something back from the dark side. He

— A flugelhorn, mellow first cousin of the trumpet.



RUBINSTEIN & ADMIRERS

A happy entente with himself.



How to bowl

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Some drug and chemical firms make artificial sweeteners. They leave the calories out—and that means they leave the energy out, too. Where there are no calories there can be no nourishment, no energy.

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... 48 calories per teaspoon—and it's all energy

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On *any* phase of this stock and bond business that you care to consider for comparison.

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spent eight meditative months last year playing at a Paris bistro, and his horn acquired a firmer voice. He still has a relaxed, softly inflected tone, but his playing is more fluent and far more adventurous than it was when he was the trumpet's young king.

Last week, for his first New York audience in five years, Baker played at a Long Island nightclub called the Cork 'n' Bib. He was cursed with a sleepy drummer, an eccentric pianist, and the abiding worry that he may have to speak to Manhattan from the suburbs for some time to come. New York City is notoriously loath to permit ex-addicts the "cabaret card" they need to perform in its nightclubs. But the welcome Chet won was as enthusiastic as it was deserved. He looked painned when he played and downright wounded when he sang, but his music had a bright, aggressive gusto to it that made better jazz than the music his fans remembered. Having marinated his art in misery, he seemed at last on a better road than the one he lost.

ORCHESTRAS

Embarrassment of Riches

London has long boasted a cultural asset unique in the world: it sustains five symphony orchestras, and the least of them is jolly good. Nonetheless, the Royal Philharmonic has been sounding its death rattle for nearly a year. And now the Philharmonic, regarded by many as Britain's finest, has announced plans for a quiet suicide in September. The casualties, which were variously blamed on Beatlemania and the muddy sidewalks around Royal Festival Hall, at least produced one healthy change. For the first time ever, in somber conference with officials of Britain's Arts Council last week, each of the orchestras acknowledged the others' existence and the problems common to all.

With a miracle of muddling, all five may yet survive the year. The London Symphony, the London Philharmonic and the BBC Symphony are sound, if occasionally lackluster; and all five can depend on a corps of musicians willing to play for incomes that average only \$4,500 a year. All have plenty of work: by the end of the concert season next month, Festival Hall will have held 190 orchestral concerts in nine months, leading the orchestras to wonder if they aren't suffering from a surfeit of their own music making.

But the real lesson was that both ailing orchestras are one-man bands. The Philharmonic is totally the creature of impresario Walter Legge, just as the Royal Philharmonic was created by the late Sir Thomas Beecham "to maintain my reputation." Deprived of Sir Thomas' leadership, the Royal Philharmonic skidded so severely that many of its key players have jumped ship, and critics agree that it has long since jettisoned its artistic claim to the coveted Royal of its title.

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NAZARI'S "VIRGIN" UNDER THE HAMMER
A grand passion finished.

The Party's Over

"Going, going, gone!" echoed a thousand times through the vast marble interiors of Venice's 17th century Palazzo Labia last week. Going, going, gone was another vestige of Venetian elegance, knocked down by the gondola-had to smaller-than-life nobodies representing Swiss antique dealers, dubious shops on Madison Avenue, secretive European and American collectors, and doubtless some ambassadors from small countries, intent on robbing Italy's art treasures via the diplomatic pouch.

In 1646, a Spanish merchant family named Labia started building a palace just off the Grand Canal. The palace's ultimate glory was a set of 18th century frescoes by Tiepolo, which depicted the story of Antony and Cleopatra with almost as much flair as the 20th Century-Fox film. With the extinction of the Labia clan, the palace turned into a squallid dump; illiterate boasters spent unknowing nights under the Tiepolos. In 1948, another Spaniard, the wealthy Don Carlos de Beistegui, now 78, rediscovered the palace, as he said, "with a violence of love and passion that no woman has inspired in me."

For ten years, Don Carlos plunged the riches he gets from Mexican silver mines, South African diamonds and Spanish real estate into the empty 89-room palazzo. For an estimated \$3,000,000, he created a magnificent clutter. Oriental porcelains and blue Sévres china, Roman drinking cups and medieval armor filled every corner. Gobelin tapestries, worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, caparisoned the walls. His personal squadron of ten gondoliers was

liveried in silk and velvet costumes copied from Tiepolo and other old masters.

In 1951, Don Carlos, decked out in a curly periuke and balanced atop 16-in.-platform shoes that made him 6-ft. 10-in. tall, threw a costume party for 1,500 café socialites flown in from Paris, New York and London. Yet, "grand passions finish," as an old lady friend of Don Carlos noted last week. Venetians liked Don Carlos for a while, but cooled to him when he began pouring out whiskey "in spoonfuls." And so the splendidious Spaniard turned to a new hobby: refurbishing a castle near Paris, where he is building a neo-Gothic tomb for his recently deceased dog.

Don Carlos tossed his treasures away like toy trinkets. The Italian national radio-TV network bought the building although the Tiepolos are now unpurchaseable state treasures. Some 2,000 bargain hunters

from the Rothschilds down to some of Beistegui's ex-gondoliers thronged to the auction. Rumor had it that John Paul Getty was there in disguise. A set of four candlesticks went for \$25,000; an 18th century *Virgin* attributed to Nazari went for \$900. The total realized by Don Carlos for his Venetian trifle was \$1,968,000. As one bargain-seeker put it: "With this auction, another colorful chapter of Venetian history has been closed. It started with a party—and now the party's over."

Instead of *Paughtrails*

"Portrait painting is a pimp's profession," John Singer Sargent once proclaimed. "Mugs" was what he called his 500-odd sitters, mostly proper Bostonians, British nobles and French socialites, and he sometimes contemptuously held their attention by coloring his nose red or pretending to eat his cigar. "No more *paughtrails*," he wrote in relief to a friend after he began shunning them in 1910, at the height of his renown.

Scornful as he was of this work, Sargent's portraits almost never flattered, almost always illuminated personality to the surprised satisfaction of the sitter—although in the case of the famed *Madame X*, Sargent was so daringly personal in depicting her titan tresses and her fetish for lavender face powder that the exotic sitter's true name (Judith Gautreau) was concealed from Victorian society. "Sargent" meant "portrait"—work high in esteem during his lifetime, low after his death in 1925 when he became confused with less talented imitators, high again now that most of the portraits have found their way into great museums. Yet before he began

concentrating on commissioned portraits, and sometimes during that period, and often after he balked and quit the "pimp's profession," Sargent painted people and landscapes for his own creative satisfaction. A big show of these works (see next two pages) opens this week in Washington's Corcoran Gallery.

A Way to Live. Sargent was born in Florence in 1856 to a weak-willed Philadelphia doctor whose wife expatriated his family to a never-ending Grand Tour of Europe. He never saw the U.S. until 1876, learning his art in fashionable Parisian ateliers. This pursuit was largely a pragmatic matter, a way to live, as his friend and fellow expatriate Novelist Henry James would say. His style, tempered by Frans Hals and Velázquez, soon showed an ease of execution, joyous color, and devotion to manipulated reality.

His talent was evident at 22 in his abrupt, progressive vision of the orchestra at Paris' Cirque d'Hiver. In his private art he experimented with new ways of seeing: he tried his friend Monet's impressionism, exhausted the old masters, learned much from the arrangements of lights and darks painted by his contemporary Whistler (though Whistler called him "a scupule of propriety"). In his *The Birthday Party*, he used the blurry-faced male figure—who commissioned the work and approved of its final, unfinished look—as a foil to set off the foreground scene of a mother cutting cake for her child. At 42, he painted his expatriate cousins, the Ralph Curritses, in their Venetian palace: the painting opens volumes of casual space that would appall a European painter, such as Degas or Vuillard, used to more rigidly interlocked interiors.

Neoclassical Blokes. After giving up portraiture, he explored watercolors, using their luminous hues and opaque white accents in a reportorial, freehand manner that evoked more of Winslow Homer than his contemporary Cézanne. In one eloquent sketch, while official artist for Britain's Imperial War Museum, he depicted a crashed airplane as if it were a fragile, laid-waste farm machine in a landscape of ploughing farmers. Perhaps most foreign to the acceptable salons in New York and Paris for which he had prostrated himself are his brilliant, buoyant watercolors of the Canadian Rockies and the Maine seacoast.

Neither a theorist nor an avant-garde technician, Sargent relied clearly on his relaxed brushwork and the academician's rule that "all that is not indispensable is useless." He was a pragmatic dreamer divided between his publicly acclaimed portraits and his private visions, a paradoxical walrus with a cigar who vowed that his life's real aim was painting Apollo and the Muses on the walls of the Boston Public Library. Yet, when a fluttery female approached him at their unveiling and asked, "Oh, Mr. Sargent, who and what are those wonderful figures?" the portly artist replied: "Just blokes dancing."

The Private World of J. S. Sargent

GHOSTLY PERSPECTIVE appears in a Lautrec-inspired monochrome oil whose silhouette of Paris' Pasdeloup Orchestra is drawn in a pizzicato of bold brushstrokes.



MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

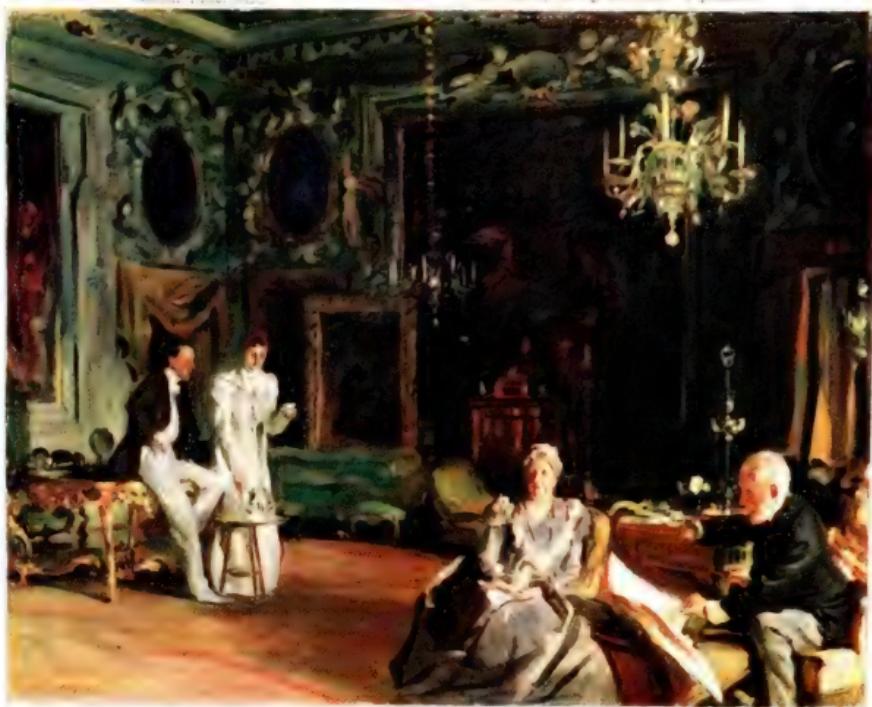
SEASCAPE, called *Oyster Gatherers*, painted in France when Sargent was 22, glows with bubbly highlights and reflections of sky which shine in pools of tidewater that mark his loose style.





"THE BIRTHDAY PARTY" (1885)
is a blurry portrayal of family warmth,
far from varnish and academy rules.

"A VENETIAN INTERIOR" (1900)
evokes the *fin-de-siècle* leisure of a Boston
family living abroad in a palazzo.



COMPUTERS

Do-All Thinkmachine

With the fanfare of a royal birth, International Business Machines Corp. last week ushered in a new tribe of supercomputers called System 360. Some of the many sweeping claims that IBM makes for System 360 were promptly disputed by rival manufacturers. Nonetheless, its introduction spotlighted important trends in design and application. The system's basic working parts are "microminiatured modules": complicated circuitry formed by printing with electro-conductive ink on thin ceramic plates half an inch square. To the tiny metal networks are attached transistors and diodes so small that 5,000 of them fit into a thimble.

Swirling Innards. The circuits and their transistors are both made by automatic machines that turn them out by the thousand. Instead of hiring girls to attach hair-thin wires under the microscope, the wiring is done by etching holes through a protective film of glass and shaking them into pellets of copper five-thousandths of an inch in diameter. The circuits are tested automatically, and their resistance units are trimmed precisely by sandblasts spouting through nozzles as small as hypodermic needles. The finished modules are sealed in plastic and mounted on thin cards that are stacked tightly to form the inner works of the computer.

With the miniaturization of modules, computer units that once filled a room now fit into cabinets no bigger than a water cooler. This saves materials and floor space, but a much more important advantage is increased speed of operation. When a computer is working, a blizzard of brief electric pulses swirls through its innards. The transistors and other components react almost instantly, but the pulses cannot travel between them faster than the speed of light, which is about ten inches in one-billionth of a second. If they must cover any considerable distance, they slow the computer down. System 360 is so compact that the pulses can reach their destinations and complete their work in a few nanoseconds (billions of a second) instead of the microseconds (millions of a second) that they once needed.

Family Talk. System 360 emphasizes another dominant trend in computer design: versatility. The new IBM family has junior members that can be rented for \$2,700 per month or bought outright for \$133,000; its largest systems rent for \$115,000 per month, cost \$5,500,000 to buy. The family's largest and smallest members are now compatible: they use the same computer language and talk to each other at grisly speeds of many thousand characters per second. IBM intends that big and little ones will be connected in closely inti-

mate groups, chattering like crazy 24 hours per day.

Each government department, major corporation or large laboratory will have a Model 70, the biggest of the System 360 family, in its central office. Secondary offices will have smaller computers, perhaps Model 40s, and the smallest branches will struggle along with Model 30s.

But no one will feel deprived. When an engineer in the Spokane branch has a problem that needs the attention of Model 70's mighty brain, he can tell his little Model 30 to call for help by wire. The Model 70 in New York or Wash-

ington will listen simultaneously to the troubles of many Model 30s. When it has heard enough, it gives itself a signal that stops its own work. All the little problems of all the little computers flash through its brain in a few seconds, and the answers are distributed to the proper branch offices. Then Model 70 can return to weightier matters.

Earlier attempts to look for water on Venus had been frustrated by the masking effect of the abundant water vapor in the earth's lower atmosphere, but the 87,500-ft. level where the balloon-telescope took its pictures is above nearly all of the earth's vapor. Thus the spectral absorption that it photographed was almost entirely free from earthside confusion. Says Dr. Strong: "About 95% of the water that we saw was on Venus."



THE IBM SYSTEM 360 FAMILY
Now big brains can listen to little ones' problems.

ington will listen simultaneously to the troubles of many Model 30s. When it has heard enough, it gives itself a signal that stops its own work. All the little problems of all the little computers flash through its brain in a few seconds, and the answers are distributed to the proper branch offices. Then Model 70 can return to weightier matters.

ASTRONOMY

Venus Revisited

Only a generation back, Venus was commonly thought of as a fine abode for lush, jungly life. As scientists learned more about the cloud-shrouded planet, its real estate values plummeted. Modern studies of Venus have pictured it as hot and waterless, certainly not a place for any kind of life that is known on earth. But last week Venus got a kind word. Professor John Strong of Johns Hopkins University reported that the Venusian atmosphere has a large amount of water vapor above its sunlit cloud deck.

Dr. Strong got his information from a giant balloon belonging to the Air Force Cambridge Research Laboratory that carried a telescope above nearly

Analysis of the spectra showed that above its cloud deck, the Venusian atmosphere has about 9.8 milligrams of water vapor per square centimeter. This is not much, but it is not far from the amount that is believed to exist above a comparable level in the earth's atmosphere.

Dr. Strong prefers not to decide whether the presence of water vapor means that the dense Venusian clouds are made of water droplets like the earth's clouds or whether they are dust or hydrocarbons, as some authorities think. "I have now come to the end of my competence," he says, "but my personal opinion is that it does imply water." Further deductions are even more iffy, but Dr. Strong suspects that free oxygen may exist along with carbon dioxide in the Venusian atmosphere. If so, it probably comes from water molecules that are broken into

including five of six new processors that are the heart of the system and eleven of 26 wholly new complementary units. Girl standing (*front*) installs disks in storage drive with capacity of up to 15 million digits; girl seated (*center*) monitors processing units at rear; man on stool (*rear*) is at main System 360 control.

hydrogen and oxygen by ultraviolet radiation from the sun.

Where water exists at reasonable temperature, life may exist too, even if only as microscopic organisms floating in the clouds. Dr. Strong believes that "the proof of water vapor forces us to re-examine every previous calculation made concerning the possibility of some sort of life existing on Venus. The case is not closed yet."

SPACE

Kindergarten Gemini

The Gemini two-men-in-space program, already nine months behind schedule, got off the ground last week. A Martin Marietta Titan II roared from Cape Kennedy trailing orange smoke from its two engines, an unmanned dummy capsule fitted into its nose. The first stage burned for 2½ minutes, then the second stage ignited and accelerated to orbital speed. In six minutes the word came back from the tracking system: Gemini was in orbit with a perigee of 99.6 miles and an apogee of 204 miles, almost exactly as planned.

The delay-free smoothness of the launch was largely because Titan II, a practical, dependable military rocket, does not use troublesome liquid oxygen. Instead it burns storables liquid fuels (a mixture of hydrazine and unsymmetrical dimethylhydrazine with nitrogen tetroxide as oxidizer) that are "hypergolic," ignited spontaneously on contact. It is much more powerful than the Atlas that launched the manned Mercury capsules, having 430,000 lbs. of thrust at takeoff instead of 360,000, and 100,000 lbs. of thrust in its second stage. The dummy Gemini capsule, weighted with ballast and instruments, was more than twice as heavy (6,950 lbs.) as a manned Mercury capsule, though lighter than the 8,200-lb. warhead that the Titan II normally carries on a ballistic flight.

Last week's Gemini was expected to burn up in the atmosphere in a few days. It was sacrificed chiefly to find out whether Titan II had been successfully modified for the man-in-space program. It used a different guidance system and many safety devices to protect the lives of the astronauts whom it will carry later in the program. The Titan's engines were modified to reduce its characteristic "pogo-stick" (up-and-down) vibration, which might incapacitate a human crew. Reports came back that everything worked fine.

The Gemini capsules, whose two-man crews will experiment with rendezvous in orbit, are an essential part of the Apollo moon project. The kindergarten schooling of earth orbit maneuvers is intended to train astronauts for the infinitely more difficult moon landing. Next Gemini launch, which is scheduled for late this summer, will test the capsule's re-entry behavior. Unless the program falters, the first two-man flight will come toward the end of this year.

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TUCSON OPEN	98	18
POA-SENIORS	133	37
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MILESTONES

Divorced. William du Pont Jr., 67, Maryland country squire, great-great-grandson of Eleuthère Irénée du Pont and one of ten of his descendants on the board of the family chemicals empire; by Margaret Osborne du Pont, 43, three times (1948-50) U.S. Women's singles tennis champion, 13 times winner in the doubles; on grounds of mental cruelty; after 16 years of marriage, one son, in Las Vegas.

Died. Jigme P. Dorji, 45, Premier since 1955 of Bhutan, mote-size (18,000 sq. mi.) Indian buffer state in the Himalayas, who with his brother-in-law, King Jigme Dorji Wangchuk, brought Bhutan boldly into the 20th century by abolishing slavery and polyandry, joining the Colombo Plan, building hospitals and the first road to the outside world; by an unknown assassin's bullet, as he sat in a resthouse at the Indian border post of Phunchholing.

Died. El Brendel, 73, comedienne born in Philadelphia to Irish and German parents but famed in the early '30s for his bogus Swedish accent, which made "yumpin' yummie" slang of the day in dozens of juicy Hollywood roles; of a heart attack; in Hollywood.

Died. Hesketh Pearson, 77, British biographer, frustrated Shakespearean actor, whose gossipy, tart-and-all style of literary portraiture produced 18 skin-deep but readable studies of improper Victorians Charles Dickens (one illegitimate child) and Oscar Wilde (two legitimate ones), other figures from Britain's King Charles II ("most civilized of monarchs") to that self-styled rebel against "the tyranny of sex," George Bernard Shaw; of jaundice; in London.

Died. Julien Arpels, 79, president of high society's Parisian jewelers Van Cleef & Arpels, Inc., who with his brother Louis took over the business from his father, set up a New York branch in 1940 that outpaced Paris headquarters, expanded to Palm Beach and Caracas marketing such wares as Napoleon's emeralds and a 34.6-carat pink Indian diamond but never, never talking about who bought what or for how much; of a stroke; in Manhattan.

Died. John Gillis Townsend, 92, Delaware's Mr. Republican, Governor (1917-21), U.S. Senator (1929-41), and a delegate to every G.O.P. National Convention but one between 1904 and 1960, a multimillionaire real estate man and farmer who rejoiced in his title as the state's "Strawberry King" while pushing through as Governor a program, then considered "dangerously liberal," of workmen's compensation, vocational education, state income taxes; of pneumonia; in Philadelphia.

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CINEMA

A Child of Mother Harlem

The Cool World, Fifth Avenue, for all the U.S. moviegoer knows, comes to a dead end at 110th Street. Beyond that point lies Harlem, the black hole of Manhattan, where almost half a million Negroes and Puerto Ricans are confined by pressures of prejudice and poverty; and beyond that point, U.S. moviemakers seldom venture. Indeed, this film is the first full-length movie that has ever been shot in Harlem. Produced by Frederick Wiseman and directed by Shirley (The Connection) Clarke, *The Cool World* is a crude but often effective sociological shocker: a story of how cold old Mother Harlem indifferently devours one of her children.

Duke is his name, and he is 15 years old. He inhabits a dingy tenement with his mother and her latest "husband,"

WALTER GOODMAN



DUKE (CENTER) PLAYS IT COOL
A dead end at 110th and Fifth.

slopes through the shabby streets of Harlem day and night with a huddle of incipient hoods who call themselves the Pythons. Most of them are even younger than Duke, but all of them fight booze, smoke tea, use girls, snag purses and carry switchblades. A knife, alas, is not enough for Duke. He longs with mystical intensity to possess a gun: a scepter to define his will and a power to impose it upon the white man's world. The film describes how Duke fails to find the object of his obsession but discovers that a knife is also able to kill a man. At the fade, two white policemen begin to beat him brutally.

What's wrong with this scene is what's wrong with the film as a whole: it so furiously resents the race prejudice of the whites that it unconsciously adopts the race prejudice of the Negroes. In *The Cool World*, all Negroes are innocent, even when they are guilty; all whites are wrong, especially when they are right. Furthermore, the moviemakers too often splice sociology with sensation, documentary with melodrama. And finally, the cinematography is inexcusably sloppy—U.S. audiences, wise in the ways of the hand-held camera,

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Not enough water? In rain-soaked Sedro Woolley?

Even in the wet Pacific Northwest, where it rains, rains and then rains some more, water shortage can be a problem. It was in the tri-cities of Sedro Woolley, Mount Vernon and Burlington, Washington. With almost four feet of rain a year, there was once only eighteen inches of water in the reservoir. Industry couldn't expand. Bad water was a health hazard, even caused death. Progress was stifled. But the people tackled the problem and filled the reservoirs.

Puget Sound laps the coast to the west. The snow-capped Cascades dominate the horizon to the east. Lush greenery is all around. Hardly a setting for a water shortage.

And yet, with all its natural water endowment, Skagit Valley, by the mid-Forties, had outgrown its facilities. Supplies were virtually exhausted. Equipment was out of date; what was working was in wretched condition.

Frozen Foods: Big Business

This is big farm country — carrots, peas, sweet corn, squash and strawberries. And frozen food processing is big business. But the plants need plenty of water—millions of gallons a day.



The old water system was hard put to deliver. Industry was discouraged, expansion was thwarted.

Skagit Valley is dairy country, too. But not too many years ago, a booming milk industry was hampered by bad-tasting water. You can't produce Grade A milk with poor-grade water.

Water Pollution Causes Deaths

And so it went. New home construction was at a standstill — ground water wasn't available and when it was, it wasn't good. Water pollution menaced health. Dreaded typhoid developed, deaths occurred. Skagit Valley had a water crisis on its hands. Something had to be done—quickly.

Charlie Nelson, John Wylie and Monte King did something. They were Grangers. They knew the importance of water—good, pure and lots of it. And so the Skagit County Public Utility District was born. A state law authorized the organization of Skagit County P.U.D., and others like it, to provide water utility service to the people who form the District, on a nonprofit, cost-of-service basis. Nelson, Wylie and King were the Public Utility District's first commissioners.

The Water Flows

Now water progress came swiftly and surely to the Valley. In 1946, the 450-million-gallon Judy Reservoir (named for the District's first manager) was completed. Numerous smaller service reservoirs were constructed. And in



1963 Judy Reservoir was drained and its capacity doubled. Fred Ovnell, present manager of Skagit County P.U.D., puts it this way: "We're well engineered ahead. We know where we're going and when."

A New Way of Life

Plentiful water has changed the Valley's way of life. The District serves

nearly three times as many customers, many of them rural. Reservoir capacity has grown a hundredfold. Industry sees a bright future. Frozen food processors use four million gallons of water daily and have plans for expansion. Clean, pure water is available for Grade A milk. Lumber mills are installing new sprinkler systems and cutting insurance costs. Fire protection is first-rate.

Take a short drive outside the city of Mount Vernon and you'll see the gleaming, modern 2000-student Skagit Valley College.



Not far away, the site has been cleared for the United General Hospital. Municipal buildings are on the rise. Handsome, comfortable homes line street after street. Without water, the school, hospital, buildings and homes would still be blueprints.

The Nation's Water Outlook

What is the water situation in your community? By 1980 our nation will need twice the water we're now using. Yet even now parts of our country are parched for water. Others are flood-ravaged. Even where water is plentiful it is often shamelessly polluted.

The water management problem can best be solved by informed, concerned individuals. For information on what needs to be done, and how you can help—write for "Water Crisis, U.S.A.," Department T-24, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

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Here's what business men have told us they want in a summer suit:

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are no longer likely to confuse the absence of art with the presence of truth.

Still and all, *The Cool World* has an impact and a fascination. Who will not remember the beautiful wild faces of the children, blooming like bright manna in the desolation? To see them is to die a little.

Crux of a Carnival

The *Given Word*, the major achievement to date of Brazil's germinant *cine-ma novo*, sets forth the tragedy of a simple, devout man who batters out his life against an impalatable apparatus of religious and secular authority.

In poverty-stricken Northeastern Brazil, a peasant named Zé, honoring the saint who spared the life of his injured donkey, carries a cross "as heavy as Christ's" 30 miles to the Church of Santa Barbara in Bahia. In the city, Zé's wife Rosa is seduced by a sneering



PEASANT MARTYR IN "WORD"

A promise to keep.

pimp. Next morning a vindictive priest refuses to let Zé enter the church, scorning his promise to the saint as a pagan vow made through an intermediary god at a *macumba* ceremony. "Black magic," cries the priest. Zé shakes his head sadly. "My church has no image of Santa Barbara." He is a Catholic; what else matters? The subtle dangers of syncretism are beyond him. He will wait.

As the peasant settles down on the padre's church steps, the city throbs to carnival tempo. It is a feast day. Some newsmen hear of Zé's plight and exploit him in headlines as a Communist agitator, a heretic, a miracle worker; then the pimp instigates a riot that ends in Zé's death. Here, the usual Christ symbolism is seized upon, but Director Antônio Duarte brings it off feelingly as the sullen, silent crowd carries the dead man in to fulfill his promise.

Strikingly photographed, the film, taken from a Rio stage success, reveals its origin in occasional talkiness and the stagy pace of comings and goings. Its anticlerical theme seems partly inadvertent, for the characters show little shading; if the priest is merely obdu-



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rate. Zé is fanatic. *The Given Word's* strength lies in the vitality that pulses through an astringent morality play, filling it with the cries of pitchmen and voodoo women and street-corner poets, the hip-heaving dancers and gourd-rattling hipsters who almost make humanity look worth dying for.

Existential Momism

The Empty Canvas is one of those "international" movie projects that appears to have been dreamed up by its principals (during a transatlantic jet flight?) in a spirit of reckless unity. Based on a novel by Alberto Moravia and directed by Italy's Damiano Damiani, the film stars the U.S.'s durable Bette Davis, Germany's Horst Buchholz and Belgium's Catherine Spaak. It is chiefly notable for the fun of watching Davis breast the New Wave plot with bitchy authority.

In a blonde Dutch-boy bob, Bette looks like a degenerate Hans Brinker.

WALTER GOODMAN

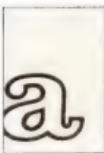


SPAAK & BUCHHOLZ IN "CANVAS"
A budget proposal.

and she plays a wealthy old skat who lays out plenty of silver to keep Son Horst from nipping off. She offers him an Austin-Healey, a luxuriantly upholstered housemaid ("or find a nice married woman in your own world"), and cold cash. Horst uses the money to set himself up as a bohemian artist in Rome, but he can't fill his life or his canvas because "there is nothing worth painting." Ultimately, he finds redemption through fleshly enslavement to Catherine, an amoral part-time model and fulltime hetaera who makes him feel love, jealousy and suicidal impulses. This, of course, means that he is alive again.

Stretched too far to be believable, *Canvas* is the kind of overdrawn foolishness that frequently proves diverting. Its existential blend of sex, symbolism and comedy reaches a bizarre climax when Horst takes Catherine to a party at his mother's villa. In his mother's bedroom, crowning a marriage proposal to the girl whose favors can be had for the price of an espresso, he generously covers her nude body with some of Mama's 10,000 lire banknotes. The door opens. In sails Bette, rococo-eyed,

How to get the job done in time... without leaving anything out



A CHILD'S LEARNING

In the space of 12 to 16 years, a child today must learn all that you were taught, plus knowledge that didn't even exist yesterday. Since time can't be stretched, teaching must be compressed. Movies do this beautifully.

But movies are at the mercy of projectors. Learning gains nothing if the projector cuts up *it*, if something as mundane as loss of sound brings vaulting young imaginations tumbling back to four walls and an apologetic teacher. This doesn't happen with the KODAK PAGEANT 16mm Sound Projector Model AV-126-IR.

Its reliability comes from the same kind of circuitry used in space satellites. Transistors instead of vacuum tubes. It plays back sound as clear and natural as is possible to record on 16mm sound film. Sound starts the instant you press a button. No waiting for tubes to warm up. Pictures start the moment you move a lever. Big, natural, comfortable pictures that hold a child's attention.

So that teachers can spend their time teaching, Kodak built this projector so children can take charge of it: carry it, set it up, thread it, run it, put it away again.

Judged by administrative as well as teaching standards, this is a projector you should take a look at. We'd like to arrange this.

A TRAINEE'S TRAINING

As long as he gets paid for his time, a trainee doesn't mind sitting in a classroom. Multiply him by five, ten, twenty or more other trainees and a lot of overhead dollars are at stake. Training films are one way to make those overhead dollars

buy the skills you want more quickly. But the speed and economy of training films can be depleted by a temperamental projector, where the sound peters out, or never gets started, or is mixed with sounds that don't belong.

This is why we built the KODAK PAGELANT 16mm Sound Projector, Model AV-126-1R, with a transistorized sound system. Because transistors aren't the cut-up tubes can be down-time has been engineered out, dependability in.

Kodak includes the amplifier, a hefty 12-watt output so you'll have ample power to drive extra speakers without distortion if you're using a big room or one where the acoustics throttle less assertive equipment. At the same time, Kodak included microphone and speaker receptacles so you can use the projector's sound system like a P.A. system for "live" voice announcements, narration, or recorded material.

All the ways you look at it, this projector fits into training and personnel activities as though designed for the job. Which it was. See a demonstration.

A SALESMAN'S SELLING

The difference between a salesman who barely makes \$7500 and the one who consistently gets \$30,000 is not just a matter of age and experience but of *selling time*. The \$10,400 man knows how to use time. The \$7500 man may not. Certainly, he needs the kind of help movies can provide. Films that sell help him crowd a full twenty minutes of *selling time* into a twenty-minute sales call. Never overlooking a point. Invariably asking for the order.

But a selling film is worthless if a salesman won't use it. Because he refuses to be embarrassed by a temperamental projector . . . one that takes too long to set up . . . one where nothing happens that

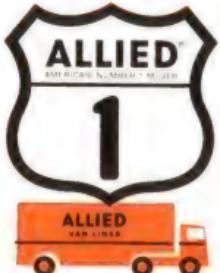
Give your salesmen a KODAK PM-16NT 16mm Sound Projector, Model AV-126-TR, and you'll give them good reason to use your selling films. This projector works. This one takes no longer to set up than mounting a reel and plugging in a power cord. Threading film is as easy as following a red line. Power and speaker cords are permanently attached and long enough to meet any likely situations. You can even combine sound and silent films in the same showing.

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jewels ajangle, a one-woman spectacular. She sees her darling at play, drops into her deep-fried Southern drawl and issues what must be the last word in ultrapermissive Momism: "Please put the money you don't want back in the safe—I don't want the maid to find the room in this curious state."

Has Skis, Needs Lift

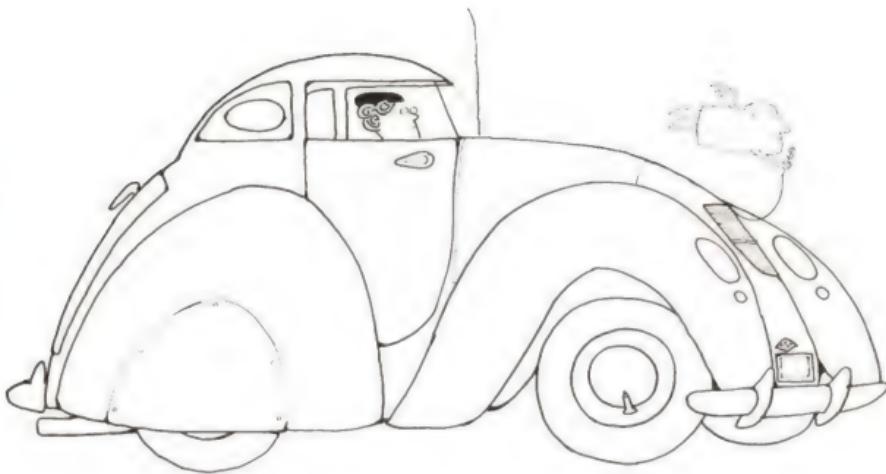
The *Pink Panther*. "We must find that woman," declares Peter Sellers. For emphasis, he briskly spins a large globe, then absentmindedly leans on it to be sent spinning to the floor. As a twittery, accident-prone French detective, Sellers trips over carpets, steps into a Stradivarius, and pratfalls through love scenes with his wife, never suspecting that she is the mysterious female accomplice of the jewel thief that he wants to nab. Some of Sellers' sight gags are funny, but not funny enough to keep this over-waxed comedy from schussing steadily downhill at the recherche Italian ski resort where *Panther*'s high-priced actors search in vain for a lift.

The movie has Claudia Cardinale, spilling out of her role as the Indian princess who owns a coveted teardrop diamond dubbed the "Pink Panther." It has David Niven as the thief, resurrecting his Raffles characterization of 1940. It has Robert Wagner as Niven's ne'er-do-well nephew, who seems to have been shepherded into the narrative to appease the young. It has Capucine in the role of Sellers' wife, giving a surprisingly able performance as a knockabout comedienne. And it has a pervasive air of desperation that leads to the inevitable masked-ball finale in Rome, with fireworks going off. Sellers in a suit of armor bumping into Cleopatra, and a pair of cat burglars dressed as gorillas—presumably with the hope that a lot of monkey business will perk up a tired *Panther*.

Flame-Out

Paris When It Sizzles is a multimillion dollar improvisation that does everything but what the title promises. It takes, falters and fidgets. But mostly it just fizzles.

William Holden plays a hard-drinking hack screenwriter, given exactly 48 hours to hatch a movie script. He is assisted by Audrey Hepburn, the loveliest little stenographer a hack ever had, who reports to his Paris hotel suite with an overnight bag full of Givenchy originals. While falling in love on the job, Hepburn and Holden imagine themselves to be the hero and heroine of a movie within a movie: a master criminal steals the print of a film called *The Girl Who Stole the Eiffel Tower* and holds it for ransom. Got it? Forget it. Lacking inspiration, Writer George Axelrod (*The Seven Year Itch*) and Director Richard Quine should have taken a hint from Holden, who writes his movie, takes a long sober look at what he has wrought, and burns it.



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THE GIANT SATURN S-IVB is being structurally checked out in the Douglas Structures Laboratory, one of the eleven buildings in the new Douglas Space Systems Center in Huntington Beach, California. The huge building has a 90-foot ceiling and five concrete test pads, each of which is 10 feet thick and can bear an 8 million pound load. It has a unique central control system and can conduct complex test programs while others are being prepared.



TESTING OF SATURN S-IV upper stage of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's *Saturn* takes place in Douglas' Sacramento facility. Advanced check-out methods aided the recent successful orbiting of the heaviest satellite ever launched... 19 tons comprised of S-IV and its payload.

DOUGLAS GETS THINGS DONE!

Sick Joke

THE RATIONALIZATION OF RUSSIA by George Bernard Shaw. 134 pages. Indiana University. \$3.95.

In 1931 George Bernard Shaw went on a nine-day, whirlwind tour of the first Communist nation. His Russian hosts could not have been happier with him. When he chanced upon a waitress



SHAW IN THE SOVIET UNION
From Russia, compounded nonsense.

who had read his plays, he declared that the Russian proletariat was better educated than the British. When he was shown a church that was still intact after the revolution, he remarked that Americans or Englishmen would have sacked it. After a two-hour interview with Stalin, he found him "charmingly good-humored. There was no malice in him." When he got back to London, he wrote: "The truth is, you have only to meet all the Russian beggars face to face to find that they are harmless and benevolent spirits."

The less said about Shaw's boner, the better for his reputation. But now a faithful Shavian has dug up an unfinished hook from the Shaw papers in the British Museum in which G.B.S. compounds his initial error. The piece is a paean of praise to Communism, plus a lampoon of capitalism and democracy. Shaw, writing in the days when bourgeois complacency could still be considered the world's greatest evil, undoubtedly intended chiefly to shock. But history has turned some tables, and what sounded like impudent dissent at the time now reads like a sick joke. While Shaw was admiring all the show-peeps carefully selected for him, Stalin was in the process of wiping out 10 million peasants. The great political analyst never knew.

At left, famed Actor-Director Konstantin Stanislavsky.

134

G.B.S. thought he was as tough as any Russian, but in fact he was a mild-mannered Fabian who was fascinated by schools, jails, juvenile delinquents, the treatment of orphans, and "personalities" like Stanislavsky and Lenin's widow, Krupskaya. A complete rationalist, he could not understand wanton murder. The Communists, he wrote, were justified in shooting people who believed in working for a profit. It was the only recourse of a society "gifted with an economic conscience," a necessary "weeding of the garden." "If you want to have more bread than other people can get if they want it, then—Bang! If you are an inventor and demand a patent so that the fruits of your discovery will be appropriated by you and your family alone—Bang!"

In Russia, Shaw concluded, "you can do what you like, go where you like, wear what you like, marry whom you like, get fair play in the courts and consideration from the authorities and be free from anxiety as to the future of your wife and children to an extent unknown and incredible in capitalist society."

The Communists knew how to handle a visitor like G.B.S. Had he been a citizen, they would have handled him differently—Bang!

Along Brandywine Creek

THE DU PONTS OF DELAWARE by William H. Carr. 368 pages. Dodd, Mead. \$6.95.

Every New Year's Day, the men of the Du Pont family gather in the mansions on the old home grounds hard by Brandywine Creek in northern Delaware. Once assembled, they band themselves into little troops and march off to the several family villas and châteaux in the area to pay their respects to the

waiting Du Pont womenfolk. This is an admirable rite, steeped as it is in tradition, but it has its practical side as well: there are roughly 1,600 Du Ponts in the U.S. today, and some of them might never otherwise get a chance to meet their relatives.

Among the Du Ponts, the business of getting to know one another is a serious affair. While more than 150 other families have married into the clan over the years, the Du Ponts like to marry among themselves, often with first cousins. That is their way of keeping the name—and the money—in the family. It also helps to maintain the unique dynasty that runs one of the world's richest family businesses, E.I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. Inc.

Heroes & Oddballs. The patriarch of the family was Pierre Samuel du Pont de Nemours, a French Huguenot who liked to kick around offbeat economic and political schemes with his great friend Thomas Jefferson. At least one of his notions paid off. Pierre is credited with swinging Jefferson over to the idea of making the Louisiana Purchase, which turned out to be good for business as well as the country.

Pierre's son Eleuthère Irénée was the first business brains of the family. He saw the need for good black powder for the huntsmen and the frontiersmen of the young and struggling U.S., and in 1802 set up his factory on the Brandywine; later he added a woolen mill. From those modest beginnings sprang the \$3.3 billion empire that today spans much of the world with 117 factories employing 93,000 workers, turning out 1,200 products. It has become the greatest chemical company in the world's history, a company that has spent apparently reckless millions on apparently useless laboratory research, and seen it pay off. Most of Du Pont's current products are things that never existed on land or sea until Du Pont research discovered or developed them: cello-



IRÉNÉE DU PONT (LEFT) WITH PRESIDENT JEFFERSON (1801)
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TIME, APRIL 17, 1964



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Available in bottles, six-packs and 24-bottle cases by the Theo. Hamm Brewing Co.



Now Waldech brings you the third taste in beer 

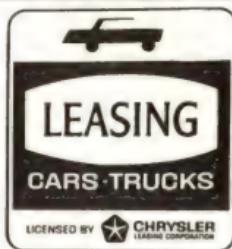


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phane, nylon, Lucite and neoprene, tetraethyl (anti-knock) lead for gasoline, Dacron and plastics. The latest product (not mentioned in the book) is known as Corfam, a scuff-resistant, water-repellent synthetic leather (TIME, April 3) that may in time revolutionize the shoe industry.

This multiple biography by William Carr, longtime New York Post reporter, conscientiously chronicles all this progress: the Powder Trust, the antitrust suits, the intra-clan squabbles over control of the business, the rise and fall of family leaders. It also flickers upon Du Pont oddballs, heroes and politicians. Commander Samuel Francis du Pont helped set up the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1845, and during the Civil War led the task force that took Port Royal, S.C., for the North. Artillery Major Henry Algernon du Pont got the Congressional Medal of Honor for distinguished gallantry in the Shenandoah Valley. Henry du Pont (1812-89) had a thing about fences: folks used to say that he would put up a \$4,000 enclosure to fence in a \$2,000 pasture. And then there was "Uncle Fred" (Alfred Victor du Pont II), who in 1893 was shot to death by an overwrought woman in a Louisville bordello.

Pensions & Pesticides. Another curious Du Pont was Alfred I, who was too busy running the company (in the early 1920s) to visit his children after he divorced his wife. After 14 years he was surprised to learn that his daughter had sat across the aisle from him on a train some years before; he had not recognized her. In the days before social security, Alfred pioneered in the field of old-age pensions, spent \$350,000 of his own money in pension checks for Delaware's needy. His cousin and arch-enemy Pierre shelled out \$4,000,000 of his fortune to replace more than 100 rundown public schools in the state. Today, hardly any Du Pont activity surprises anybody, including other Du Ports. One (Ethel) even married a Roosevelt (Franklin D. Jr.); they got divorced in 1949. Current Du Pont maverick is Mrs. Colgate W. Darden Jr., great-great-granddaughter of the founder. Mrs. Darden is a leader in the fight against indiscriminate use of pesticide chemicals. Her husband, onetime Governor of Virginia, is a board director of a Du Pont company that manufactures pesticides.

Author Carr plainly started with the notion that any clan with a history and a fortune like the Du Ports deserves a biography. He is not the first to attempt it (three more or less forgettable Du Pont chronicles have been turned out in the last 30 years), but he is the first to get full family cooperation. While Carr produces nothing that is startlingly perceptive or especially exciting, he does deserve credit for pursuing the rocky, incredible history of the dynasty with scrupulous objectivity. The Du Ports are all there: warts, splendor and all.

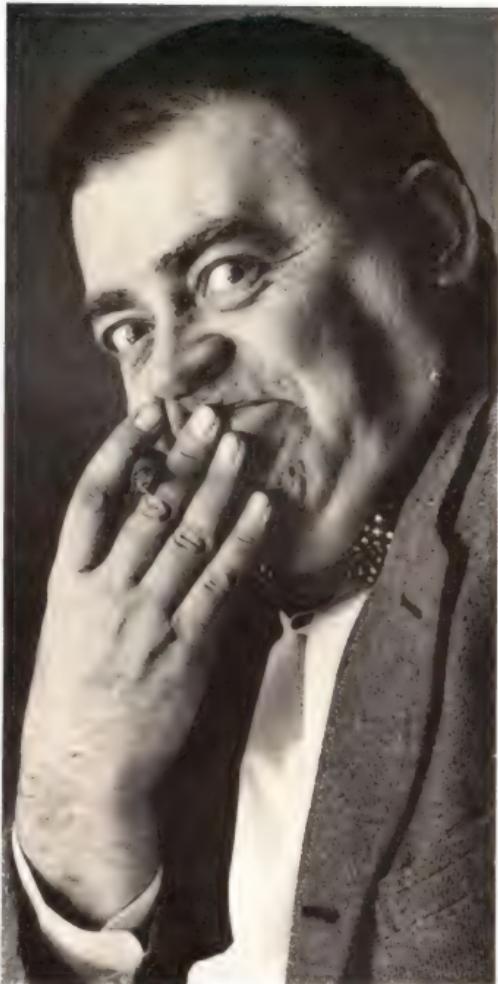
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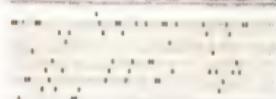
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One Crummy Culture

SCIENCE: THE GLORIOUS ENTERTAINMENT by Jacques Barzun 322 pages. Harper & Row. \$6.

Jacques Barzun used to have a proprietary feeling about the U.S. In *God's Country and Mine*, written a decade ago, he defended modern-day America against carping critics. Apparently, he did not convince himself. Now he sounds like one of the carpers.

Barzun's bugaboo is science—not just the Bomb, but all the works of science. The trouble began with Newton, whose mechanical laws of the universe reduced man to an abstraction. Later, Newton was abetted by Darwin, who said man

HERBERT K. GARRETT



JACQUES BARZUN
Piqued with progress.

was at the mercy of evolution, and Freud, who made man a prisoner of his instincts. According to Barzun, there are not two warring cultures, as set forth in C. P. Snow's famed thesis. The war is over and science has won. The humanities have succumbed. The spurious social sciences with their lifeless jargon dominate modern thought; the arts have become analytical and overly abstract; the common tongue is bland and depersonalized.

Barzun is peevish about so many things: "the mixing of peoples, the spate of democratic and totalitarian harangues, the burst of inventions and new sciences, the spawning of processes, abstractions and manufactured goods, the freedom to play with language that literacy and advertising encourage." He is even upset that people are living longer these days. "Unwanted by the business world, unwanted by their younger families, lacking authority, respect and responsibility." American oldsters may as well leave their Florida benches and march into the sea. Barzun has an irritating habit of telling other people how to live—and die.

In spite of his breathless baroque

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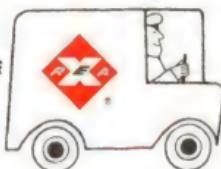


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"YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME DOING THIS AGAIN," says Reynolds. Photograph was taken a few months before the author gave up smoking.

A SURGEON can't very well operate with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth. When counsel addresses the jury, he doesn't stop for an occasional puff. But it's easy for a writer to smoke at his typewriter. In fact, I'd say that excessive smoking may well be one of the peculiarities of the craft.

I know that I smoked for thirty years—four 5-packs-a-day. I didn't think there was any easy way to stop. Then something happened!

Some time ago I was flying to Louisville with a few friends. A horse called Chateaugay was about to surprise us by walking away with the Derby. In the group was a friend of mine who doubles as my doctor. After listening to me hold forth for about twenty minutes on why Candy Spots was a shoo-in, he said, "Quent, what's the matter with your voice?" I realized then that for some time I had been getting more and more hoarse and gravelly. "I'm going to have a look at that throat when we get back to New York," said the doctor.

A few days later I heard his verdict. "That throat of yours is as red as a maraschino cherry," he told me. "No more smoking for you!"

I dare say thousands have faced the same problem, but I still say it's harder for a writer to give up smoking than for anyone else. Fortunately, I have a secretary who is notably resourceful. She had heard about a little white pill called Bantron which has helped people all over the world to stop smoking. She got me a box. And in just 5 days, taking one of these little pills after every meal, I gave up smoking entirely.

I had absolutely no withdrawal pangs. Stopping was easier than I ever expected. Bantron didn't affect my taste in any way. It didn't even make me dislike smoking. It just removed the craving. I was so impressed that I became a kind of crusader. I wanted everybody who needed to stop smoking to hear about Bantron. I made some inquiries and found that it had an interesting, even dramatic, background.

The Bantron formula was discovered by doctors in the research department of a great American university. Its active ingredient is lobeline sulphate. Lobeline

It's hard for a writer to GIVE UP SMOKING

*Here's how I cut
from 4 packs
to 0 in 5 days*

by QUENTIN REYNOLDS

sulphate is extracted from the Lobelia plant, sometimes called Indian Tobacco. Hundreds of years ago the Indians, when they couldn't get tobacco, used to smoke the leaves and pretty blue flowers of this plant as a substitute. The extract is a first cousin to nicotine, mimicking its action without being habit forming. The lobeline acts by displacing the nicotine in the system and helps curb the desire for tobacco.

So startling were the first results obtained with this little pill that further investigation was carried on. For months the research team carefully tested it on hundreds of people. The results showed that 83%—more than 4 out of 5 of all people who wanted to stop smoking—did so easily and pleasantly in five to seven days with its help. Even those who didn't stop completely had drastically cut down.

The discovery of the Bantron formula was reported in medical journals and newspapers all over the world. It was granted a patent in the United States Government. People everywhere who desired to stop smoking wanted to know how they could get this new pill. The Campana Corporation of Batavia, Illinois, was chosen to market it. Bantron is now being sold in over 14 countries.

My own experience with Bantron had an interesting aftermath. At the time, I was doing the commentary on a new series of films about World War II that were being produced in Hollywood. After Bantron had helped me stop smoking, I went back to Hollywood to finish the series. But alas, I had a new voice. It wasn't like my old voice at all. It was so much clearer and better. The difference was so striking that in the upshot they had to do the whole of the first part of the series over.

Because of what it did for me, I am a firm believer in Bantron. If you have a smoking problem, try this amazing little pill. It really works! Bantron® is so safe when taken as directed, that you can get it in the U.S. and Canada at all drugstores without a prescription.

Bantron
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Smoking Deterrent Tablets

style, Barzun adds nothing new to the literature of dismay. As is often the case with prophets of doom, Barzun overlooks the fact that much of what he finds unpleasant today has always existed, and cannot be blamed on Freud, Darwin, science, literacy, or even advertising.

Tenses of the Truth

FIVE PLAYS by Federico García Lorca. 246 pages. New Directions \$4.95.

Early one morning in the summer of 1936, Federico García Lorca was taken to a field outside the old Moorish city of Granada and shot by a Falangist firing squad. This was ordered, it now seems possible, not because Lorca had any political affiliations but because Manuel Fernández Montesinos, the Socialist mayor of Granada, was his



GARCIA LORCA
Death of five in the afternoon.

brother-in-law. His death was a reminder that in the Spain of the time, virtually any consideration could expose a man to a firing squad from either side. Lorca was buried in a shallow, unmarked grave on a hillside beside several thousand other victims of the Falangist terror. He had just turned 38.

Lorca's dramatic death left him a reputation as a revolutionary—which he was not—and gave rise to a Lorca cult that did him no service by drawing attention away from his works and focusing on his life. He was, in fact, a lyric poet of great talent—although many critics would argue that either Antonio Machado or Miguel Hernández among his contemporaries was a finer writer. Lorca was a romantic, and what he restored to the literature of Spain was the tragic vision that Cervantes understood and that left Hemingway mes-

© So much so that for twelve years after his death, publication of his name was forbidden in Spain.



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merized. "It is Spanish," said actress Aurora Bautista of Lorca's greatest play, *Yerma*. "We are unused to things Spanish." And unused, too, to the terrible directness of vision that illuminated Lorca's best writing, as in his poem *Lament for Ignacio Sánchez Mejías*, in which he speaks of the death of a matador who died in a goring:

death laid eggs in the wound

at five in the afternoon . . .

From far off the gangrene is now
coming

at five in the afternoon.

Lily trumpet around his green croins

at five in the afternoon.

His wounds were burning like suns

at five in the afternoon.

and the crowd was breaking the win-

dows . . .

Passion & Loathing. Lorca wrote 13 plays, but he was not in any usual sense a playwright. His best works—*Yerma*, *Blood Wedding*, *The House of Bernarda Alba*—are really prose poems, and no one of them has the kind of dramatic power that seals an audience in its seal. *Yerma* is the story of a young peasant woman who yearns so passionately for a child that she finally murders her sterile husband, crying "But I have killed my son!" *Blood Wedding* is a study of one of the terrible family feuds that used to be waged generation after generation in rural Spain. *Bernarda Alba* is the tale of a widowed mother and her five unmarried daughters living in mutual loathing in a Spanish village. The interest in all of them is less in the story than in the powerful, passionate poetry in which it is told.

All of them, consequently, read better than they play, and the same is true of this first collection in English of the Lorca "comedies." Two of the five were written by Lorca when he was in his teens for presentation in the puppet theater that he had built for the entertainment of neighborhood children. Of the others, only one is a genuinely major work, *Dona Rosita, the Spinster*, which Lorca wrote two years before his death.

Dying Wolf. In *Dona Rosita's* three acts very little happens onstage: a woman begins sewing the trousseau for her wedding, the man she is engaged to leaves for America and does not return; the woman grows old in the delusion that some day he will come back to her. Time is the real protagonist. Language gives the play its life. "Everything is finished," says the old maid. "Yet I go to bed and get up again with the most terrible of all feelings—the feeling of having hope. Hope pursues me, encircles me, bites me; like a dying wolf tightening his grip for the last time."

Reality, said Lorca, is prose. But the truth, "timeless, all tense," is poetry. The writing of poetry he thought of as "an opening of the veins." That concept led him to occasional overwriting. But it also led him to a style more powerful in its music, more compelling in its imagery than that of any other Spanish writer of his time.



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Wausau Story

by G. A. SHOEMAKER, President,
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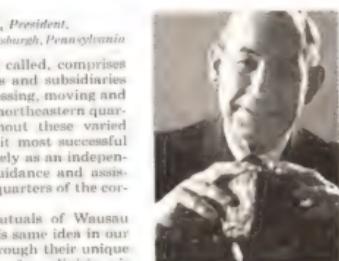
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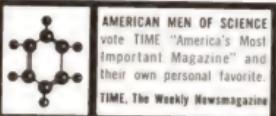
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WESTHEIMER WITH FELLOW P.W. (1945)
A glass eye in the navel.

Read the Book? Now . . .

VON RYAN'S EXPRESS by David Westheimer. 327 pages. Doubleday. \$4.95.

The British and American officers interned in Campo Concentramento Prigionieri di Guerra 202 went about filthy and half-naked, and one chap kept a glass eye stuck in his navel so he could stare unblinkingly at the guards. Life was desperately dull, but then Colonel Joseph Ryan arrives and the fun departs. As senior-officer-in-captivity, Ryan sets about shaping the men up for the day of their great escape. "I do expect military haircuts," he begins, and the troops get restless. "Von Ryan," one agile wit calls from the ranks, "you're in the wrong army!"

True, Ryan is a hopeless martinet—like Alec Guinness in *Bridge on the River Kwai*. He even establishes a gentlemanly rapport with the camp's commandant, who at heart is as decent as Erich von Stroheim in *Grand Illusion*. His troubles are with his own men—tough guys like William Holden in *Stalag 17*, wise guys like Steve McQueen in *The Great Escape*, irrepressible Englishmen like Dirk Bogarde in *The Password Is Courage*. But Ryan is in this man's army, and in the end he proves it by freeing singlehanded all 964 prisoners after joining in the silent murder of their 28 guards.

To achieve this "novel of agonizing suspense," says the jacket blurb, Author Westheimer "drew heavily" on his own years as a P.W. in both Italy and Germany, but the only sign of his insight is that all his characters can say "prisoner-of-war camp" in Italian. The cast, as in all prison-camp stories, includes a good-guy priest, a psychopath, a bragging coward and a German spy, and Westheimer makes had job worse by being one of those fantastically clever writers who tell everyone's age by saying how old his face looks younger than. Despite such tricks, or perhaps because of them, the book reads like a script for that inevitable movie.

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- 6) Dry White Horse is the offspring of 200 years of Scottish tradition and experience. Dates back to the original White Horse Cellar in Edinburgh, Scotland. To live up to uncompromising standards of dryness, every bottle of White Horse is numbered and registered right at the distillery.
- 7) Since White Horse dryness is there from the start—not added—you taste it most when you taste it straight. But you still can't miss it, however you like it . . . with water or soda, on the rocks or even in a sour. That clean, crisp dry taste never fades or "waters out."
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